THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° Benj. Franklin

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The Amazing Adventure of Letitia Carberry

By Mary R. Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

An Account of the Strange Occurrences at Dunkirk Hospital

STRICTLY speaking, this is Tish's story; but Tish is unable to write it, being laid up, as you probably know from the newspapers. We all three felt, however, that a record of the affair ought to be kept while it was fresh in our minds—though goodness knows we're not likely to forget any of it! A good many people wondered, when the story came out, how Tish had come to be mixed up with it at all; but, as Tish herself says, it was very simple. The people at the hospital had become demoralized and some firm hand had to take hold. Besides, Tish was a member of the Ladies Committee and felt responsible.

Tish says the first thing she knew about it was a piercing scream just outside her room. This was followed by a number of short, sharp cries—feminine—and steps running past her bedroom door. Now, as Tish also remarks with truth, one hears a variety of strange sounds in a hospital at night, and at first she thought it was the woman across the hall who had had her appendix removed that afternoon, and who had been very unpleasant as a neighbor all the evening; but when the noise kept up, and only died away to be followed by somebody crying hysterically down the hall, Tish was roused. She sat up in bed and threw her small traveling clock at Miss Lewis.

Miss Lewis was Tish's nurse—a splendid woman, but a heavy sleeper. She slept on a cot in the room; and, until Tish learned that it did not hurt the clock to throw it, she had been obliged to ring for one of the night nurses to come in and waken her. So now she threw the clock. Miss Lewis picked the clock from off her chest and sat up, yawning, to look at it.

"Twenty minutes after one, Miss Carberry," she said. "Would you like some buttermilk?"

Now Tish was not really ill. She was taking a rest cure that autumn while her apartment was being painted and papered, and while she recovered from a twisted knee. She'd bought a second-hand automobile some months before and learned to run it herself, and the knee was the result of her being thrown out over the steering wheel and ten feet beyond the potato wagon she had collided with—though, as Tish says, it is a strange thing that her *knee* was twisted, when she brought up standing on her head in three inches of muddy water and a family of tadpoles.

Both Aggie and I went to see her daily, the three of us being old friends, though not related; and she was always glad to see us, though she grew sarcastic when Aggie remarked that, except for the meeting of the antivivisection society, we might also have been flung over the potato wagon. Well —— "Would you like some buttermilk?" said Miss Lewis, beginning to draw on her kimono. Tish says that provoked her and she reached for the clock again—but Miss Lewis had it in her hand.

"Asleep! There?" She Said in a Low, Sweet Voice. "Could You?"

"No!" she snapped. "Go out in the hall and see what has happened."

Miss Lewis yawned again and groped round in the half-light for her slippers. It was more than Tish could stand. She hopped out of bed and limped to the door.

The hall was almost dark and across it the woman with the appendix—or without—was groaning; but halfway along, where the night nurse has her desk and keeps her papers, and where the annunciator for the patients' bells is fastened to the wall, Tish saw a group of five or six nurses gathered about somebody in a chair. One of them came running past with a glass of something, and the crowd opened to admit the girl and the glass and closed again. Miss Lewis came and looked over Tish's shoulder.

"Gee!" she said, and ran down the hall with her slippers flapping and her braid switching from side to side. Just then the woman across gave another groan; and, it being dark and the scream still echoing in her ears, Tish reached inside the door for her cane and hobbled out in her nightgown.

The girl in the chair, she said, was as white as milk and her lips were blue. She was half lying, with her head against the back of the chair, and a violent shudder now and then was the only sign of life about her. One of the other nurses was stroking her hands and talking to her in a soothing tone.

"Now, listen, Miss Blake," she said. "It couldn't be! We all have these queer feelings here. It's the nervous strain and loss of sleep. I'll never forget the first time *I* had to do it."

"Nor I," said another girl—"I went with you. Do you remember? It was that dwarf that died in J. We'd forgotten something—and you had to leave me alone."

"Hush!" another nurse broke in, and Miss Blake began to shudder again. "If we had some hot coffee for her—will you drink some coffee if we make it, Miss Blake?"

The girl in the chair shook her head, and Miss Lewis dragged one of the nurses from the group and whispered to her. Tish heard part of the answer.

"Went up with Linda Smith; and, as usual, Linda forgot something: she's been overworking; went to raise the window for fresh air—she says she heard a sound, but didn't notice it. When she turned round ——" Then more whispering that Tish couldn't catch.

"No!" Miss Lewis said, and looked queer herself. "Then, if it's true, *it* is still ——"

"Yes."

Miss Blake sat up just then and tried to wipe her blue lips with her handkerchief, but her hands shook so that one of the nurses did it for her. She mopped the girl's pallid forehead too, and put her arm over her shoulders protectingly.

"You're going off duty, girl," she said. "About all the hard work in the place has been falling to you lately; if we don't take care we shall be minus the class flower."

Tish says the girl tried to smile at that, and she was very pretty. I can answer for her looks myself, having seen her often enough later. She had soft, wavy black hair and Irish blue eyes, and she was rather small. Partly for that and partly because she was so young, we fell into the way of calling her the Little Nurse. But to go back to Tish's story.

"You're sure you didn't doze off?" one of the girls asked, pressing forward. The Little Nurse shook her head.

"Asleep! There?" she said in a low, sweet voice. "Could you?"

"What enrages me," Miss Lewis burst out, glaring at the group through her glasses, "is why Linda Smith left her there alone."

"She forgot something," said Miss Blake.

"She usually forgets something!" Miss Lewis began. "When she dies Linda'll forget ——"

"Hush!" somebody whispered. "Here she is."

Miss Smith came quickly along the hall, her arms full of bundles. She stopped when she saw the group and ran her eye over it.

"Well!" she said. "What is it? Fudge?"

One of the girls detached herself from the group and started for her. Miss Smith was a tall, rawboned woman with curly hair and a rugged but good-natured face; and Tish says she stood smiling at them.

"I suppose you know," she said. "The Spiritualist from K has 'passed over.' Didn't want to go—poor old man. Said he had three wives waiting in the spirit world."

The other girl went up to her then and caught her by the elbow and whispered to her. Tish was standing in the shadow, leaning on her cane, and she didn't know from Adam what was the matter—but she was covered with gooseflesh.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Linda Smith suddenly. "She's been dozing."

Miss Blake got up and steadied herself by the back of the chair, looking across at the other woman.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Smith," she said. "You—remember when—when the orderlies carried up poor old Johnson. They—laid him on the table in the mortuary, didn't they?"

"Yes," said Miss Smith, half smiling. "They usually do. They don't generally throw 'em out the window."

Miss Blake clutched the chair tighter, Tish says, and her lips trembled.

"I want you to come with me and see," she said. "We—covered the body with a sheet, didn't we?"

"Yes." Miss Smith stopped smiling.

"And then you left and I was alone. I—I tried not to mind. I haven't been here very long. But I was afraid, after a minute or two, that I was—getting faint. I—seemed to feel eyes on me."

Some of the girls nodded as if they understood.

"So I went to the window and threw it up to get air. Then I thought I heard something moving behind me. I—I felt it, like the eyes, rather than heard it. And—I didn't look round at once—I couldn't. It was so far from the rest of the house, and—I was alone with it. And when I turned"—she stopped and moistened her lips with her tongue and her face was ghastly—"it was gone, Miss Smith. Gone!"

Now Tish isn't easy to frighten; but at that moment the appendix woman gave a groan, and she says her heart jumped and turned over in her chest. The nurses were all standing huddled together, and one of them kept looking over her shoulder.

"Gone!" said Miss Smith blankly, and sat down in a chair suddenly as if her legs had given way. "Wha-what have you done?"

"Sent for Jacobs, the night watchman," one of the nurses explained. "Doctor Grimm and Doctor Sands are in the operating room on a night case, and the medical interns had a row with Mr. Harrison and left last night. We'll be in nice shape if G ward gets busy!"

"What's G ward?" Tish asked, edging over to Miss Lewis.

"G ward?" said Miss Lewis coolly. "G ward is where the stork drops that part of the population that has only half the legal number of parents. You'll have to go back to bed, Miss Carberry."

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" said Tish, and glared at her.

. . . . . .

Tish told us the rest of the story the next morning, sitting propped up in bed with Aggie on one side and me on the other. We'd brought her some creamed sweetbread, but she was so excited she could not eat. The change in her was horrible; she had passed through a crisis and she showed it.

"You'd better let us take you home, Tish," Aggie pleaded when Tish had finished. "This is no place for a nervous woman."

Tish took a mouthful of the sweetbread and made a face over it.

"Heavens!" she said. "It's easy seen salt's cheap! No, I am not going home. I will stay to see the end of this—if it's the end of me."

"Listen, Tish," Aggie said miserably. "Hasn't my advice always been good? Didn't I beg you on my bended knees not to buy that automobile? Didn't both Lizzie and I protest with tears against the motor boat—and you'll carry *that* scar till you die. And now—now it's spirits, Tish! Don't tell me it wasn't."

"Where's that Lewis woman?" was all Tish would say. "Speaking of spirits reminds me I haven't been rubbed with alcohol yet."

She Threw Her Small Traveling Clock at Miss Lewis

But I'd better tell Tish's story in her own words.

"Once for all, before I begin, Aggie," she ordered—Tish is a masterful woman—"you open the collar of your waist and put a pillow behind you. I'm not going to be broken in on in the middle of this by your fainting away. Faint if you want to, but get ready beforehand. Lewis is not usually round when she's wanted."

"I don't want to hear it if it's as bad as that," Aggie protested, opening the neck of her waist. "Lizzie, reach me that pillow."

"I don't know that I want to hear it myself, Tish," I said. "You'd better do as Aggie says and come home. You're a wreck this morning; and I've telephoned for Tommy Andrews."

Tommy is Tish's doctor, the son of her cousin, Eliza Peabody Andrews—a nice enough boy, but frivolous. He is on the visiting staff at the hospital and makes rounds once a day, I believe, with an attentive interne at his elbow and the prettiest nurse he can find carrying the order book.

Tish set the sweetbread on the bedside table with a bang and looked at me over her glasses.

"Don't be a fool, Lizzie!" she said. "Do you think Tommy Andrews can make me do anything I don't want to? Do you think the entire connection could move me one foot if I didn't want to go?"

"You can't spend another night here!" I put in somewhat feebly.

"Can't I?" she said grimly. "Not only I can and will, but you and Aggie are going to take turns here with me, night and night about, until this is cleared up. Mark my words, last night was not the end."

She turned over on her side then and proceeded to have her back rubbed with alcohol. And while Miss Lewis rubbed, Tish told us the story.

"Miss Lewis wanted me to go back to bed," she said when she had reached that point, "but I refused to go—You needn't take the skin off, Miss Lewis—I stood there in my gown and watched them making up their minds to go to the mortuary. That's up a narrow flight of stairs from this end of the hall, not far from this very room. Nobody was anxious to lead off, but Miss Blake seemed determined to go back and prove she hadn't been asleep; and at last they moved off huddled in a group and left me there—You haven't got a spite against my right shoulder, have you?—Miss Lewis followed them."

"I didn't," said Miss Lewis sourly. Tish turned and looked up at her over her shoulder.

"You looked as if you were going to—and you know it," she asserted. "And don't interrupt me—Miss Lewis followed; and, seeing I was going to be left alone and feeling somewhat creepy along the back, I followed her."

"Really ——" Miss Lewis began.

"We went up the staircase—and if you and Aggie go out and look you'll see how it leads. There's a hall up there, with a few private rooms along one side and a small ward across. The mortuary is up a flight of about eight steps—at the far end.

"The hall was dark and all the light came from the mortuary. The door was open, and it seemed bright and cheerful enough. I was feeling pretty sure the black-haired girl had dozed and had a dream, when I saw Miss Smith, who was in the lead, stoop and pick something up, and hold it out to the other nurses.

"'That's queer!' she said, and her eyes were fairly starting out of her head.

"'What is it?' said I, limping forward.

"The nurses were staring at the thing she held.

"'It's impossible,' she muttered; 'but—that's the bandage I tied Johnson's hands together with!' Miss Lewis, will you let Miss Pilkington sniff that alcohol for a moment?"

"Fiddle!" Aggie protested feebly. "I'm not at all upset." Then she put her head back on her pillow and fainted as Tish had arranged, with decency and order.

Well, to go on, it seemed that Tish began to lose her courage about that time; and when one of the braver nurses came running back, after a hasty look, and said that Miss Blake was right and there was no body in the mortuary, there was almost a stampede. And then it was, I believe, that heavy steps were heard on the staircase; and it proved to be Jacobs, the night watchman.

Now Tish was in her nightgown; and I fancy, though she never confessed it, she fell into some sort of a panic and darted into one of the empty rooms. She herself says

"And Now, Miss Smith, Would You Mind Telling Me Exactly What Happened Last Night?"

Miss Lewis pushed her in, out of sight, and closed the door: but Miss Lewis indignantly denies this.

"I stood inside the door, in the darkness," Tish said. "The night watchman was just outside, and I could hear plainly everything that was said. He didn't believe the body was gone and said so. I heard him go toward the mortuary and the young women follow him. I could feel a chair just beside me and my knee was jumping again; so I sat down.

"That was when I saw I'd stepped into an occupied room. There was a man in his nightclothes standing not ten feet away in the middle of the room, and I jumped up in a hurry.

"'Good heavens!' I said. 'I didn't know there was anybody here! You'll have to excuse me.'"

Tish is an extraordinary woman. She was apparently quite cool; but I happened to glance at Miss Lewis, and she was pouring a small stream of alcohol into the lap of Aggie's black broadcloth tailor-made. She was a pasty yellow-white.

"The man didn't say anything, though I could see him moving," Tish went on. "I thought he was rude. I got the door open and stepped into the hall—almost into the arms of the Blake girl.

"'Well, were you right?' I asked her.

"She nodded.

"'Absolutely gone—without a trace!' she said with a catch in her voice.

"'Maybe he wasn't dead,' I suggested. 'There's a lot of catalepsy round just now.'

"'He was dead,' she insisted. 'Quite dead. He's been dying for a week.'

"Well, what with the watchman and lights moving round, I wasn't so nervous as I had been, and I was pretty much interested.

"'Then there's one thing sure, my dear,' I said, 'he won't go far in that state. I'll just hobble down and get my wrapper on and we'll have a search. I stepped into that room in my nightgown, and I dare say the man in there nearly died himself—of the shock.'

"'The man in there!' she said. 'Why, all these rooms are empty, Miss Carberry.'

"We stood staring at each other.

"'There's a man in there,' I repeated. 'He stood up and stared at me when I went in.'

"She got very white, but she walked right over to the door and pushed it open. I saw her throw up her hands, and the next minute she had fallen flat on her face in the doorway and the night watchman was running toward us with a lighted candle."

Tish leaned over and moistened her lips with a drink of water.

"This bed's full of crumbs, Miss Lewis," she grumbled. "It's queer to me that the only part of this hospital toast that is crisp is the part I get in the bed!"

"For Heaven's sake, Tish," I said impatiently, "I suppose she didn't faint because there were crumbs in your bed!"

"No," Tish said, hitching herself to the other side of the mattress. "She fainted because the body of the missing Spiritualist was hanging by its neck to the chandelier, fastened up with a roller towel!"

"Dead?" Aggie asked, opening her eyes.

"Still dead," Tish replied grimly.

II

AGGIE was really frightfully upset. Aggie is rather emotional at any time; and, though she herself is a Methodist, her mother's only sister had been a believer in Spiritualism. They dug her up ten years after she died, to make room for somebody else, and Aggie's mother said her hair had grown to be fully ten feet long and was curly; whereas in life it had always been straight. We may sneer at Spiritualism all we want, but things like that are hard to account for.

Well, of course Aggie declared that no human hand had strung poor old Johnson to the chandelier by a roller towel round his neck; and, though Tish ridiculed the idea, she had to admit that the fourth dimension had never been accounted for and that table levitation was an accepted fact, even known to the ancients.

We sat there gloomy enough while Miss Lewis fixed Tish's hair and massaged her knee. In the middle of the massage Tommy Andrews came in whistling.

"Morning, Aunt Tish," he said. "Morning, Miss Aggie. Morning, Miss Lizzie. How's the knee? Looks as handsome as ever!"

"She's been walking on it," said Miss Lewis sourly, giving the knee an extra jab.

(Continued on Page 28)

A Match for Elkan Lubliner

MADE IN HEAVEN, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF MAX KAPFER

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Who's This Crazy Feller?" Schultkowitz Demanded

I WOULDN'T care if Elkan Lubliner was only eighteen even," declared Morris Rashkind emphatically; "he ain't too young to marry B. Maslik's a *Tochter*. There's a feller which he has got in improved property alone, understand me, an equity of a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and if you would count second mortgages and Bronix lots, Mr. Polatkin, the feller is worth easy his quarter of a million dollars."

"Sure, I know," Polatkin retorted. "With such a feller, he gives his daughter when she gets married five thousand dollars a second mortgage, understand me; and the most the *Kahlo* could expect is that some day he forecloses the mortgage and gets a deficiency judgment against a dummy bondsman which all his life he never got money enough to pay his laundry bills even!"

"*Oser a Stück!*" Rashkind protested. "He says to me, so sure as you are sitting there, 'Mr. Rashkind,' he says, 'my dear friend,' he says, 'Birdie is my only *Tochter;* I ain't got no other one,' he says, '*Gott sei Dank*,' he says; 'and the least I could do for her is five thousand dollars cash,' he says, 'in a certified check,' he says, 'before the feller goes under the *Chuppah* at all.'"

"With a feller like B. Maslik," Polatkin commented, "it ain't necessary for him to talk that way, Rashkind, because if he wants to get an up-to-date business man for his daughter, understand me, he couldn't expect the feller is going to take chances on an uncertified check *oder* a promissory note."

"That's all right, Mr. Polatkin," Rashkind said. "B. Maslik's promissory note is just so good as his certified check, Mr. Polatkin. With that feller I wouldn't want his promissory note even. His word in the presence of a couple of bright, level-headed witnesses, which a lawyer couldn't rattle 'em on the stand, *verstehst du*, would be good enough for me, Mr. Polatkin. B. Maslik, y'understand, is absolutely good like diamonds, Mr. Polatkin."

"All right," Polatkin said. "I'll speak to Elkan about it. He'll be back from the road Saturday."

"Speak nothing," Rashkind cried excitedly. "Saturday would be too late. Everybody is working on this here proposition, Mr. Polatkin. Because the way property is so dead nowadays all the real-estaters tries to be a *Shadchen*, understand me; so, if you wouldn't want Miss Maslik to slip through Elkan's fingers, write him this afternoon yet. I got a fountain pen right here."

As he spoke he produced a fountain pen of formidable dimensions and handed it to Polatkin.

"I'll take the letter along with me and mail it," Rashkind continued as Marcus made a preliminary flourish.

"Tell him," Rashkind went on, "that the girl is something which you could really call beautiful."

"I wouldn't tell him nothing of the sort," Polatkin said, "because, in the first place, what for a *Schreiber* you think I am anyway? And, in the second place, Rashkind, Elkan is so full of business, understand me, if I would write him to come home on account this here Miss Maslik is such a good-looker he wouldn't come at all."

Rashkind shrugged.

"Go ahead, he said. "Do it your own way."

For more than five minutes Polatkin indited his message to Elkan and at last he inclosed it in an envelope.

"How would you spell Bridgetown?" he asked.

"Which Bridgetown?" Rashkind inquired—"Bridgetown, Pennsylvania, *oder* Bridgetown, Illinois?"

"What difference does that make?" Polatkin demanded.

"About the spelling it don't make no difference," Rashkind replied. "Bridgetown is spelt B-r-i-d-g-t-a-u-n all the world over; *aber* if it's Bridgetown, Pennsylvania, that's a very funny quincidence, on account I am just now talking to a feller which formerly keeps a store there by the name Flixman."

"Do you mean Julius Flixman?" Marcus asked as he licked the envelope.

"That's the feller," Rashkind said with a sigh as he pocketed the letter to Elkan. "It's a funny world, Mr. Polatkin. Him and me comes over together in one steamer yet, thirty years ago; and today if that feller's worth a cent he's worth fifty thousand dollars."

"Sure, I know," Marcus agreed; "and *Gott soll hüten* you and I should got what he's got it. He could drop down in the streets any moment, Rashkind." Rashkind nodded as he rose to his feet.

"In a way, it's his own fault," he said, "because a feller which he could afford to ride round in taxicabs yet ain't got no business walking the streets in his condition. I told him this morning: 'Julius,' I says, 'if I was one of your heirs,' I says to him, 'I wouldn't want nothing better as to see you hanging round the real-estate exchange, looking the way you look!' And he says to me: 'Rashkind,' he says, 'there is a whole lot worser things I could wish myself as you should be my heir,' he says. 'On account,' he says, 'if a *Schlemiel* like you would got a relation which

is going to leave you money, Rashkind,' he says, 'it would be just your luck that the relation dies one day after you do, even if you would live to be a hundred.'"

He walked toward the door and paused on the threshold.

"Yes, Mr. Polatkin," he concluded, "you could take it from me, if that feller's got heart disease, Mr. Polatkin, it ain't from overworking it. So I would ring you up tomorrow afternoon three o'clock and see if Elkan's come yet."

"I'm agreeable," Polatkin declared; "only one thing I got to ask you: you should keep your mouth shut to my partner, on account if he hears it that I am bringing back Elkan from the road just for this here Miss Maslik, understand me, he would never let me hear the end of it."

Rashkind made a reassuring gesture with his right arm after the fashion of a swimmer who employs the overhand stroke.

"What have I got to do with your partner?" he said as he started for the elevator. "If I meet him in the place I am selling buttons and you don't want to buy none. Ain't it?"

Polatkin nodded and turned to the examination of a pile of monthly statements by way of dismissing the marriage broker. Moreover, he felt impelled to devise some excuse for sending for Elkan, so that he might have it pat upon the return from lunch of his partner, Philip Scheikowitz, who at that precise moment was seated in the rear of Wasserbauer's café, by the side of Charles Fischko.

"Yes, Mr. Scheikowitz," Fischko said, "if you would really got the feller's interest in heart, understand me, you wouldn't wait till Saturday at all. Write him today yet, because this proposition is something which you could really call remarkable, on account most girls which they got five thousand dollars dowries, Mr. Scheikowitz, ain't got five-thousand-dollar faces; *aber* this here Miss Maslik is something which when you are paying seventy-five cents a seat on theayter, understand me, you don't see such an elegant-looking *Gesicht*. She's a regular doll, Mr. Scheikowitz!"

"Sure, I know," Scheikowitz agreed; "that's the way it is with them dolls, Fischko—takes a fortune already to dress 'em."

Fischko flapped the air indignantly with both hands.

"That's where you are making a big mistake," he declared. "The Masliks got living in the house with 'em a girl which for years already she makes all Miss Maslik's dresses and Mrs. Maslik's also. B. Maslik told me so himself, Mr. Scheikowitz. He says to me: 'Fischko,' he says, 'my Birdie is a girl which she ain't accustomed she should got a lot of money spent on her,' he says; 'the five thousand dollars is practically net,' he says, 'on account his expenses would be small.'"

"Is she a good cook?" Scheikowitz asked.

"A good cook!" Fischko cried. "Listen here to me, Mr. Scheikowitz. You know that a *Shadchen* eats sometimes in pretty swell houses. Ain't it?"

Scheikowitz nodded.

"Well, I am telling you, Mr. Scheikowitz, so sure as I am sitting here, that I got in B. Maslik's last Tuesday a week ago already a piece of plain everyday *gefüllte Hechte*, Mr. Scheikowitz, which honestly, if you would go to Delmonico's *oder* the Waldorfer, understand me, you could pay as high as fifty cents for it, Mr. Scheikowitz, and it wouldn't be—I am not saying better—but so good even as that there *gefüllte Hechte* which I got it by B. Maslik."

Scheikowitz nodded again.

"All right, Fischko," he said, "I will write the boy so soon as I get back to the office yet; but one thing I must beg of you: don't say a word about this to my partner,

"The Fact is, Lublitner, You are Acting Like a Fool"

y'understand, because if he would hear that I am bringing home Elkan from the road just on account of this *Shidduch* you are proposing, understand me, he would make my life miserable."

Fischko shrugged his shoulders until his head nearly disappeared into his chest.

"What would I talk to your partner for, Mr. Scheikowitz?" he said. "I am looking to you in this here affair; so I would stop round the day after tomorrow afternoon, Mr. Scheikowitz, and if your partner asks me something a question, I would tell him I am selling thread *oder* buttons."

"Make it buttons," Scheikowitz commented, as he rose to his feet; "because we never buy buttons from nobody but the Prudential Button Company."

On his way back to his office Scheikowitz pondered a variety of reasons for writing Elkan to return, and he had tentatively adopted the most extravagant one when, within a hundred feet of his business premises, he encountered no less a personage than Julius Flixman.

"*Wie geht's*, Mr. Flixman?" he cried. "What brings you to New York?"

Flixman saluted Philip with a limp handclasp.

"I am living here now," he said. "I am giving up my store in Bridgetown *schon* six months ago already, on account I enjoyed such poor health there. So I sold out to a young feller by the name Max Kapfer, which was for years working by Paschalson, of Sarahcuse; and I am living here, as I told you."

"With relations maybe?" Philip asked.

"*Yow*, relations!" Flixman replied. "I used to got one sister living in Bessarabia, Mr. Scheikowitz, and I ain't heard from her in more as thirty years, and I guess she is dead all right by this time. I am living at a hotel which I could assure you the prices they soak me is something terrible."

"And what are you doing round this neighborhood, Mr. Flixman?" Philip continued by way of making conversation.

"I was just over to see a lawyer over on Center Street," Flixman replied.

"A lawyer on Center Street!" Philip exclaimed. "A rich man like you should got a lawyer on Wall Street, Mr. Flixman. Henry D. Feldman is our lawyer, and ——"

"Don't mention that sucker to me!" Flixman interrupted. "Actually the feller is got the nerve to ask me a hundred dollars for drawing a will, and this here feller on Center Street wants only fifty. I bet yer if I would go round there tomorrow or the next day he takes twenty-five even."

"But a will is something which is really important, Mr. Flixman."

"Not to me it ain't, Scheikowitz, because, while I couldn't take my money with me, Scheikowitz, I ain't got no one to leave it to; so, if I wouldn't make a will it goes to the state—ain't it?"

"Maybe," Philip commented.

"So I am leaving it to a Talmud Torah School, which it certainly don't do no harm that all them young loafers over on the East Side should learn a little *Loschen Hakodesch*. Ain't it?"

"Sure not," Philip said.

"Well," Flixman concluded as he took a firmer grasp on his cane preparatory to departing, "that's the way it goes. If I would got children to leave my money to I would say: 'Yes; give the lawyer a hundred dollars.' But for a Talmud Torah School I would see 'em all dead first before I would pay fifty even."

He nodded savagely in farewell and shuffled off down the street, while Philip made his way toward the factory, with his half-formed excuse to his partner now entirely forgotten.

He tried in vain to recall it when he entered his office a few minutes later, but the sight of his partner spurred him to action and immediately he devised a new and better plan.

"Marcus," he said, "write Elkan at once he should come back to the store. I just seen Flixman on the street and he tells me he's got a young feller by the name Karpfer *oder* Kapfer now running his store; and," he continued in an access of inspiration, "the stock is awful run down there; so, if Elkan goes right back to Bridgetown with a line of low-priced goods he could do a big business with Kapfer."

Polatkin had long since concocted what he had conceived to be a perfectly good excuse for his letter and he had intended to lend it color by prefacing it with an abusive dissertation on "Wasting the Whole Afternoon over Lunch"; but Scheikowitz' greeting completely disarmed him. His jaw dropped and he gazed stupidly at his partner.

"What's the matter?" Scheikowitz cried. "Is it so strange we should bring Elkan back here for the chance of doing some more business? Three dollars carfare between here and Bridgetown wouldn't make or break us, Polatkin."

"Sure! Sure!" Marcus said at last. "I would—now—write him as soon as I get back from lunch."

"Write him right away!" Scheikowitz insisted; and, though Marcus had breakfasted before seven that morning and it was then half past two, he

"Actually the Feller is Got the Nerve to Ask Me a Hundred Dollars for Drawing a Will"

turned to his desk without further parley. There, for the second time that day, he penned a letter to Elkan; and, after exhibiting it to his partner, he inclosed it in an addressed envelope. Two minutes later he paused in front of Wasserbauer's café and, taking the missive from his pocket, tore it into small pieces and cast it into the gutter.

II

"I SUPPOSE, Elkan, you are wondering why we wrote you to come home from Bridgetown when you would be back on Saturday anyway," Scheikowitz began as Elkan laid down his suitcase in the firm's office the following afternoon.

"Naturally," Elkan replied. "I had an appointment for this morning to see a feller there, which we could open maybe a good account; a feller by the name Max Kapfer."

"Max Kapfer!" Polatkin and Scheikowitz exclaimed with one voice.

"That's what I said," Elkan repeated. "And in order I shouldn't lose the chance I got him to promise he would come down here this afternoon yet on a late train and we would pay his expenses."

"Do you mean Max Kapfer, the feller which took over Flixman's store?" Polatkin asked.

"There's only one Max Kapfer in Bridgetown," Elkan replied, and Polatkin immediately assumed a pose of righteous indignation.

"That's from yours an idee, Scheikowitz," he said. "Not only you make the boy trouble to come back to the store, but we also got to give this feller Kapfer his expenses yet."

"What are you kicking about?" Scheikowitz demanded. "You seemed agreeable to the proposition yesterday."

"I got to seem agreeable," Polatkin retorted as he started for the door of the factory, "otherwise it would be nothing but fight, fight, fight *mit* you, day in, day out."

He paused at the entrance and winked solemnly at Elkan.

"I am sick and tired of it," he concluded as he supplemented the wink with a significant frown, and when he passed into the factory Elkan followed him.

"What's the matter now?" Elkan asked anxiously.

"I want to speak to you a few words something," Polatkin began; but before he could continue Scheikowitz entered the factory.

"Did you got your lunch on the train, Elkan?" Scheikowitz said; "because, if not, come on out and we'll have a cup coffee together."

"Leave the boy alone, can't you?" Polatkin exclaimed.

"I'll go right out with you, Mr. Scheikowitz," Elkan said as he edged away to the rear of the factory. "Go and put on your hat and I'll be with you in a minute."

When Scheikowitz had reëntered the office Elkan turned to Marcus Polatkin.

"You ain't scrapping again," he said, "are you?"

"*Oser a Stück*," Polatkin answered. "We are friendly like lambs; but listen here to me, Elkan. I ain't got no time before he'll be back again, so I'll tell you. As a matter of fact, it was me that wrote you to come back, really. I got an elegant *Shidduch* for you."

"*Shidduch!*" Elkan exclaimed. "For me?"

"Sure," Polatkin whispered. "A fine-looking girl by the name Birdie Maslik, *mit* five thousand dollars. Don't say nothing to Scheikowitz about it."

"But," Elkan said, "I ain't looking for no *Shidduch*."

"S-ssh!" Polatkin hissed. "Her father is B. Maslik, the 'Pants King.' Tomorrow night you are going up to see her *mit* Rashkind, the *Shadchen*."

"What the devil you are talking about?" Elkan asked.

"Not a word," Polatkin whispered out of one corner of his mouth. "Here comes Scheikowitz—and remember, don't say nothing to him about it. Y'understand?"

Elkan nodded reluctantly as Scheikowitz reappeared from the office.

"*Nu*, Elkan," Scheikowitz demanded, "are you coming?"

"Right away," Elkan said, and together they proceeded downstairs.

"Well, Elkan," Scheikowitz began when they reached the sidewalk, "you must think we was crazy to send for you just on account of this here Kapfer. Ain't it?"

Elkan shrugged in reply.

"But, as a matter of fact," Scheikowitz continued, "Kapfer ain't got no more to do with it than Elia Hanové; and, even though Polatkin would be such a crank that I was afraid for my life to suggest such a thing, it was my idee you should come home, Elkan, because in a case like this delays is dangerous."

"Mr. Scheikowitz," Elkan pleaded, "do me the favor and don't go beating bushes round. What are you trying to drive into?"

"I am trying to drive into this, Elkan," Scheikowitz replied: "I have got for you an elegant *Shidduch*."

"*Shidduch!*" Elkan exclaimed. "For me? Why, Mr. Scheikowitz, I don't want no *Shidduch* yet a while; and anyhow, Mr. Scheikowitz, if I would get married I would be my own *Shadchen*."

"*Schmooes*, Elkan!" Scheikowitz exclaimed. "A feller which is his own *Shadchen* remains single all his life long."

"That suits me all right," Elkan commented as they reached Wasserbauer's. "I would remain single *und fertig*."

"What d'ye mean, you would remain single?" Scheikowitz cried. "Is some one willing to pay you five thousand dollars you should remain single, Elkan? *Oser a Stück*, Elkan; and, furthermore, this here Miss Birdie Maslik is got such a face, Elkan, which, honest, if she wouldn't have a cent to her name, understand me, you would say she is beautiful anyhow."

"Miss Birdie Maslik!" Elkan murmured.

"B. Maslik's a *Tochter*," Scheikowitz added; "and remember, Elkan, don't breathe a word of this to Polatkin, otherwise he would never get through talking about it. Moreover, you will go up to Maslik's house tomorrow night with Charles Fischko, the *Shadchen*."

"Now listen here to me, Mr. Scheikowitz," Elkan protested. "I ain't going nowheres with no *Shadchen*—and that's all there is to it."

"*Aber*, Elkan," Scheikowitz said, "this here Fischko ain't a *Shadchen* exactly. He's really a real-estater, *aber* real estate is so dead nowadays the feller must got to make a living somehow; so it ain't like you would be going somewheres *mit* a *Shadchen*, Elkan. Actually you are going somewheres *mit* a real-estater. Ain't it?"

"It don't make no difference," Elkan answered stubbornly. "If I would go and see a girl I would go alone, otherwise not at all. So, if you insist on it I should go and see this here Miss Maslik tomorrow night, Mr. Scheikowitz, I would do so, but not with Rashkind."

"Fischko," Scheikowitz interrupted.

"Fischko *oder* Rashkind," Elkan said—"that's all there is to it. And if I would get right back to the store I got just time to go up to the Prince Clarence and meet Max Kapfer; so you would excuse me if I skip."

"Think it over, Elkan," Scheikowitz called after him as Elkan left the café, and three-quarters of an hour later he entered Polatkin & Scheikowitz' showroom accompanied by a fashionably attired young man.

"Mr. Polatkin," Elkan said, "shake hands with Mr. Kapfer."

"How do you do, Mr. Kapfer?" Polatkin cried. "This here is my partner, Philip Scheikowitz."

"How do you do, Mr. Scheikowitz?" Kapfer said. "You are very conveniently located here. Right in the heart of things, so to speak. I see across the street is Bleimauer & Gittelmann. Them people was in to see me last week already and offered me a big bargain in velvet suits, but I was all stocked up along that line so I didn't hand them no orders."

"Velvet suits ain't our specialty at all," Polatkin replied; "but I bet yer if we never seen a velvet suit in all our lives, Mr. Kapfer, we could work you up a line of velvet suits which would make them velvet suits of Bleimauer & Gittelmann look like a bundle of rags."

"I don't doubt it," Kapfer rejoined; "but, as I said before, velvet suits I am all stocked up in as I couldn't afford to carry very many of 'em."

"That's all right," Polatkin said as he led the way to the showroom. "We got a line of garments here, Mr. Kapfer, which includes all prices and styles." He handed Max a large, mild cigar as he spoke. "So let's see if we couldn't suit you," he concluded.

For more than two hours Max Kapfer examined Polatkin & Scheikowitz' sample line and made so judicious a selection of moderate-priced garments that Polatkin could not forbear expressing his admiration, albeit the total amount of the purchase was not large.

"You certainly got the right buying idee, Mr. Kapfer," he said. "Them styles is really the best value we got."

"I know it," Kapfer agreed. "I was ten years with Paschalson, of Sarahcuse, Mr. Polatkin, and what I don't know about a popular-price line of ladies' ready-to-wear garments, underwear and millinery, Paschalson couldn't learn me. But that ain't what I'm after, Mr. Polatkin. I'd like to do some high-price business too. If I had the capital I would improve my store building and put in new fixtures, understand me, and I could increase my business seventy-five per cent and carry a better class of goods too."

"Sure, I know," Polatkin said as they returned to the office. "Everybody needs more capital, Mr. Kapfer. We ourselves could do with a few thousand dollars more."

He looked significantly at Elkan, who colored slightly as he recognized the allusion.

"I bet yer," Scheikowitz added fervently. "Five thousand dollars would be welcome to us also." He nodded almost imperceptibly at Elkan, who forthwith broke into a gentle perspiration.

"Five thousand was just the figure I was thinking of myself," Kapfer said. "With five thousand dollars I could do wonders in Bridgetown, Mr. Scheikowitz."

"I'm surprised Flixman don't help you out a bit," Elkan suggested by way of changing the subject, and Kapfer emitted a mirthless laugh.

"That bloodsucker!" he said. "Why, when I bought his store, Mr. Scheikowitz, he took from me in part payment notes at two, four and six months; and, though I got the cash ready to pay him the last note, which it falls due this week already, I asked him he should give me two months an extension, on account I want to put in a few fixtures on the second floor. Do you think that feller would do it? He's got a heart like a rock, Mr. Polatkin; and any one which could get from him his money must got to blast it out of him with dynamite yet."

Polatkin nodded solemnly.

"You couldn't tell me nothing about Flixman," he said as he offered Kapfer a consolatory cigar. "It's wasting your lungs to talk about such a feller at all; so let's go ahead and finish up this order, Mr. Kapfer, and afterward Elkan would go uptown with you." He motioned Kapfer to a seat and then looked at his watch. "I didn't got no idee it was so late," he said. "Scheikowitz, do me the favor and go over Mr. Kapfer's order with him while I give a look outside and see what's doing in the shop."

As he walked toward the door he jerked his head sideways at Elkan, who a moment later followed him into the factory.

"Listen, Elkan," he began. "While you and Scheikowitz was out for your coffee, Rashkind rings me up and says you should meet him on the corner of One Hundred and Twentieth Street and Lenox Avenue tonight—not tomorrow night—at eight o'clock sure."

"But Kapfer ain't going back to Bridgetown tonight," Elkan protested. "He told me so himself on account he is got still to buy underwear, millinery and shoes."

"What is that our business?" Polatkin asked. "He's already bought from us all he's going to; so, if he stays here, let them underwear and millinery people entertain him. Blow him to dinner and that would be plenty."

Once more Elkan shrugged despairingly.

"You didn't say nothing to Scheikowitz about it, did you?" Polatkin inquired.

"Sure I didn't say nothing to him about it," Elkan said; "because ——"

"Elkan," Scheikowitz called from the office, "Mr. Kapfer is waiting for you."

Elkan had been about to disclose the conversation between himself and Scheikowitz at Wasserbauer's that afternoon, but Marcus, at the appearance of his partner, turned abruptly and walked into the cutting-room; and thus, when Elkan accompanied Max Kapfer uptown that evening, his manner was so preoccupied by reason of his dilemma that Kapfer was constrained to comment on it.

"What's worrying you, Lubliner?" he asked as they seated themselves in the café of the Prince Clarence. "You look like you was figuring out the interest on the money you owe."

"I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Kapfer," Elkan began—"I would like to ask you an advice about something."

"Go as far as you like," Kapfer replied. "It don't make no difference if a feller would be broke *oder* in jail, he could always give somebody advice."

"Well, it's like this," Elkan said, and forthwith he unfolded the circumstances attending his return from Bridgetown.

"*Nu!*" Kapfer commented when Elkan concluded his narrative. "What is that for something to worry about?"

"But the idee of the thing is wrong," Elkan protested. "In the first place, I got lots of time to get married, on account I am only twenty-one, Mr. Kapfer; and though a feller couldn't start in too early in business, Mr. Kapfer, getting married is something else again. To my mind a feller should be anyhow twenty-five before he jumps right in and gets married."

"With some people, yes, and others, no," Kapfer rejoined.

"And in the second place," Elkan went on, "I don't like this here *Shadchen* business. We are living in America, not *Russland;* and in America if a feller gets married he don't need no help from a *Shadchen*, Mr. Kapfer."

"No," Kapfer said, "he don't need no help, Lubliner; but, just the same, if some one would come to me any time these five years and says to me, here is something a nice girl, understand me, with five thousand dollars, y'understand, I would have been married *schon* long since already." He cleared his throat judicially and sat back in his chair until it rested against the wall. "The fact is, Lubliner," he said, "you are acting like a fool. What harm would it do supposing you would go up there tonight with this here Rashkind?"

"What, and go there tomorrow night with Fischko!" Elkan exclaimed. "Besides, if I would go up there tonight with Rashkind and the deal is closed, understand me, might Fischko would sue Mr. Scheikowitz in the court yet."

"Not at all," Kapfer declared. "Fischko couldn't sue nobody but B. Maslik; so never mind waiting here for dinner. Hustle uptown and keep your date with Rashkind." He shook Elkan by the hand. "Good luck to you, Lubliner," he concluded heartily; "and if you got the time stop in on your way down tomorrow morning and let me know how you come out."

"You Mean to Say You Got to Do Washing Here?"

III

WHEN Elkan Lubliner arrived at the corner of One Hundred and Twentieth Street and Lenox Avenue that evening it might well be supposed that he would have difficulty in recognizing Mr. Rashkind, since neither he nor Rashkind had any previous acquaintance. However,

he accosted without hesitation a short, stout person arrayed in a wrinkled frock coat and wearing the white tie and gold spectacles that invariably garb the members of such quasi-clerical professions as a *Shadchen*, a sexton or the collector of subscriptions for a charitable institution. Indeed, as Rashkind combined all three of these callings with the occupation of a real-estate broker, he also sported a high silk hat of uncertain vintage and a watch-chain bearing a Masonic emblem approximating in weight and size a tailor's goose.

"This is Mr. Rashkind, ain't it?" Elkan asked, and Rashkind bowed solemnly.

"My name is Mr. Lubliner," Elkan continued, "and Mr. Polatkin says you would be here at eight."

For answer Mr. Rashkind drew from his waistcoat pocket what appeared to be a six-ounce boxing glove, but which subsequently proved to be the chamois covering of his gold watch, the gift of Rambam Lodge, No. 142, I. O. M. A. This Mr. Rashkind consulted with knit brows.

"That's right," he said, returning the watch and its covering to his pocket—"eight o'clock to the minute; so I guess we would just so well go round to B. Maslik's house if you ain't got no objections."

"I'm agreeable," Elkan said; "but, before we start, you should please be so good and tell me what I must got to do."

"What you must got to do!" Rashkind exclaimed. "A question! You mustn't got to do nothing. Act natural and leave the rest to me."

"But," Elkan insisted as they proceeded down Lenox Avenue, "shouldn't I say something to the girl?"

"Sure, you should say something to the girl," Rashkind replied; "but, if you couldn't find something to say to a girl like Miss Birdie Maslik, all I could tell you is you're a bigger *Schlemiel* than you look."

With this encouraging ultimatum, Mr. Rashkind entered the portals of a hallway that glittered with lacquered bronze and plaster porphyry, and before Elkan had time to ask any more questions he found himself seated with Mr. Rashkind in the front parlor of a large apartment on the seventh floor.

"Mr. Maslik says you should be so good and step into the dining room," the maid said to Mr. Rashkind. Forthwith he rose to his feet and left Elkan alone in the room, save for the presence of the maid, who drew down the shades and smiled encouragingly on Elkan.

"Ain't it a fine weather?" she asked.

Elkan looked up, and he could not resist smiling in return.

"Elegant," he replied. "It don't seem like summer was ever going to quit."

"It couldn't last too long for me," the maid continued. "Might some people would enjoy cold weather maybe; but when it comes to going up on the roof, understand me, and hanging out a big wash, the summer is good enough for me."

Elkan gazed for a moment at her oval face, with its kindly, intelligent brown eyes.

"You mean to say you got to do washing here?" he asked in shocked accents.

"Sure I do," she replied; "*aber* this winter I am going to night school again and next summer might I would get a job as bookkeeper maybe."

"But why don't you get a job in a store somewheres?" he asked.

"I see myself working in a store all day, standing on my feet yet, and when I get through all my wages goes for board!" she replied. "Whereas, here I got anyhow a good room and board, and all what I earn I could put away in savings bank. I worked in a store long enough, Mr. ——"

"Lubliner," Elkan said.

"—— Mr. Lubliner; and I could assure you I would a whole lot sooner do housework," she went on. "Why should a girl think it's a disgrace she should do housework for a living is more as I could tell you. Sooner or later a girl gets married, and then she must got to do her own housework."

"Not if her husband makes a good living," Elkan suggested.

"Sure, I know," she rejoined; "but how many girls which they are working in stores gets not a rich man, understand me, but a man which is only making, say, for example, thirty dollars a week. The most that a poor girl expects is that she marries a poor man, y'understand, and then they work their way up together."

Elkan nodded. Unconsciously he was indorsing not so much the matter as the manner of her conversation, for she spoke with the low voice that distinguishes the Rumanian from the Pole or Lithuanian.

"You are coming from Rumania, ain't it?" Elkan asked.

"Pretty near there," the maid replied. "Right on the border. I am coming here an orphan five years ago; and ——"

"*Nu*, Lubliner," cried a rasping voice from the doorway, "we got our appointment for nothing—Miss Maslik is sick."

"That's too bad," Elkan said perfunctorily.

"Only a little something she eats gives her a headache," Rashkind went on. "We could come round the day after tomorrow night."

"My Name is Elkan, Liebchen, and We Would Send All the Heavy Washing Out"

"That's too bad also," Elkan commented, "on account the day after tomorrow night I got a date with a customer."

"Well, anyhow, B. Maslik would be in in a minute and ——"

Elkan rose to his feet so abruptly that he nearly sent his chair through a cabinet behind him.

"If I want to be here Friday night," he said, "I must see my customer tonight yet; so, young lady, if you would be so kind to tell Mr. Maslik I couldn't wait, but would be here Friday night with this here—now—gentleman. Come on, Rashkind."

He started for the hall door almost on a run, with Rashkind gesticulating excitedly behind him; but, before the *Shadchen* could even grasp his coattails he had let himself hurriedly out and was taking the stairs three at a jump.

"Hey!" Rashkind shouted as he plunged down the steps after Elkan. "What's the matter with you? Don't you want to meet Mr. Maslik?"

Elkan only hurried the faster, however, for in the few minutes he had been alone in the room with the little brown-eyed maid he had made the discovery that marriage with the aid of a *Shadchen* was impossible for him. Simultaneously he conceived the notion that marriage without the aid of a *Shadchen* might, after all, be well worth trying; and, as this idea loomed in his mind, his pace slackened until the *Shadchen* overtook him at the corner of One Hundred and Sixteenth Street.

"Say, lookyhere, Lubliner!" Rashkind said. "What is the matter with you anyway?"

Elkan professed to misunderstand the question.

"I've lost my address book," he said. "I had it in my hand when you left me alone there and I must of forgotten it; so I guess I'll go back and get it."

"All right," Rashkind replied. "I'll go with you."

Elkan wheeled round and glared viciously at the *Shadchen*.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" he roared. "You get right down them subway steps or I wouldn't come up with you Friday night."

"But what harm ——" Rashkind began, when Elkan seized him by the shoulder and led him firmly downstairs to the ticket office. There Elkan bought a ticket and, dropping it in the chopper's box, he pushed Rashkind on to the platform. A few minutes later a downtown express bore the *Shadchen* away and Elkan ascended the stairs in three tremendous bounds. Unwaveringly he started up the street for B. Maslik's apartment house, where, by the simple expedient of handing the elevator boy a quarter, he averted the formality of being announced. Thus, when he rang the doorbell of B. Maslik's flat, though it was opened by the little brown-eyed maid in person, she had discarded the white apron and cap that she had worn a few minutes before, and her hair was fluffed up in becoming disorder.

"You was telling me you are coming originally from somewheres near Rumania," Elkan began without further preface, "and—why, what's the matter? You've been crying?"

She put her fingers to her lips and closed the door softly behind her. "They says I didn't got no business talking to you at all," she replied, "and they called me down something terrible!"

Elkan's eyes flashed angrily.

"Who calls you down?" he demanded.

"Mr. and Mrs. Maslik," she answered; "and they says I ain't got no shame at all!"

She struggled bravely to retain her composure; but just one little half-strangled sob escaped her, and forthwith Elkan felt internally a peculiar sinking sensation.

"What do they mean you ain't got no shame?" he protested. "I got a right to talk to you and you got a right to talk to me—ain't it?"

She nodded and sobbed again, whereat Elkan winced and dug his nails into the palms of his hands.

"Listen!" he pleaded. "Don't worry yourself at all. After this I wouldn't got no use for them people. I didn't come here on my own account in the first place, but ——"

Here he paused.

"But what?" the little maid asked.

"But I'm glad I came now," Elkan went on defiantly, "and I don't care who knows it. *Wir sind alles Jehudim*, anyhow, and one is just as good as the other."

"Better even," she said. "What was B. Maslik in the old country? He could *oser* sign his name when he came here, while I am anyhow from decent, respectable people, Mr. Lubliner."

"I don't doubt it," Elkan replied.

"My father was a learned man, Mr. Lubliner; but that don't save him. One day he goes to Kishinef on business, Mr. Lubliner, and ——"

Here her composure entirely forsook her and she covered her face with her hands and wept. Elkan struggled with himself no longer. He took the little maid in his arms; and, as it seemed the most natural thing in the world to do, she laid her head against his shoulder and had her whole cry out.

Elkan spoke no word, but patted her shoulder gently with his right hand.

"I guess I'm acting like a baby, Mr. Lubliner," she said, after a quarter of an hour had elapsed. To Elkan it seemed like an acquaintance of many months as he clasped her more closely.

"My name is Elkan, *Liebchen*," he said, "and we would send all the heavy washing out."

IV

"WELL, Lubliner," Kapfer cried as Elkan came into the café of the Prince Clarence the following morning, "you didn't like her—what?"

"Didn't like her!" Elkan exclaimed. "What d'ye mean I didn't like her?"

"Why, the way you look, I take it you had a pretty rotten time last night," Kapfer rejoined.

"What are you talking about—rotten time?" Elkan protested. "The only thing is I feel so happy I didn't sleep a wink, that's all."

Kapfer jumped to his feet and slapped Elkan on the shoulder.

"Do you mean you're engaged!" he asked.

"Sure!" Elkan replied.

"Then I congradulate you a thousand times," Kapfer said gleefully.

"Once is plenty," Elkan replied.

"No, it ain't," Kapfer rejoined. "You should got to be congradulated more as you think, because this morning I am talking to a feller in the clothing business here and he says B. Maslik is richer as most people believe. The feller says he is easy worth a quarter of a million dollars."

"What's that got to do with it?" Elkan asked.

"What's that got to do with it!" Kapfer repeated. "Why, it's got everything to do with it, considering you are engaged to his only daughter."

"I am engaged to his only daughter! Who told you that, Mr. Kapfer?"

"Why, you did!" Kapfer said.

"I never said nothing of the kind," Elkan declared, "because I ain't engaged to Miss Maslik at all; in fact, I never even seen her."

Kapfer gazed earnestly at Elkan and then sat down suddenly.

"Say, lookyhere, Lubliner," he said. "Are you crazy or am I? Last night you says you are going up with a *Shadchen* to see Birdie Maslik, and now you tell me you are engaged, but not to Miss Maslik."

"That's right," Elkan replied.

"Then who in thunder are you engaged to?"

"That's just the point," Elkan said as he passed his hand through his hair. "I ain't slept a wink all night on account of it; in fact, this morning I wondered should I go round there and ask—and then I thought to myself I would get from you an advice first."

"Get from me an advice!" Kapfer exclaimed. "You mean you are engaged to a girl and you don't know her name, and so you come down here to ask me an advice as to how you should find out her name?"

Elkan nodded sadly and leaned his elbow on the table.

"It's like this," he said; and for more than half an hour he regaled Kapfer with a story that, stripped of descriptive and irrelevant material concerning Elkan's own feelings in the matter, ought to have taken only five minutes in the telling.

"And that's the way it is, Mr. Kapfer," Elkan concluded. "I don't know her name; but a poor little girl like her, which she is so good—and so—and so ——"

Here he became all choked up and Kapfer handed him a cigar.

"Don't go into that again, Lubliner," Kapfer said; "you told me how good she is six times already. The point is you are in a hole and you want me I should help you out—ain't it?"

Elkan nodded wearily.

"Well, then, my advice to you is: *Steigen*," Kapfer continued. "Don't say a word about this to nobody until you would, anyhow, find out the girl's name."

"I wasn't going to," Elkan replied; "but there's something else, Mr. Kapfer. Tonight I am to meet this here other *Shadchen* by the name Fischko, who is going to take me up to Maslik's house."

"But I thought Miss Maslik was sick," Kapfer said.

"She was sick," Elkan answered, "but she would be better by tonight. So that's the way it stands. If I would go downtown now and explain to Mr. Scheikowitz that I am not going up there tonight and that I was there last night—and ——" Here Elkan paused and made an expressive gesture with both hands. "The fact is," he almost whimpered, "the whole thing is such a *Mischmasch* I feel like I was going crazy!"

Kapfer leaned across the table and patted him consolingly on the arm.

"Don't make yourself sick over it," he advised. "Put it up to Polatkin. You don't got to keep Scheikowitz' idee a secret now, Lubliner, because sooner or later Polatkin must got to find it out. So you should let Polatkin know how you was up there last night, and that Rashkind wants you to go up there Friday night on account Miss Maslik was sick, and leave it to Polatkin to flag Scheikowitz and this here Fischko."

"But ——" Elkan began, when the strange expression of Kapfer's face made him pause. Indeed, before he could proceed further, Kapfer jumped up from his chair.

"Cheese it!" he said. "Here comes Polatkin."

As he spoke, Polatkin caught sight of them and almost ran across the room.

"Elkan!" he exclaimed. "*Gott sei Dank* I found you here."

"What's the matter?" Elkan asked.

Polatkin drew forward a chair and they all sat down.

"I just had a terrible fuss with Scheikowitz," he said. "This morning, when I got downtown, I thought I would tell him what I brought you back for; so I says to him: 'Philip,' I says, 'I want to tell you something,' I says. 'I got an elegant *Shidduch* for Elkan.'" He stopped and let his hand fall with a loud smack on his thigh. "Oo-ee!" he exclaimed. "What a row that feller made it! You would think, Elkan, I told him I got a pistol to shoot you with, the way he acts. I didn't even got the opportunity to tell him who the *Shidduch* was. He tells me I should mind my own business and calls me such names which honestly I wouldn't call a shipping clerk even. And what else d'ye think he says?"

Elkan and Kapfer shook their heads.

"Why, he says that tonight, at eight o'clock, he himself is going to have a *Shadchen* by the name Fischko take you up to see a girl in Harlem which the name he didn't tell me at all; but he says she's got five thousand dollars a dowry. Did he say to you anything about it, Elkan?"

"The first I hear of it!" Elkan replied in husky tones as he averted his eyes from Polatkin. "Why, I wouldn't know the feller Fischko if he stood before me now, and he wouldn't know me neither."

"Didn't he tell you her name?" Kapfer asked cautiously.

"No," Polatkin replied, "because I says right away that the girl I had in mind would got a dowry of five thousand too; and then and there Scheikowitz gets so mad he smashes a chair on us—one of them new ones we just bought, Elkan. So I didn't say nothing more, but I rung up Rashkind right away and asks him how things turns out, and he says nothing is settled yet."

Elkan nodded guiltily.

"So I got an idee," Polatkin continued. "I thought, Elkan, we would do this: Don't come downtown today at all, and tonight I would go up and meet Fischko and tell him you are practically engaged and the whole thing is off. Also I would *schenk* the feller a ten-dollar bill he shouldn't bother us again."

Elkan grasped the edge of the table. He felt as if consciousness were slipping away from him, when suddenly Kapfer emitted a loud exclamation.

"By jiminy!" he cried. "I got an idee! Why shouldn't I go up there and meet this here Fischko?"

"You go up there?" Polatkin said.

"Sure; why not? A nice girl like Miss—whatever her name is—ain't too good for me, Mr. Polatkin. I got a good business there in Bridgetown, and ——"

"But I don't know what for a girl she is at all," Polatkin protested.

"She's got anyhow five thousand dollars," Kapfer retorted, "and when a girl's got five thousand dollars, Mr. Polatkin, beauty ain't even skin-deep."

"Sure, I know," Polatkin agreed; "but so soon as you see Fischko and tell him you ain't Elkan Lubliner he would refuse to take you round to see the girl at all."

"Leave that to me," Kapfer declared. "D'ye know what I'll tell him?" He looked hard at Elkan Lubliner before he continued. "I'll tell him," he said, "that Elkan is already engaged."

"Already engaged!" Polatkin cried.

"Sure!" Kapfer said—"secretly engaged unbeknownst to everybody."

"But right away tomorrow morning Fischko would come down and tell Scheikowitz that you says Elkan is secretly engaged, and Scheikowitz would know the whole thing was a fake and that I am at the bottom of it."

"No, he wouldn't," Kapfer rejoined, "because Elkan would then and there say that he is secretly engaged and that would let you out."

"Sure it would," Polatkin agreed; "and then Scheikowitz would want to kill Elkan."

Suddenly Elkan struck the table with his clenched fist.

"I've got the idee!" he said. "I wouldn't come downtown till Saturday—because we will say, for example, I am sick. Then, when Fischko says I am secretly engaged, you can say you don't know nothing about it; and by the time I come down on Saturday morning I would be enguged all right, and nobody could do nothing any more."

"That's true too," Kapfer said, "because your date with Rashkind is for tomorrow night and by Saturday the whole thing would be over."

Polatkin nodded doubtfully, but after a quarter of an hour's earnest discussion he was convinced of the wisdom of Elkan's plan.

"All right, Elkan," he said at last. "Be down early on Saturday."

"Eight o'clock sure," Elkan replied as he shook Polatkin's hand; "and by that time I hope you'll congradulate me on my engagement."

"I hope so," Polatkin said.

(Continued on Page 44)

Lessons From Our Alien Farmers

POINTERS IN PROFITS FROM THE THRIFTY PORTUGUESE

By Forrest Crissey

THAT a nation of seafaring people should furnish America with a colony of landamen whose skill in agriculture is distinct and conspicuous seems a strange contradiction; yet the fact remains that, as practical farmers, the Portuguese of the Pacific Coast—who are almost exclusively from the islands of the Azores—have few peers.

In the old days of plunder and adventure on the high seas no pirate crew was quite complete without a sprinkling of these swarthy islanders. The annals of buccaneering bristle with the bloodthirsty doings of these dark men recruited from the Azores; but times have changed, and today you may visit whole sections of the Pacific slope peopled by these Portuguese islanders and listen to scores of personal stories of how sea legs have been trained into steady plow legs, and of the individual transformation of ocean wanderers into plodding farmers, who are disinclined to stray farther from their homes than they can drive with their own teams.

Land hunger is a ruling passion with the Portuguese; and men of this blood, who have spent their youth on the decks of whalers and trading ships plowing the remote reaches of the high seas, are those who, once settled on the soil, have made the largest fortunes from plowing the land. Men of this stamp own the major part of the best tillable soil in San Leandro and Haywards, near suburbs of Oakland, California; and the Portuguese are scattered throughout the state to the number of about sixty thousand. Few of them go to the cities; they strike for the soil as soon as they arrive, and only death seems able to dislodge them from the land.

Has the native American farmer anything to learn from the methods of the Portuguese? He can hardly miss learning something worth while on the farm of any Portuguese who has acquired a property of his own; but he will have to use his eyes rather than his tongue to do so, for the man transplanted from the Azores—where sixty per cent of the peasantry is illiterate—does not trust himself readily in conversation with an American. However, let this question be answered by an incident.

Live-Wood Bolts Near the Crotch of an Apple Tree

Pointing to a steep hill, the sides of which were set with orderly rows of apple trees and the top capped with a tiny vineyard, a native son of Santa Cruz County exclaimed:

"Nobody but an Old World alien would cultivate a hill like that. Perpendicular farming is too much for us native sons or any man of Western birth. Plowing and cultivating level land is hard enough work for us."

"What kind of an alien runs this farm?" he was asked.

"Probably a Portuguese. From the amount of plain hard work that shows on the place, I should judge so. It's all right to be looking for new or novel methods of growing things; but don't let that kind of a search keep you from seeing the biggest thing that the average American farmer can learn from the Portuguese who have come over here—and that is the lesson of tremendous thoroughness! On a farm that is only another name for incessant hard work. Miss this and you miss the main thing; but perhaps you'll find something in the way of individual methods as well. Let's stop and see."

Not a dozen paces had been taken between the rows of clean young orchard trees in early bearing before the searcher for new methods stopped. Before him was a shapely bellflower apple tree, the opposite branches of which were connected, some two feet above the main crotch, by a brace or rod of living wood! There being four main branches in the head of this tree, two of these live-wood rods intersected each other at right angles, one about three inches above the other. The twisted appearance of the bark on these natural bolts told the story of how they had been formed. The ends of two sprouts—one from each branch—had been overlapped, twisted about each other and bound together when the tree was young. In time they had grown together into a strong

but semipliant brace of living wood that gave far greater power of wind resistance than the iron rod often used by careful orchardists to prevent breakage and splitting, because of being yielding instead of rigid, and because the limbs of the tree were not weakened by the holes necessary for the insertion of the iron rod.

Some of these live-wood braces were found to be as thick as a man's wrist. Higher up, in the head of the tree, were several other braces of the same sort, but still more flexible and ropelike. These had evidently been formed after the tree had reached a much more advanced stage of growth. When seen for the first time these live-wood braces are almost certain to compel the exclamation: "Why wasn't that thought of a hundred years ago? It's so simple!" No explanation is needed to convince the observer of the thorough practicability of this clever horticultural device. To look upon a tree equipped with these natural bolts and ropes part and parcel of its own living fiber—is instantly to understand the kind and quality of resistance that it would offer against a high wind or a heavy storm; the supple strength with which each branch would at once support and accommodate the other branches, all the members of the head yielding and resisting together.

Only the man who is familiar with modern commercial orchards, crowded to the highest point of production by intensive methods, is able to appreciate the weight that a comparatively slender tree is required to support when carrying its full burden of nearly matured fruit. And the master of such an orchard will support the statement that the placing of props under those weighted branches is not only a laborious task but one requiring no little skill and judgment when rightly done—for a prop wrongly placed is likely to invite the breaking of a heavily burdened limb rather than prevent it. Few trees in good commercial orchards that have come into full bearing require less than five props, and some trees demand twice and three times that number. There are generally about fifty trees to the acre in a commercial orchard, where the trees are thirty feet apart; and this would mean the cutting and placing of at least twenty-five hundred props in a bearing orchard of only ten acres!

Progressive People

TO START a live-wood brace by the joining of two twigs or young branches requires less trouble than the cutting and placing of a single prop; the natural brace is placed for the entire life of the tree, while the artificial prop must be removed and replaced each year.

Again, as the tree grows older its liability to splitting at the crotch increases and the careful orchardist often will feel himself forced to take measures of prevention in the form of iron rods connecting the main branches. These rods are expensive and so is the labor of fitting them. The live-wood bolt grows with the tree and is largest and strongest when the tree reaches its time of greatest need.

As the scout for new farming methods stood in admiration before a tree equipped with a set of these live-wood supports, the native son who was with him remarked:

"I don't know that this thing was invented by the Portuguese or that the idea of it was brought over from the Azores—very likely not; but you may depend upon it that every Portuguese orchardist in this whole valley is on to the trick, and is not only using it but is doing so to the limit. That's the nature of the race. They're sharp—and nobody has to show them a clever thing in the line of better farming methods the second time. They are keen for the really practical things and few of that sort get past them. When one Portuguese has found a better method of doing something worth while, you may depend upon it that the others of his blood will have it in short order and that it will run through the whole settlement. They get their information from each other by personal contact—by first-hand observation and word-of-mouth, not from the printed page. And even if the men and women who were born in the Azores are often strangers to the mysteries of print, they are strong supporters of the public schools!"

S. Davies, the Portuguese who planted this orchard twelve years ago, declares:

"Uncle Sam good flag. A man don't like, he ought not to live."

The visitor who travels the public highways of Merced County, California, is practically sure to encounter a little caravan that tells an interesting story of Portuguese thrift and resourcefulness. Incidentally, too, it reveals the fact that these men from the Azores are always ready to meet the demands of changing conditions without resisting the march of progress, for fear their own toes are going to be stepped on in the process of readjustment.

This caravan usually consists of a dark man or boy, a yellow dog and about two thousand sheep. The stranger meeting this band is inclined to think that the sheep are being transferred from one grazing ground to another, are being driven to market or are on their way to be delivered to a new owner.

"There," exclaimed a Merced County man with whom I was riding, "is an example of Portuguese methods that is worth the attention of any American in almost any part of the country. This district through here is rapidly changing from a range country to a farming country. Every few miles you'll run across a new irrigation canal with freshly cut laterals. Now a big change like this is all right for the man who is financially fixed to meet the new demands, but it plays hob with the small man who has started in under the old and easier conditions, and who hasn't made enough money to meet the new demands and change his whole style of farming. Suppose you had come in here when this was all range country, had bought a little place and started into the sheep business—knowing that you could have all the range you might need on which to graze your flocks for nothing, or next to nothing. You are just getting a nice start when along comes the band-wagon of agricultural progress in the shape of a big irrigation project, and you are told that your free or cheap range is to be cut up into farms and practically closed out. In addition to this, you could see a lot of unexpected expenses loaded on your back. You'd fight, wouldn't you? Almost any American in that situation would do all he could to stave off the change for a little while, at any rate.

PHOTO. BY PACIFIC PHOTO AND ART CO.

A Roadway That Has Been Cultivated

"Well, many Portuguese were in just that situation when the transition from range to irrigation farming struck this section. They had drifted in here as sheepherders and hired hands on the ranches—many of them working for fifteen dollars a month at the start. They all have a natural liking for animals, and stock in their hands always thrives. As soon as the ranch-owners found this out they encouraged the firstcomers to send back to the Azores for their husky young relatives. Then, when these earlier ones had learned the country and the business and had saved their wages for a few years, they started to get land of their own by paying a little down and giving a mortgage for the remainder. The ranch-owners were willing to accommodate them, because they wanted to keep up the supply of Portuguese help, and because they knew them to be thrifty and natural farmers.

"When the hour struck to change this section from a range to an irrigated country, however, many Americans felt that the Portuguese settlers would oppose the change so far as they could; that they would naturally be against it, and that it would work considerable hardship to some if not all of them, on account of pinching out the range.

"Right there is where we made a mistake in our figuring. Almost to a man the Portuguese were for the irrigation project that covered their particular locality. They welcomed it and said that they'd raise alfalfa and keep dairies of blooded stock. And when we wanted to know what about their flocks they smiled and said: 'Keep sheep too.' And they did! As soon as fences and irrigating canals invaded a Portuguese settlement, these small flocks of sheep began to appear on the public highways. One old man or a young lad, with a good dog, can handle two thousand sheep easily; and the dog is the big end of the combination every time. Their range does not cost them a cent except for the time of the herder and it makes a fine job for the young boy or the old man of the family, who is not able to do a man's work in the field.

"They move these flocks about four miles a day and plan their progress so as to camp at night alongside an irrigation canal. A flock is seldom taken more than twenty miles from home. When they get about that distance away they take a road at right angles and keep on turning until they finally reach home again, where they stop just long enough to allow the herdsman to see the folks and stock up for a return trip over the same circuit. I know of one flock of two thousand sheep that does not go outside of a district comprising fifty square miles.

"There seems to be a general understanding among them as to the limits of each man's range. I've never heard of a quarrel among them on this score. Nor do I know of a single Portuguese who has felt obliged to cut down the size of his flock to any material extent because the coming of irrigation has pinched out the big range. The sheep do amazingly well on this roadside range.

"But this clever trick of our Portuguese friends has done more than fatten their sheep without any cost for pasturage. It has been a Godsend to this whole section of country. Why? Before this practice was started the roadsides grew up to long grass and weeds; and when our dry seasons came on the public highways were simply long tinderboxes waiting to be fired by some careless smoker or roadside camper. Folks who live in a humid section don't realize the proportions that the fire terror assumes to a farmer in a region where there isn't a drop of rain for several months. Of course this danger could be minimized by a lot of public highway work involving a heavy expense. And it looked as if that was what we were coming to when the Portuguese roadside grazers put in an appearance and solved the whole problem for us. The public could well afford to pay them something to range their flocks on the highways if self-interest were not a sufficient motive to keep them at it."

A New Use For Sheep

IN THE roadside grazing the sheep are herded more closely together than upon the open range, with the result that the highway on each side of the wheel track looks as if it had been clipped by a lawnmower. Not a blade of grass or a weed is left. The public and private utility of this kind of flock-grazing is a matter that well deserves consideration in communities that are not passing through the transition from the range to the closed country, and where a long, dry season does not put peculiar emphasis upon the peril from roadside fires.

In the humid regions and in the long-settled part of the country the pest of roadside weeds is universal. It is a fortunate rural township in which the roadsides are not the perpetual seed-beds from which the fields of the farmers are perennially supplied with an unfailing stock of noxious weeds. True, some enterprising townships provide funds for a reasonably consistent warfare upon these roadside pests; but such townships are comparatively rare. Again, the ordinary roadhand with a scythe seldom contrives to get more than the thickest of the weeds—and often his work is done at a time when it is ineffectual so far as preventing seeding is concerned. And in all localities the fire protection of a close-cropped highway is an important consideration.

In the thrifty expedient of the Portuguese sheepmen of Merced County there is a suggestion for every rural community of the country—a way to weedless and lawnlike highways, shorn of their perils as fire-spreaders, and without raising the road tax to the extent of a dollar. By the same token, here is also opened the way for many a farmless farmer to find a free range for a flock of sheep that would require an extensive private pasturage if kept on the American instead of the Portugese plan. Such an opportunity will appeal especially to the man with a small place, just large enough to house his flock; and to the man who, because of age or other disability, must look for lighter labor than the heavy toil of the fields demands. Permission for this public grazing would undoubtedly be readily granted by the proper township authorities. Such an undertaking, however, should never be entered into without the assistance of a well-trained sheepdog; and these dogs are not easy to obtain. To manipulate a flock of sheep on a public highway without a dog that is thoroughly trained to the work may be set down as an impossibility.

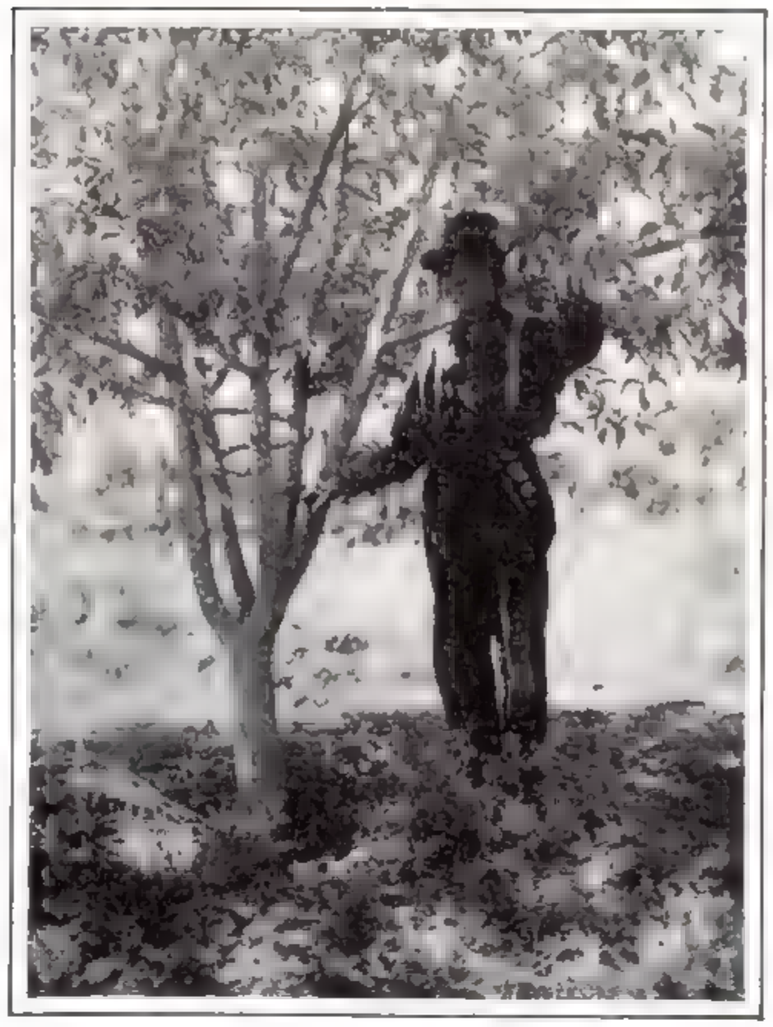
San Leandro, a little out of Oakland, is a city of orchards and gardens, and is almost as Portuguese as old Lisbon itself. Cherry orchards, in the pink of cultivation, line the main boulevard for miles and only give place to the business blocks. The stranger from the East, however, who visits San Leandro and strays off the automobile boulevard into the side streets will see intensive cultivation as it is seldom seen outside of a Portuguese settlement, and will get a quick and convincing insight into at least one of the secrets of Portuguese success on the soil.

These town orchards contain from one to fifteen acres and the houses in which the owners live are of a comfortable village type—some of them might be called luxurious; but the parkway, like the orchard, is a vegetable garden! This is the Portuguese sign. As a native American expressed it: "When you see a house surrounded by an orchard, and the sides of the road planted to vegetables clear out to the wheel tracks, you may know that a Portuguese lives there; but don't make the mistake of thinking that it's poverty that pushes his gardening up against the wheels of passing vehicles. It's thrift! These men with street gardens are the solid men of the town. They own business blocks and ranches, and have bank accounts that put some of us Americans here 'way in the shade. It hurts a Portuguese to waste an inch of land. He'll buy the best land out of doors—knows the best when he sees it too—and will pay a top price without question or flinching; but after he gets it he wants every inch of it to be working for him, night and day, every minute of the growing season. And he'll generally contrive to get three crops a year where an American will be content with two."

Hundreds of verifications of this observation are to be found in San Leandro, San Lorenzo, Haywards, Alvarado, Niles and Centerville, and other Portuguese centers. One of these town orchards in San Leandro has currants between the orchard rows, beans between the currant rows, a row of beans close on each side of the trees, beans between the trees in the row and beans from the ends of the rows to the wheeltrack in the street. Not satisfied with this degree of intensiveness and interplanting, the owner doubled the number of rows in the space or corner where his private sidewalk joined the public street! Peas are also used extensively for this interplanting; and they are a delight to the eye.

Mendonsa's Truck Farm

THERE are miles of roadway planted to horse beans along the two hundred and eighty-five acres of rich valley land owned by Joe Mendonsa in and about San Leandro; and the dooryard of his townhouse yields a crop of onions that makes it as profitable a piece of soil as one could wish to own. Mendonsa doesn't particularly need the money either. Tillage land in San Leandro is worth several hundreds of dollars an acre—some of it a thousand dollars; and there is no better land in the valley than the Mendonsa holdings. In addition to this, however, he has a ranch of two hundred and eighty acres in the hills, stocked with good cattle and horses. No; Mendonsa could worry along without his roadside crop of horse beans and his dooryard onion field, but he would keep that land working if he were worth a million instead of a hundred thousand or two. Land that the American would not think of working the Portuguese will keep in crops, irrespective of his fortune.



Natural Wood Braces in an Apple Orchard Near Watsonville, California

The buying of the hill ranch after Joe Mendonsa had reached the age and fortune for normal retirement is another point in which he is typical of his race. Your man from the Azores may spend the better part of his life raising garden truck, walnuts, chickens, apples, cherries, lima beans, or any other special crop—but his idea of ease and retirement is to run a stock ranch on which he can raise thoroughbred cattle, horses and sheep. When his fortune is made his sons and daughters may clamor for the city, and, as a compromise, demand that they move into town—but the father will buy a ranch where he can see his herds increase and watch his fillies develop into fast steppers.

There is no false pride in the Portuguese blood. The two sons of Joe Mendonsa work like hired hands—and the well-schooled young wife of one of the sons offered no objection to being photographed in the act of trimming onions for market. There is a saying among the Portuguese that a boy of four years who can't look after a cow is a poor stick. In other words, the whole family works. With thirty acres in peas, forty in tomatoes, five in asparagus, eight in rhubarb, twenty in cucumbers and twenty in other vegetables, besides fruits and general crops, the Mendonsa boys are able to occupy themselves in a way to satisfy the strictest Portuguese standards. Concerning the roadside crop of horse beans, young Mendonsa declared:

"It seems a little odd to us that American farmers, as a rule, don't appear to appreciate the horse bean better than they do. You can't find a Portuguese who doesn't raise them. There is one class of Americans, however, who know their value, and that's the stockfood dealers. I guess they'd be hard pushed to do business without them. We've secured thirty sacks, or three thousand six hundred pounds, of the clear beans to the acre right along, and they bring two cents a pound from the stockfood men. Seventy-two dollars an acre for a crop that takes as little care as horse beans isn't bad—especially when it's mainly a roadside crop or a filler. Feeding the beans to hogs as a finishing food is a far better and more profitable way of marketing them, however, than selling them outright."

The Modern Jack and His Beanstalk

"YOU can harden a hog in short order by feeding a liberal ration of these big horse beans when they are well soaked or cooked. They are not only rich but they give just the right texture to the flesh. You can find plenty of American orchards with nothing growing between the rows of trees after they have come into bearing. A few rows of horse beans between those trees would give one of those orchardists enough food to fatten a hundred hogs without any extra cost for land, fertilizer or cultivation, and with scarcely any expense for planting or harvesting. Besides, the beans do not injure the orchard any. We know that, for we've seen it tried out year after year; in fact, every Portuguese farmer knows it from practical experience. I don't believe there's a Portuguese farmer in California who doesn't raise some horse beans for his stock; but it does seem queer that the Americans don't realize what a great stockfood these big beans make and how easy it is to raise them on land where they can be filled in without interfering with other crops."

From the coarse horse beans to the luscious limas is an easy step, which many a Portuguese has taken to his great profit. Ventura County, California, is well settled with Portuguese who have made fortunes in this specialty and who are the admitted adepts in lima-bean culture. No visiting stranger can escape from Ventura-by-the-Sea without hearing how Schiappa Pietra laid the foundations of his great fortune in limas and lately died leaving an estate of two million dollars; but the seeker for lima-bean lore need go no farther than Antoine Peters to learn the secrets of this farming specialty—and some sound tillage principles of a far broader application in the bargain. This man, who now rides in his own touring car, shipped from the Azores on a whaler when a lad of thirteen, landed in New London, Connecticut, a few years later and followed his adopted flag into the Civil War on board a Northern battleship. Later he drifted to Nevada City, and after six years in the mining country was seized with the inevitable Portuguese soil hunger. Then he followed relatives to Ventura and began to raise beans on rented land—until he learned how and found the particular piece of soil that pleased him. Incidentally he had observed that Judge Daly, of Ventura, had an eighteen-acre orchard of young English walnut trees that were thrifty and promising—trees that are now thirty-three years old and are said to yield a gross return of five thousand dollars a year.

With characteristic Portuguese shrewdness and determination to make the land do double duty, he bought his selected piece of forty acres, set it to English walnuts and then proceeded to raise his crop of limas between the trees.

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A Steep Hillside Set With Apple Trees and Capped With a Tiny Vineyard

PHOTO. BY PACIFIC PHOTO AND ART COMPANY

Setting Tomato Plants Wrapped in Paper Cones

THE BOOM

By LEONARD MERRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

A Theatrical Manager's Story

"You are Mistaken," I Said Promptly

IT HAPPENED so long ago that I do not mind publishing the facts now. It happened a few weeks after those sublime officials, those pillars of the state, Thibaudin and Hazard, had disappeared from Paris with a couple of million francs. Everybody must remember the sensation. They were leading the police a pretty dance, and people said: "Oh, they are probably at the world's end by this time!" I used to think to myself how securely a man who had a mind to do so might lie hidden within an hour's journey of the Grands Boulevards. It was really the disappearance of Thibaudin and Hazard that originated my idea.

I was manager at that period of the Théâtre Suprême, where shortly we were to produce Beauregard's play, Omphale. I descried a way to attract additional attention to our project. I went to see Beauregard one morning and gave him a shock. He was breakfasting in bed.

"*Bonjour, maître,*" I said. "Are you too much occupied to talk business?"

"Panage," exclaimed the dramatist, "if you have come to demand any more mutilations in the manuscript I will tell you without parleying that no consideration on earth will induce me to yield. There is a limit to my forbearance. Rather than omit another line or substitute another syllable I will put the contract in the fire."

"Dear friend, you have evidently slept ill and are testy this morning," I said. "Compose yourself. I come to exhilarate you with a great scheme!"

He still eyed me apprehensively, and to pacify him I made haste to explain: "It has nothing to do with any alterations in the play."

"Ah!" He breathed relief and dipped his *croissant* in his cup. "It is a scheme for booming it."

My host was forthwith genial. A smile suffused his fat, munching face and he offered me a cigarette.

"I ask your pardon if I was abrupt," he said. "As you surmise, I passed a bad night. A boom? Well, you know my views on the subject of booming. The ordinary puff preliminary is played out. One needs something novel, Panage, something scholarly. Scholarly is the word. For Omphale, a play of pre-Hellenic times, one needs the boom scholarly, classical and grandiose!"

"You voice my own sentiments," said I. "One needs nothing less than a production of 'unrivaled accuracy'—costumes 'copied from designs discovered in Crete and dating back to the dim days of the Minotaur'! That would look tasteful in print, would it not? *Alors*, what do you say to our going to Crete and discovering them?"

"Crete?" stammered Beauregard. Have I mentioned that he was stout and indolent, and never stirred farther from Paris than his villa on the Normandy coast?

"What think you of exploring the Minotaur's lair?" I questioned. "Of penetrating to the apartments of Phædra? Of examining with your own eyes the labyrinth of Ariadne?"

"I?" he ejaculated.

"You and I together, my old one! Our adventures would make pretty reading, eh? Would not all Paris be chattering about your Omphale? What a fever of impatience for the first night! Think of the effect such paragraphs would have on the advance booking!"

The corpulent Beauregard lay back on the pillows pale and mute. I had spoken too earnestly for him to suspect that I was pulling his leg and I could see that he was very seriously perturbed. His mind was torn in halves between his longing for the advertisement and his horror of the exertion and expense. After a moment he sat up, perspiring, and wrung my hand.

"Panage," he cried, "you are a man of genius! Your idea is most brilliant; I have never heard its equal. With all my heart I congratulate you. I, alas, cannot accompany you on account of my wife's ill health, but you are free. Go, *mon ami!* Your inspiration will crowd your theater."

His wife's health was offensively robust. I shook with laughter so unrestrained that the cigarette fell out of my mouth.

"Let me be a trifle more explicit," I said. "It is not essential to my scheme that either you or I should actually go to Crete. It is only essential that we should be reported to have gone there. I propose that we should blazon our departure in all the journals—we might give them interviews in the midst of our packing—and that we should then retire for two or three months to some secluded spot near at hand where there will be nobody to recognize us. I shall confide only in my secretary; I can rely on him, and he will keep the press well supplied with anecdotes of our vicissitudes during our absence. *Mon Dieu!* we will make Paris bubble and boil with anticipation."

He was admiring but timid. "Don't you think it would be very risky?" he demurred. "If our imposture were found out it would be ruin. For example, what spot?"

"Well, I am not prepared with spots at the instant. I came to you on the effervescence of the notion. But some little place off the beaten track! One can hide very effectually without going far—I would not mind wagering that Thibaudin and Hazard are lying low in some hamlet. While the police are watching Marseilles and Havre, or picturing them already in South America, they are probably concealed within an easy run of the Gare St. Lazare waiting till the search is relaxed. What about Veules-les-Roses? Have you ever stumbled upon Veules-les-Roses in winter? It is a desert. To all intents and purposes we should be the only inhabitants."

"Three months of it?" he queried piteously.

"Our investigations, which we undertake 'to complete the previous labors of the archæologists,' ought to be thorough," I pointed out. "Is it not worth our while to suffer a little tedium for such an end? Lift your gaze to the cash that will accrue, Beauregard! Dwell upon the box-office besieged! Positively we shall double the value of your play. Also, you can take plenty of exercise and improve your figure."

"I abhor exercise," he murmured.

"And you could keep early hours and prolong your life."

"My life is all vexation; to prolong it would be fatuous."

"Further, everybody will say what a conscientious artist you are. I don't mind asserting that your passion for accuracy is sweeping me to the Minotaur's lair against my will!"

"Well, I will think about it," he said heavily.

He promised to write to me on the morrow.

II

AFTER consideration I hit upon a place even more stagnant than Veules-les-Roses in January. I did not expatiate upon its qualities to Beauregard for fear of scaring him, but said simply that it was "farther away." I had extracted his consent, and a fortnight later I hustled him into a cab. He looked as if he were to be chief mourner at a funeral, and I believe he had half a mind to back out even when we had taken our tickets. On the journey I perused with pleasure Le Matin and the current issue of L'Illustration, in which the program of our imaginary trip was set forth with a wealth of invention that did me credit. The deception, in fact, had been engineered so eloquently that in moments I had almost begun to fancy we were really bound for Crete.

At the one hotel that was open at this time of the year we had no difficulty in securing a sitting room to ourselves. We could have had all the sitting rooms in the house. To account for our descent upon a scene that was frequented only in summer I mentioned to the proprietor that my friend had been ordered here by his doctor for the bracing air. The fellow immediately assured me that medical men recommended people to the forsaken spot in midwinter from all parts of France, and I pretended to believe him. We registered on the books as Messieurs Poupard and Bachelet. It was my precaution to choose names beginning with a P and a B—I thought of the initials on our luggage and our washing! The dramatist had overlooked the point.

Well, I shall not pretend that I was in for a rollicking time. I have a high esteem for Beauregard in the theater, but Beauregard in a village was unspeakable. His lamentations linger with me yet. We had nothing to do and nothing to look at, unless you count a dismal sea. That fat Parisian's melancholy, his reproaches, his attitudes of despair defy description. Even when the weather improved he would perceive no virtues in it. I exclaimed once: "Doesn't the sky look beautiful tonight?" He replied: "It would look beautiful from the Champs Elysées!" He had brought a cartload of novels enough to stock a medium-sized shop - and before we had been in the place a week he was complaining that he had nothing to read.

"I shall die if I remain any longer," he declared. "I shall be buried here, I foresee it. The climate doesn't agree with me. Honestly I feel very unwell. I ought to return to Paris; it is my duty; I have my wife to consider."

"You were never so well in your life," I remonstrated sharply. "Rubbish; there's no escape now. You've got to see it through. Foretaste the triumph of Omphale and be blithe!"

"How much will a triumph be worth to me if I am dead?" he wailed. "*Mon Dieu*, what an existence; what demoniac desolation! I shudder when I wake in the morning; the thought of the terrible day before me weighs me down—I have scarcely the energy to put on my socks. To wash my neck exhausts me. Is there nothing, nothing to be done for an hour's respite? Is there no café concert within reasonable distance? I will hire an automobile and defray all the charges."

"My beloved 'Bachelet,'" I said, "you forget; at a café concert we might be recognized!"

He threw up his arms. "It is like being in jail; word of honor, it is like solitary confinement! Who directed you to this fatal hole, this wasteground, where the morning papers arrive in the afternoon? By what perverse ingenuity did you contrive to find it? How long have we endured it now?"

"Ten days," I told him cheerfully. "Why, we have only got about eighty more!"

He groaned. "It seems like centuries. My misgiving, of course, is that it will drive me to intemperance; such ordeals as this develop the vice. The natives themselves are staggered by our presence; they whisper about me as I pass. Children follow me up the roads, marveling; if the

"Compose Yourself. I Come to Exhilarate You With a Great Scheme!"

population sufficed I should be pursued by crowds. I tell you we are objects of suspicion, we are a local mystery; they conclude we must have 'done something'!"

I yawned. Don't imagine that he had finished! Don't suppose that it was merely a bad mood! It was the kind of thing I had to bear from him daily, hourly—from the early coffee to the latest cigarette.

III

ONE afternoon when I had gone for a stroll without him a *contretemps* occurred. I had entered the outfitter's and stationer's and tobacconist's and provision merchant's—the miniature shop was the only one in the place—to obtain a pair of bootlaces. That the clodhoppers cackled about our sojourn was a small matter to me and I paid no more heed to the woman's curious stare today than usual. But I was to meet another stare!

As I waited for my change, a shabby young man came in to ask for a copy of Le Petit Journal and a toy for five sous. Le Petit Journal, which I had just read, contained the latest details of my explorations in Crete, and instinctively I looked round. His eyes widened. I did not know him from Adam, but it was evident that he knew me, at least by sight! I turned hot and cold with confusion.

Grabbing at my coppers I hurried out, wondering what I had better do if he addressed me. Before I had time to solve the question I heard him striding at my heels. With a deprecating bow that told me he had favors to solicit, he exclaimed: "Monsieur Panage!"

"You are mistaken," I said promptly.

"Oh, monsieur, I beg you to hear me," he cried. "I entreat you! In the theater you are forever inaccessible—will you not spare an instant to me here?"

He was so sure of my identity that I realized it would be indiscreet of me to deny it any longer. Since I could not deceive, my only course was to ingratiate him.

"What do you want?" I asked, fuming.

"Monsieur," he broke out, "I am an actor. I have been acting in the provinces since I was a boy. I have played every kind of part from farce to tragedy. I have talent but I have no influence—and the stage doors of Paris are shut and barred against me! No manager will listen to me, because I am too obscure to obtain an introduction to him; no one will believe that I have ability, because I cannot get a chance to prove it. Oh, I know very well what a liberty I have taken in speaking to you, but I want to get on, I want to get on—I implore you to give me a trial!"

He had me in a nice fix. Apparently he was unaware that I was believed to be in Crete, but he would soon learn it by the newspaper in his pocket, and if I snubbed him he would certainly give me away. He could hold me up to ridicule—I should be the laughingstock of Paris. It was a fine situation for me. I, the director of the Théâtre Suprême, was compelled to temporize with this provincial mummer!

I scrutinized the young man in encouraging silence, as if mentally casting him for a part. I saw hope bounding in him.

"Ah!" I said thoughtfully; "y-e-s. . . . What is your favorite line?"

"Character, monsieur," he panted. "And, of course, I would accept a very small salary, a very small salary indeed!"

I did not doubt it. I could picture him strutting and ranting on the boards of a booth for a louis a week—and counting himself lucky when he earned that!

"Walk on a little way with me," I said graciously; "we can talk as we go along! I should have to see you do something before I could consider you, you know. I must be sure that you are capable. Even the gentleman who plays the servant at the Suprême, and hasn't a single word to utter, is an experienced comedian. You are not playing anywhere in the neighborhood; you are not in a traveling theater about here?"

"No, monsieur," he sighed. "I am out of an engagement; I am here because this is where I live."

"Rather remote from the dramatic world?" I suggested, smiling. "Something of a drawback, is it not?" His simplicity in crediting me with the notion of recruiting the Suprême from a traveling theater tickled me nearly to death.

"A grave drawback, monsieur," he agreed. "But I am not alone—I have a child, and she is too delicate to thrive in a city."

"A good many delicate children have thriven in Paris," I remarked.

"In thriving households, monsieur, in healthy quarters! Paris is dear and I am poor—my child would be condemned to live in the slums. I should see her fade away. Better to be a barnstormer all my life than lose my child! She is all I have left to love."

"There is your art!" I said, humbugging him.

"My art?" He gave a hysterical laugh. A nervous, jumpy fellow, without a particle of repose! "Listen, Monsieur Panage, I am an actor, and if I could demolish the barrier that keeps me out I might be a great one, but

"You Bungling Idiot! You Shall Suffer for This Outrage!"

I confess to you that I would abandon art, and cast figures on an office stool, or break flints on a road, and thank God for the exchange, if it would buy my child a home! I want money. I want to give my child the comforts that other children have. That's my ambition. I have no loftier pose than fatherhood. My prayer is, not applause and compliments and notoriety, not the petty pleasure of hearing I have equaled one favorite or eclipsed another; my prayer is—to give things to my child! I want to buy her nourishing food, and physicians' advice, and the education of a gentlewoman. I want the money to send her to the South when it snows and to the mountains when it's hot. I want to see her laughing in a garden, like the rich men's children in Paris that you spoke of. I stand and watch them sometimes when I go there—to beg at stage doors till an understrapper kicks me out."

"Well, well, the sort of things you desire are not so expensive," I said suavely. "Some day your salary may provide them all."

"You think it possible, monsieur? Really?" His haggard eyes devoured me.

"You have only to make one success. After that you will be grossly overpaid, like every other star."

"If I could but do it!" he gasped. "If I could only convince a Paris manager that I have it in me! Year after year I've hoped and tried and failed to get a hearing. You may judge my desperation by my audacity in stopping you on the streets. What course is open to me? What steps can I take? Even now, when I am pouring out my heart to Monsieur Panage himself, how much does it advance me?"

He was not so simple as I had thought.

"My dear—By-the-way, what is your name?"

"My name is Paul Manesse, monsieur."

"Well, my dear Monsieur Manesse, you must surely understand that until I have seen you act I cannot be of any service to you?"

"I could rehearse on approval!" he pleaded.

"Moreover," I added hastily, "all my arrangements are made for some time to come. Later on when an opportunity arises we shall see what we shall see!" I halted. "Write to me during the run of Omphale; I shall not forget our little chat. Apropos, I am starting tomorrow for Crete. I see the papers are reporting that I am already there, so you need not mention that you have met me—it is never policy to contradict the press. Yes, I shall bear your name in mind, I assure you!"

He did not look assured, however; he stood silent and his lips were trembling. Heaven knows what solid help my amiability had led him to expect, but it was plain that honeyed phrases were a meager substitute.

"You have been most courteous to me," he stammered. "You have done me a great honor—as long as I live I shall remember that I have talked with Monsieur Panage; but you are leaving what you found, monsieur—a desperate man!"

"Bah! Who knows when an opening may occur?" I said, a shade embarrassed. "I may see a chance for you sooner than you think. When I want you I shall send for you."

I little dreamt in what strange circumstances I was to send for him!

IV

BEAUREGARD was snoring on the sofa when I burst into the room.

"Well, you can bestir yourself and pack!" I volleyed. "The place is too hot to hold us; we have to get out!"

"*Hein?*"

"There is a 'pro.' here who knows me, confound him! I had to tell him we were leaving for Crete in the morning—he mustn't see me here again!"

The playwright shifted his slippered feet to the floor and sat up. "We go back to Paris?" he inquired, beaming.

"How can that be? Of course not! We must discover another retreat."

"Fugitives!" moaned Beauregard. "Nomads! Do you not think, Panage, that I might go back to Paris—I could remain cautiously in the house? The truth is, my wife is of a very high-minded character and it distresses her to have to address tender letters to a Monsieur Bachelet; she feels that it is not correct."

I was in no mood to be tolerant of his subterfuges. He wept.

I determined to effect our departure the same evening, while he was still intimidated, and if I had only been able to accelerate his movements my change of intentions would have spared us much. His dilatoriness exposed us to a thunderbolt. We had pealed the bell in his bedroom for the lamp, and when the door was at last opened I turned to utter a sharp complaint of the delay. To my surprise I saw that a stranger was walking in. There was a fraction of a second in which I stared indignantly, waiting for an apology for his blunder. Then it was as if my heart slipped slowly to my stomach and I felt catastrophe in the air before I heard his rustic, official tones. He arrested us as Thibaudin and Hazard!

Behind me I heard Beauregard's dressing-case drop with a thud.

Our eyes met and we stood petrified, realizing the impossibility of concealing our names. In my terror of the public scandal that was imminent my clothes stuck to my skin. Curs, as well as criminals, we looked! I rather fancied that our provincial captor was relieved to see what knock-kneed miscreants he had to deal with.

"You bungling idiot!" I gasped. "I am Monsieur Panage, of the Théâtre Suprême; this gentleman is Monsieur Beauregard, of the Académie Française. You shall suffer for this outrage!"

He shifted his feet slightly. It was the least bit in the world, a centimeter, but that motiveless movement betrayed misgiving. I deduced from it that, in his eagerness to distinguish himself, he had taken more responsibility upon his bucolic shoulders than lay quite comfortably on them. I flung my card to him. "Look!"

"What of it?" he said surlily; "what evidence is this? I see you were preparing for flight. No violence!"—Beauregard had impotently wrung his hands—"I have *agents* in the passage. You will offer your explanations in the proper quarter. Come!" He advanced upon me.

"Now, listen to me!" I cried, backing in a panic. "Put so much as a finger on us and you are ruined! Not only will I have you discharged from the force, I will have you hounded out of any employment that you find to the end of your days. It is I who say it! You have no excuse; we bear no resemblance whatever to Thibaudin and Hazard. If you were of Paris you would know as much!"

Again he faltered. Again he saw distinction within his grasp. The workings of a dull intelligence, a fool's passion for promotion supplied a fascinating study, even in

(Concluded on Page 66)

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

II ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

HOME! Dusk had already fallen when we two, Jennie and I, returned to ours. Absorbed in thought, we got off the trolley at the corner and trudged silently down the side street.

The garden party, it and its world of wealth, lay far behind. This was the West Side, a lesser neighborhood. In place of the big, often ugly, houses that formed Millionaires' Mile, here only little villas lined the way. They were, as a rule, boxlike, two-story affairs with gabled roofs, a shady porch and in front of each a narrow strip of closely barbered lawn. Trees lined the curb, or rather they were saplings, slender elm shoots no larger round than one's wrist. They were as young, as new, in fact, as the new, newly painted villas beside them. Together they shouted vociferously the neighborhood's kind, its character. It was indeed exactly as if its creators had stamped each individual villa, each tree and plot of turf with the ordinary catchy, bourgeois trade-mark—"Homeseekers' Improvement Company."

To complete the picture, this ideal of a suburb, the thoroughfare was paved with glittering vitreous brick. The eye fled from its newness, its virtuously immaculate, still unchipped hardness. All day it had soaked under the June sunlight, so that now it gave off heat as if just laid baking hot from the kilns. Extending for one block only, it and its associate improvements abruptly ended in a vacant lot. In this there throve an informal garden of jimson and burdock, tin cans, rusty wire, ashes, garbage and other suburban flora, among which a cat now howled peacelessly. Beyond was the railroad. Upon it a night freight lurched to and fro, shattering the night silence with the clanking of its couplings.

There were others, however, that did not seem to mind. On every porch men in their shirtsleeves and women in wrappers rocked and fanned contentedly. Before one villa stood a motor into which a man and three women were just climbing. I knew the man—that is, by hearsay. He was a tradesman of the smaller sort a penny postcard stationer, to be exact. His stand, one could hardly call it a shop, was a booth in one of the main street's arcades. His wife did her own housework. At night, though, after she had washed the dishes, she, her husband and a friend or two got into the motor and honked gleefully out into the country.

Jennie and I had often debated this. With money enough to have a motor, why had they not instead supplied themselves with a servant? I thought it ridiculous, whereat Jennie laughed. Besides, for the money they could have rented a better, a more convenient home. Nor was this couple an exception. Another of our neighbors, a salaried man like myself, maintained a horse and surrey; still another had a thirty-foot motor boat anchored down the river. In each case the wife did her own dishwashing, swept her own carpets, made her own beds. However, to do your own housework appeared consistently the fashion of the street. There were not above six of the sixteen villas in which help was kept.

Jennie and I, however—well, we had a maid. She was a Swede, a person of uncertain age, with a distinct aversion to caps, frilled aprons and—though I hesitate to add this—manicuring. By the nature of her native tongue she sang rather than spoke when spoken to. One speech of hers I can never forget. It was couched in the newly acquired lingo of the housemaid American and was truly graphic. "Shall"—or rather she said "skoll"—"skoll you have hand-pass or family-reach?" As "hand-pass"—that is, service at table—was not to her liking, we agreed, after argument, to "reach" for ourselves.

In words of the domestic vernacular, our Swedish nightingale "slept out." Every morning at six-thirty o'clock she arrived coincidently with the milk and the breakfast rolls, whereupon I in my dressing gown went down and let her in. A faithful, simple-hearted creature was our Lena. Long may her song be heard!

Yes, we had a servant. We had, however, no motor, no equipage of any kind, not even a motor boat. We had not even a villa, in fact. I dare say you'll be surprised to hear this, especially since I've led you down a side street filled only with villas. True! but then at the end of each row and flanking that cat pasture, the vacant lot, stood a villa, say, two-thirds larger than its fellows. It was surprisingly big, in truth. A further surprise met you when you walked up to the porch and saw that it had two doors. Each door had its own bell, besides, and each bell its name-plate. On one of these was the name Hotchkiss. Mr. Hotchkiss was floorwalker in Whalley & Thatch's main-street emporium. On the other bell was the name Agnew. Hotchkiss, the floorwalker, occupied the ground floor; Agnew, the clerk, had the floor above. In brief, the overgrown villa, less magnificent than it looked, was but one of those architectural whatnots known to the building trade as a double tenement.

Every Morning She Arrived With the Milk and the Breakfast Rolls

Our rent was thirty dollars a month. In extent the flat boasted five rooms only. They were a parlor, a bedroom, the dining room, the kitchen and a bath. Five rooms—count 'em—five! Just these—no more, no less. Here in this cheap, cheaply surrounded side-street crib Jennie and I had started life together.

A woman's home, they say, is where her hearth is; a man's home, where his woman is. So it had been with us. Moreover, at first we had been as pleased as Punch that we even had a home.

Like me, Jennie had nothing. Her story was, in fact, a good bit like mine. For years her father, a man high up in the lake shipping trade, had been reputed well-to-do. Death, however, had proved a better Bradstreet than this popular report, for when his estate was settled it showed he had played ducks and drakes with his money. In other words, Mr. Gregory had lived up to every cent he made. Consequently, as neither of us two young persons had a papa to pay the rent, Jennie and I had done the best we could. First we took the flat. Then Jennie took what furniture her father's creditors hadn't taken and put it in the flat. Afterward we got married.

It was a simple wedding. Neither of us had anything on which to make a splurge. However, at the ceremony were many of the town's best people—that is, the richest anyway. On our return home some of these promptly called on Jennie. A few called again. A much lesser few kept on calling. In time, though, these too had begun to dwindle.

Perhaps the West Side was too far away. Perhaps also they disliked being stared at. Anyway, whenever a carriage or a motor rolled up to our door all the street had a look. Shades were edged aside or the blindslats rattled suspiciously. At the windows of the flat beneath us all the five little Hotchkisses pressed their noses to the glass. In the background, aproned and with sleeves rolled up to her ample elbows, peeped also madam, the mother of the five. It was as if Lady Godiva rode through the street—not in character, of course, but, let's say, in a wrapper with her hair done up.

As for the flat itself, our home ——

In silence, still absorbed, I took the key out of the door-latch and turned the knob. Jennie, brushing by me, hurried down the hall. Beyond, a clatter of pans and kettles told that the faithful Lena was performing her usual calisthenics with the evening meal. There was in the air, too, an equally potent reminder that the meal impended. By the same token I knew also the Hotchkiss dinner became imminent. Boiled beef and cabbage was to be their *pièce de résistance*. Yesterday they'd had fish. One, however, had not to know the day was Friday to know that their meal was to consist of fish. Not even a hay-fever victim could have erred. Today's beef and cabbage was equally indisputable.

I walked into the parlor and raised the shades with a bang. A cloud of soft-coal smoke drifted in. It was from the Union Welding Works down by the railroad. Coal was my trade—or it had been, anyway, up to that afternoon and we'd sold the works their coal. Just the same I'd long despised both, separately and together. Smoke got into our curtains, into the carpets, the furniture, our clothes, everything. There was nothing it didn't get into, our hair and our eyes included. I swore at times when I pulled out a handkerchief and found it blotched with grime. I swore all the more loudly when the shirts in the drawer were thickly powdered with soot. Jennie laughed at me. "You silly fuzz-buzz! Why, the more coal they burn the more money they'll make at the office."

"Hang it!" I'd retorted.

Now I said it again. Slamming down the windows, I flung myself into the nearest chair and contemptuously looked round me.

Though there were but five rooms in the flat, all but the bath were large. Even that, compared to some I've seen since, was big—as big, in comparison, as a skating-rink. Moreover, all were sunny. Little by little Jennie had been adding to our store of possessions; round me, indeed, were many little comforts—some big ones too—evidences of her taste, her aptitude at making the best of everything. Even so, one thing I could not forget. It was a flat, nothing else. I'd lived there because it was cheap; for this reason only, none other. In our town people look down on flats. It was especially so among those I counted as my friends.

Never before had the flat looked so mean, so dingy. Then and there a grin spread upon my face. Thank Heavens! we were done with it. Tonight we must begin packing; by Tuesday at the latest we should have everything in a car; then Tuesday night we could flit. No regrets moved me. I was glad now, not only to get out of the flat, our first home, but to get out of the life it represented. In New York it would be different. I told myself that once there I would no longer be looked down upon. Five thousand a year! It was a lot of money. The reverie led to other reveries. Five thousand was merely a beginning. In time ——

Enough! Icarus himself could have flown no higher. However, after I'd soared sky-high to my heart's content I came back to earth again.

There was the packing. If I wished to get away by Tuesday we must begin to pack at once. A few minutes still remained before dinner, and rising abruptly I looked about the room, trying to decide where I should begin. The pictures, of course! Once they and the other ornaments had been taken down it would look like a beginning anyway. So with my coat off now I climbed upon a chair.

The first I attacked was a heavily framed enlargement of Jennie in her wedding gown. I prized it highly. Where it is now, though, I can't say. Lost somewhere in the shuffle probably. Anyway, I had this off the hook and lowered to the floor when I heard Jennie's step in the hallway. Reaching for a second picture I was trying awkwardly to unhook it when she entered.

"Jim!"

The hook had caught in the molding; with a vexatious jerk I yanked it free, a piece of carelessness that tore a wide gash in the wall-paper. But what the odds!

"Jim!" cried Jennie.

"Well?" I retorted idly.

I heard Jennie catch her breath. "What are you doing?" she faltered.

Doing? Why, what did she suppose? "Packing, of course," I retorted.

"Packing?—not already?" There was something in Jennie's voice that made me turn to her curiously.

"Why, what's the matter now, Jennie?"

She stared blankly at me for a moment, then her lips twisted themselves into a silly little smile. "Why—why ——" said Jennie, and with that two big tears rolled up in her eyes, hung there momentarily and trickled down her cheeks. "Oh, Jim!" cried Jennie, and turning to the wall she buried her face in her arm. "Oh, Jim! Jim!"

You can never tell about a woman. The very things that will please one may exert just the opposite effect on another. Hopping down from the chair, I put my arm round Jennie and did my best to soothe. "My word, Jennie!" I exclaimed, dumfounded. "You don't mean to say you're sorry to leave this—what!—this joint—this frowsy, third-rate tenement?"

A fresh burst of tears shook her. She tried to speak, but could not.

"Look here, Jennie; it's not really that reason, is it?" I demanded.

Then she caught her breath. "Oh, Jim!" wailed Jennie, and clung to me while she shook. "You don't know how I hate to give it up. We've been so happy here that I hate to think of leaving it."

Ridiculous! However, I refrained from saying so and did my best to comfort her. "Why, just think, dear. In New York, with our money, you and I will ——"

Jennie awkwardly freed herself.

"Leave the parlor till the last," she said in a low voice. "After dinner we can begin on the dining room."

It was at this point that the voice of Lena, our handmaid, broke in on us. Raising her singsong to meet the distance, she announced from the kitchen doorway that dinner was served. "Sooper's set," was how she rendered it.

Somehow it was a silent repast. Jennie ate little. Her air was detached and pensive, and though indeed I made many efforts to rouse her it was with scant success. Finally I grew nettled. It seemed to me that Jennie took a poor way of showing her pleasure in the day's good fortune. Before this, though, there had been times when I suspected that Jennie lacked ambitiousness—that is, the ambition that is represented by dollars and cents. I had, in fact, heard her say as much to another woman. "I don't want Jim to make money just so he can be rich. I want him to be rich so we can do something." The other woman had responded interestedly: "Oh, yes, with money you could dress as you like and go everywhere—Paris, London, Newport, all those places. . . . I was just dying to spend the winter at Palm Beach, only Wade said he could not afford it." Smiling queerly, Jennie had abruptly changed the subject. I was rather sorry, inasmuch as I had been intently listening, wondering what the something was that Jennie would do had I the money to do it.

It was this, the thought of money, that brought me now another thought. In part it had to do with something Ousley had said to me.

Smiling faintly, I looked up at Jennie. "I say now," I laughed, "what do you think Ousley asked me today?"

Jennie swiftly raised her eyes. "Ousley?" she echoed. "Was it about your going to New York?"

Her question, that and the interest in her tone, was disconcerting. At the same time it ruffled me a bit.

"He doesn't know I'm going to New York," I grumbled, adding that it was no business of his, anyway, where I went. "What he asked, Jennie, was whether I'd made up with Uncle Jessup. Ousley has his nerve with him, hasn't he?"

Jennie disregarded the slur on Ousley.

"Your Uncle Jessup!—him? Humph!" she murmured, and shrugged herself.

There were many reasons why Jennie did not like Uncle Jessup. Many of them were my reasons. I've said before that my father died a ruined man. True! it was my Uncle Jessup that ruined him. As far as I'd been able to find out it was in a transaction over certain lands in the Lima oil-field. Uncle Jessup had urged my father to plunge heavily on these lands. Unknown to him they were Uncle Jessup's lands; also they were worthless. This was the reason why I despised my enterprising relative. In fact, I had still to learn that all is fair in business—that not even blood-ties may stand in the way of turning an honest dollar.

Some of Jennie's reasons were different. She despised my uncle not so much for what he had done to me and mine, but for what he was himself. He was a pillar of the church; his name appeared prominently among those that gave to charity. Just the same, privately, by reason of his private life, Uncle Jessup was a whited sepulcher, inwardly a mass of corruption. A trail of wrecked lives, ruined in more ways than by mere money trickery, lay behind the man. It was in many more ways than one that my Uncle Jessup was evil.

Yet there was this about the man that could not be overlooked—my uncle's name spelled power. Everywhere men important in finance fairly licked his boots. Everywhere they schemed to get into his good graces, sparing neither pains nor pride. In Wall Street his name was known to all. He dealt in thousand-share lots by the thousands. Time and again, as more than once I had heard, it was he who had shuffled—or, let us say, stacked—the cards dealt out to an unsuspecting public. Brokers scrambled for a share of his business. To get even a part of his commissions insured a firm's success. Manifestly he was an important person—a personage, this uncle of mine. There was an excellent reason why the many should kotow to him.

All but Ousley, let me add. More than once I'd heard my former chief vent his opinion of men that gambled in stocks, and that this opinion extended to my uncle I had little doubt. There was a little affair, in fact, that had plainly made it evident. A year or so before, when the local press had aimed an especially bitter attack against my noted relative, some of the town's most eminent boot-lickers had decided to give Uncle Jessup a public token of their confidence and esteem. I understand my uncle himself suggested it. At any rate, it was planned that all the town's most prominent citizens should call on him in a body, and among those invited to join the procession was Ousley.

I still recall the picture of that silk-hatted, frock-coated band of faith, the committee appointed to drum up volunteers.

"What!" said Ousley, snapping his jaws together. "What! softsoap that old fraud? I guess not!"

That was all. The little coterie of prominent lick-spittlers filed out of the office as if each had a flea in his ear.

However, if Ousley, as I've said, had no use for Uncle Jessup, there were still plenty of others that had.

"You see, Jennie," I faltered, perhaps uncomfortably, "if it's just the same to you I wish you'd be careful what you say—that is, why, to Oglebay, you know."

Jennie glanced at me curiously.

"Careful? How do you mean?"

I affected an air of carelessness. "It's funny," I laughed lightly, "but Oglebay asked almost the same thing as Ousley. I shouldn't wonder if he thinks Uncle Jessup and I are on good terms."

Jennie said quickly. "Of course you told him you're not?"

It grew awkward now. "Why—er—to tell the truth, I didn't. You see, Jennie, how it is."

"No, I don't see," she retorted. "You don't mean you didn't tell him?"

"I mean just this, Jennie. I've begun to see it does me little good to have people know of this family feud. Uncle Jessup's pretty powerful, you know; and, anyway, feuds are vulgar. Now, if Oglebay says anything, you change the conversation. He's too much a man of the world to persist."

"Yes, but why should he wish to persist?" Jennie inquired pointedly.

I made a clean breast of it then. With Jennie's eyes on mine I could no longer evade, shuffle over the truth. "Well, the fact is, dear, Oglebay's belief may have had something to do with his making me this offer. You know it won't exactly hurt him to have it known that Uncle Jessup's nephew is stationed in the firm's uptown office."

Jennie waited a moment, and in that moment I saw a new shadow drift across her eyes.

"Tell me," she said slowly, "did Frank Oglebay say that when he offered you the place?"

No. What he had said was this:

"Jim, you're not the sort to grub out your life as a clerk. Great Scott! a college man like you! Come down to New York now—I'll see you get a chance. Are you on?"

For more than a year he had been saying this. Every time he was in town he'd made a point of looking me up, of urging me to accept. Once or twice he'd also written it. "New York's the place for a good fellow—a good mixer! Now how about it, old chap?"

All this he had said. What he hadn't said was:

"I'll give you five thousand a year. In return you get me your uncle's business."

It was upon these terms, unspoken yet perhaps clearly meant, that I had flung up my place as a clerk to become in New York a Wall Street gentleman.

Do you know the type? This is the story of one.

. . . . . .

It was half-past eight on a sultry, sticky June morning when our train drew into the Grand Central Station. Long before, Jennie and I had arisen. As a matter of fact, we'd slept little during the night, for the unrest, the bustle and excitement of packing, of flitting in a hurry, had told upon us both. Jennie seemed tired. In silence, her chin upon her hand, she sat at the car window fixedly staring at the view. As for myself, though, it was different, for no schoolboy going home for the holidays could have felt in higher spirits. New York! Why, its very name meant new life to me, the beginning of a real existence. At last I had come into my own! And, filled with the thought of it, eagerly I counted the miles that brought me nearer to the city, glancing with an added excitement at the station sign-boards that told the distance—Hudson Poughkeepsie—Peekskill Tarrytown—Yonkers. At last with a beating of the heart I heard the sleeping-car porter cry: "New York! This way out!" I had arrived!

New York I knew, at any rate I thought I did. Jennie, however, had visited Manhattan only once or twice, years before. As we emerged from the station the noise of the street burst upon us, and at this uproar, the rattle of many wheels, the cries of cabmen, newsboys, street porters and baggagemen and the rumble of the L spur overhead—at all this noise and commotion Jennie shrank back timorously and gripped me by the sleeve.

"Come along, Jennie—hurry!" I exclaimed, my eye dancing in delight. The night before I'd wired Oglebay I'd see him at his office at nine. It was already close to the hour, and I hated to think that on my first day I should keep an appointment tardily.

"You stay here with the bags, Jennie," I bade her; "I've got to telephone Oglebay."

Jennie gazed round her nervously. A line of men beckoned

"My Word, Jennie! You Don't Mean to Say You're Sorry to Leave This Third-Rate Tenement?"

and vociferated from the curbstone. "Cab! Have a cab! Cab, sir!" One at the head of the line darted forward and tried to take our bags. Jennie shrank closer to me. "If you don't mind I'll go with you," she murmured.

It took some time for the telephone operator to get Oglebay's office. Then when I'd cried, "Hello, is that you, Frank?" a woman's voice responded:

"Mr. Oglebay hasn't come yet."

"Do you know when he'll arrive?" I asked, whereat the voice answered negligently: "'Deed I don't."

At Bloodgood & Ousley's all hands reported promptly at eight A. M., the two partners included. Now it was almost nine, a fact that I mentioned to the telephone girl. Surely Mr. Oglebay must arrive shortly.

The young woman tittered audibly. "Oh, he never gets round at nine!" she remarked lightly. "Leave your name if you want to, and I'll tell him that you called him up."

When I gave her my name her tone changed instantly. In it now she displayed keen interest, a flattering deference. "Agnew?—oh, yes! Mr. Oglebay left a message for you last night. He may be out all day, so you needn't come down. You and Mrs. Agnew are to dine with him tonight. Sherry's at eight o'clock. He'll meet you there. Understand?"

I understood perfectly. However, in order that there should be no mistake I made her repeat the message.

"And, Mr. Agnew, listen!" said the girl, now earnestly deferent. "Where are you stopping? I'm to have Mr. Oglebay's chofer call for you in the auto."

I was stopping at—at —— The truth is I wasn't stopping anywhere. One of Jennie's friends had suggested a hotel, an old-fashioned house with moderate rates that stood a few squares below the station. Its guests looked like itself—middle-class and eminently respectable. I dare say it is an excellent hostelry—comfortable, a fair table, medium good service and all that sort of thing. At any rate

"Thanks," I said to the telephone girl; "tell Mr. Oglebay's chauffeur to come for us at the Waldorf."

I rejoined Jennie, and at the station's main exit nodded to the nearest cabman. Jennie instantly plucked me by the sleeve. "Jim!" she protested, "we don't need a cab. We can walk."

Walk to the Waldorf? Stroll in, bearing in our hands our bags and bundles? I blushed to think of it.

"Or we can take a car," Jennie suggested hurriedly. "See, there's a car-line running right past the door."

The cabman already had our bags. "Where to?" he asked, and when I told him Jennie gave a little gasp.

"The Waldorf!" she exclaimed. On the way down Fifth Avenue she sat back in a corner, silently preoccupied. I grinned when I peeped at her. Naturally Jennie had yet to overcome her old feelings, the sense that she must scrimp and save at every turn. As it was, our transition from thirty-five a week to five thousand a year had been pretty sudden. No doubt it would take a little time to realize the extensive change in our fortunes, our new prosperity.

"Something with a bath, Mr. Agnew?" suggested the room clerk, in a flattering "of course" tone of voice.

I nodded, whereat he further suggested it should be a suite—say, parlor, bedroom and bath.

Again I nodded, whereat the magnificent reached for a key, regally handed it between his thumb and forefinger to the attendant bellhop, then as royally dismissed me from his presence. Jennie on the way up in the elevator continued to frown intently. When the bellhop opened the door to our suite she flashed me an inquiring glance. I dare say Jennie thought some mistake had been made.

"Anything else?" asked the bellboy. As he had already unlocked the door, brought in our bags, opened the windows, turned on the electric light, turned it off again, tried the bathroom spigots and changed the doorkey from the outside lock to the one on the inside, I could think of nothing else whatever.

"Ice water?" he inquired earnestly, not to say meaningly.

Then I realized. "I have a dime," said Jennie, after I'd fished fruitlessly in my pockets for something less than half a dollar. A dime? I saw the boy's eyes widen—the corners of his mouth disdainfully droop. "Here!" I laughed, and tossed him fifty cents.

Sunshine shone instantly through the cloud upon his face. He flitted happily, then Jennie had her say.

"Jim, what's all this costing us?—you didn't ask."

Ask? Certainly not! To be sure I'd thought of asking, but somehow the room clerk's manner had silenced me. To be frank, I lacked the inclination to haggle and bargain like a cheap-ticket tripper. Before this I'd seen too much of bargaining and cheapening. Now it went all the more against the grain.

"For all you know, Jim," said Jennie quietly, "the charge may be twelve or fourteen dollars a day. It's without the meals too."

As a matter of fact, the charge, as I learned later, was sixteen dollars. Jennie picked up her gloves from the centertable. "Jim," she said, "I think we'd better go down and ask for something less expensive."

I laughed at the suggestion. Many of my classmates lived in New York, and naturally they and their wives would call at once on Jennie. When they called I meant to have them received in proper fashion.

"But I can see them downstairs in the parlor," Jennie protested.

Nonsense! "Look here, Jennie," I announced; "the fact is it's necessary to make a good impression. In Wall Street my new position—a good deal depends on what people think of you. If a man doesn't look prosperous —— Oh, well, you know what I mean. Anyway, what's the use of talking about it? We have the money now to enjoy ourselves."

She waited quietly till I had finished. "Jim," said Jennie earnestly, "there's just one thing I'd like to say. After breakfast we must decide once and for all just how we mean to live. You have five thousand a year yes! But, Jim, money isn't rubber. . . . Remember," said Jennie, "even five thousand a year you can't stretch indefinitely. That amount will go just so far, then no farther."

The remark shot home. Somehow it made me feel less light and airy over the light-as-air plans that I'd had brewing in my head. Breakfast—or rather the cost of it—also had its effect. Simple as the meal really was the check amounted to two dollars and seventy-five cents, not including the tip. Once upstairs again I dug out a pencil and began to figure. Jennie, it proved, had already forestalled me.

"Decidedly," she advised, "we shouldn't think of spending a cent more than thirty-five hundred."

"Thirty-five!" I exclaimed, looking up quite scandalized. "Why, I mean to get along on three thousand at the most"

She smiled abstractedly. "That's better still," she answered, smiling hazily. "Just the same I wish you'd look at my estimate."

Like other men I had little liking for the dry details of a woman's household economy. Ordinarily all I had asked of Jennie was that with the money I gave her she should make both ends meet. This estimate, however, was a revelation. It showed conclusively that Jennie in no wise shared my views of the place, the position, we should make for ourselves in New York.

Here are her figures:

Rent	$ 900
Household expenditures, servant included	1800
Dress allowance	300
Jim's tailor	200
Incidentals, the theater, trips, flowers and so forth	300
Total	$3500

Gad! it fairly took my breath away. In my estimate—I had yet to find its total—rent had been figured at a thousand a year; household expenses at two thousand and Jennie's dress allowance at six hundred. Incidentals I had figured at the same amount, six hundred dollars, while my own tailoring I put at three hundred dollars. The total was forty-five hundred dollars. Truly, as Jennie had said, not even five thousand a year may be stretched indefinitely. Only by the utmost caution could I save anything. Not only that, but I began to see that I must watch out lest I tumble into debt. Almost in wonder I began to respect the ability that had enabled Jennie to manage on only thirty-five a week.

She smiled idly. "If you like we can still live on that amount. . . . But if we do," she added directly, "you'll have to give up your ideas of entertaining. I doubt if we can anyway—at any rate not on the scale you've been intimating."

But I called a halt there. Thirty-five hundred a year was about the right figure, I decided. We might spend that, not a cent more. The remainder we must save. Not a cent should we waste. A penny saved is a penny earned. I was determined to live wisely, sparingly.

"Good! and why not begin right now?" suggested Jennie. "Let's move at once to some cheaper hotel."

Just as it was on the tip of my tongue to say "Yes" I remembered the dinner at Sherry's and that Oglebay's car was to call for us.

"Why—er—tomorrow," I answered. "The very first thing in the morning."

The fact remains, though, that we did not move on the morrow. For ten days while Jennie and I waited for our car of household belongings we stayed there at the Waldorf. The bill was two hundred and nineteen dollars and forty cents, and to pay it I had to draw an advance on my first month's salary.

. . . . . .

That first day in New York was eventful. Through the open window, though we were high up on the eleventh floor, I could hear the noise of the streets, a murmuring echo of the town's bustling commotion. By now it had got into my blood. "Come along, Jennie; let's see something," I impetuously proposed. "We'll get a taxi and run up the Avenue into the Park. Hurry! get your hat on."

"Nothing of the sort," said Jennie flatly; "we're going to spend the day looking for a house. . . . Besides," she added bluntly, "we'll walk or we'll take a street car. . . . A taxi! Why, the idea!" she exclaimed, scandalized.

I believe I blushed.

It was the day's hunt for a home, I think, that really gave me my first clear idea of what life, what living involves in New York City. So far I'd talked house—nothing but house. Flats I airily rejected. In my mind's eye I had pictured a nice little dwelling—a mansion, say, of three stories—a corner house by preference, with light, sunny rooms. They need not be large rooms, though I indeed did demand—in imagination—a drawing room

(Continued on Page 68)

I Was, in Fact, Pleased Far Beyond My Anticipation

CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

A Sequel to Léontine & Co.—By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

V

SŒUR ANNE MARIE, for all her sweet gentleness, had the quiet finality of the Angel with the Flaming Sword. Not a wriggle or so much as a word out of me were the orders for the next two days—not a glimpse of Rosalie or even a *bon jour* through the door; and as for a newspaper—what horror! She came in but little herself; so I did a Chinese rest cure with the result that the evening of the second day my fever was gone and Sœur Anne Marie said there was no more danger.

The next morning as I rolled over, clean slept out, there came a little rustle at the door, and I looked round to see Rosalie peeping in.

"Good morning," said I. "Is my sentence commuted?"

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Like a hundred-horsepower racer. Whenever you get tired holding that food ——"

She laughed and set down on my little table a bowl of coffee, some toast and a roll of fresh butter.

"And the arm -and shoulder?" she asked.

"I've forgot 'em!" And I started for my breakfast in a way that made Rosalie smile. Wounds, after all, are nothing much to a man in perfect health. The blood-letting had made me feel nice and cool and relaxed. I always had too much blood; but what had knocked me over was having it let out of me too suddenly. Nature gives good fighting men more blood than they really need.

"Where is your angel companion?" I asked.

"She is visiting a woman who has a new baby. Isn't she a dear?"

"She is more than that. I can't say what she makes me feel. I'd rather not try. Why can't all children have mothers like that? The prisons would all have steeples on 'em in ten years, and graft would be as rare as cannibalism."

Rosalie nodded, looking rather thoughtful. "I suppose God cultivates them, just as He does rare flowers," said she. "When He thinks they're too good for us He takes them to Heaven, where they'll be appreciated. There are actually people in the quarter who are nasty to Sœur Anne Marie simply because she is a nun."

"I'd like to catch 'em at it!" I growled.

Rosalie gave me a pensive look. "You are a good deal of a savage, aren't you?" said she.

"My real nature is nearer the surface than most people's," I answered.

She nodded. "I know. I'm a bit that way myself. I could live a thousand years in a convent or work among the poor, or suffer, or enjoy—but I'd always be a bit of a savage. In spite of my convent training and Sœur Anne Marie's influence, it blazes out once in a while."

"How does it blaze out?" I asked.

Her color deepened. Rosalie's skin was of that clear sort that the weather seems to have no effect upon, and the rich blood was always going and coming in a way that was very pretty to see. Her face was round rather than oval, and wore habitually an expression partly alert, partly saucy. It was not a beautiful face, nor was it by any means aristocratic in feature, the nose being small, turned up at the end and rather low in the middle, while her upper lip was pulled up in a habitual pout which showed the red, and the lower one was tucked in at the corners like a baby's. You see lots of faces like Rosalie's in the front row of a pretty chorus, with figures to match; but Rosalie's expression had something which most of the show girls lack—and that was force and character, partly the result of a resolute little chin and partly from a sort of childish purity, such as you sometimes notice under the big hood of a Sister of Charity. One felt instinctively that she was a good girl; also that the person who tried to make her otherwise stood a good chance of getting hurt. Rosalie possessed the inherited virtue of the Irish girls, who are as proverbially careful of themselves as they are devoted to the man with whom they choose to mate. A Celtic trait that, and French girls well brought up are very similar.

Chu-Chu Slipped Out—and I Watched Him Hungrily

"I must go and start the luncheon," said Rosalie. "Here's the Matin and here's the Daily Mail. Sœur Anne Marie said you might see the papers if you had no fever—and you look cool enough." And with a bright little nod she went out.

Just as I had expected, the papers were full of the attempted robbery at Baron Hertzfeld's; and the artists who assisted at the luncheon party must have thought they'd struck a good vein of advertising value.

Chu-Chu, who gave the name of Numas, was the hero of the yarn. He told how he had seen the thief climb over the wall and had followed him into the house and up the stairs. Spying from the curtains, Numas had seen him start to work on the safe, when he had waited for about ten minutes, hoping that somebody might come and assist in the capture. Numas had not wished to call or to go to look for assistance for fear the thief might escape, but had finally determined to tackle him single-handed. In the scuffle he had managed to disarm the marauder and had shot at him with his own revolver and received a knife-thrust in return. Then another chauffeur had come to his aid, but the burglar had managed to overcome them both and make his escape.

The beautiful Princess Petrovski, who was such a familiar figure in the theaters and fashionable restaurants and was so often to be seen at the races with Prince Kharkoff—the chap who had got me deported, you know—had taken the chauffeur for the afternoon, her own car undergoing repairs. Acting from a sentiment impossible to commend sufficiently, she had ordered that the hero be sent to a hospital in her own quarter, where she might be able personally to superintend his nursing.

Then followed a lot of rot about the attempted burglary and the heroism of the other chauffeur. I had taken him for a winebibbing footman, but it appears he was a large, fat, private chauffeur in a fancy uniform. He described how he had first heard a suspicious noise in the conservatory—more flower-pots knocked off the shelf, I suppose; but, on entering the house, the pistol-shot had rung out and he had dashed up the stairs—this last was manifestly untrue, and in my private opinion he had been taking a little snoop round on his own book. He had entered the boudoir to find his comrade, Numas, grappling with the desperado, a broad-shouldered man of prodigious strength. The chauffeur had flung himself upon the marauder in spite of the fact that he was himself unarmed; but he was not in time to save his colleague from being stabbed, while he himself, though, as any one could see, a powerful man, was flung aside as if he had been a child and dealt a blow upon the side of the jaw which had stretched him senseless on the floor.

The burglar was described as a man rather above the average height, very broad of shoulder and dressed in ordinary street clothes rather light in color. He was said to have had dark hair and a black mustache—and here I began to rub my eyes. As you see, I am fairly tall, but I am by no means heavily built and of medium coloring. I was smooth-shaven and wore tweed knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket.

A second's thought, however, showed me the reason. Chu-Chu naturally did not want me to be taken, so he had put them off as much as he could, considering that one or two others might have caught a glimpse of me. As for the fat chauffeur, he was a fool and had been so excited that if Chu-Chu had described me as a red Indian in warpaint and feathers he would never have denied it.

The funniest part of all, though, was that the article went on to say that, in the opinion of the police and others more or less in touch with the criminal world, the daring burglar was none other than the notorious Chu-Chu le Tondeur. Everything went to establish this identity—the physical appearance of the thief; his superhuman strength and activity, and his cleverness in escaping unseen except by a waiter, who caught a glimpse of him as he plunged into the shrubbery; the speed and skill with which he had done his work, for the door of the strong-box was on the point of being pierced, though Numas said that he had waited for only about five minutes in the hall before trying to seize him and had then made the attempt single-handed, as he was afraid to cry out or to leave the spot in search of help, fearing that the burglar might escape. When, after what had seemed to him not over ten minutes at the outside, he had decided to tackle the thief single-handed the hole into the lock was already drilled.

The most significant fact, however, was that the object of the robbery was to steal a valuable diamond tiara which had been purchased by Monsieur le Baron von Hertzfeld as a gift for a friend. Intercepting gems in this way was known to be a specialty of Le Tondeur's—and so on.

I laid the paper down, smiling to myself. Then it struck me all at once that here I had interfered with Ivan's business again—and I stopped smiling. Yes, come to think of it, the grin had better be kept for another time.

Ivan was neutral as far as Chu-Chu's and my feud went; but breaking up trade was another business. Ivan had, no doubt, put Chu-Chu on this job, Léontine to dispose of the loot afterward; so that, in jumping on Chu-Chu's back at this particular moment, I had probably done the concern out of at least a hundred thousand francs. And, now that I came to think of it, Léontine herself looked rather sick when I met her in the park.

This was mighty serious business—more serious, as a matter of fact, than my feud with Chu-Chu. Ivan had squared things between us when he gave me back Mary Dalghren's pearls, and he had acted handsomely and on the square. Now he might easily say to himself: "Being neutral is one thing, but standing pat while this virtuous young man interferes with my star worker and takes the bread out of the mouths of the lot of us, is another. I will give orders that he be eliminated."

And I knew that, once such orders were issued from headquarters, it would be all up with me. Those ferrets of Ivan's would have been hanging from my throat in a week's time, no matter how deep I burrowed. The association was rooted in Paris like a cancer and there was no telling where its fibers might penetrate. If Ivan made up his mind that I was in the way, I should probably never know what finished me. The best thing, I thought, would be to go to Ivan and tell him how the thing had happened and assure him that I had no intention of interfering with his work, even if I had chucked the game myself. Sounds a bit weak-livered? Well, maybe so; but, after all, there are limits to the nerve-strain a man can stand when it's long-continued. Also, I'd like to state, it's the dash of caution with his courage that makes a man a master and carries him the greatest distance.

I went ahead and finished the papers and was glad to see by the society column that Mr. and Mrs. John Cuttynge were touring the Lake Country in their sixty-horsepower Franco-Helvetia, one of our new cars. I hoped they would stay across the Channel until I finished up my affair with Chu-Chu, as John and I looked too much alike to make it safe for him to knock about Paris.

Then Rosalie stuck her head in to tell me to be good and was off for the afternoon and maybe most of the night. It struck me that if I had a wife I wouldn't want her to be a chauffeuse. Rosalie was well fitted for the job, because she had that peculiar combination of cheek and good-natured repartee which will take a woman almost anywhere and can turn a bad intention into a laugh.

I was getting a bit tired of myself when I heard a little rustle and Sœur Anne Marie came in. She gave me a quick, smiling look, then said:

"There is no need to take your temperature, *mon ami*. Another day of such good behavior and you can sit up. Now I will dress your arm."

So she went ahead and I must say she was a master hand at it. The wound, though a nasty one, was so clean that Sœur Anne Marie was surprised.

"My son," said she, "if only your heart were as clean as your blood and tissues you would be a strong worker in God's garden."

"And what makes you think that it is not, *ma mère?*" I asked.

"I do not think so," she answered; "but from what Rosalie tells me I fear that your soul is sick. You told her that you had an enemy whom you were seeking to destroy."

"Yes," I admitted. "That is quite true; but this man is not only my enemy but one to all society. It is Chu-Chu le Tondeur; and every year of his life—every month, one might almost say—adds its new list of thievery and murder. Besides, if I do not manage to kill him he will certainly kill me."

Her great, intelligent eyes rested thoughtfully on mine.

"It were perhaps better that he should destroy you, my son," she answered, "than that you should destroy your own soul. Will you tell me your story? Perhaps I may be able to help you."

It seemed to me that I owed her this confidence; so I told her all that had happened, holding back only the names. When I had finished she sat for a while, thinking deeply. Then she said:

"It is just as I thought when I first looked into your eyes. Your soul is not one of those poor, unfortunate, deformed ones. It has been ill and now it is beginning to recover. Your own strength must make this recovery complete. My son, your duty is very plain."

"Perhaps you mean," said I, "that I ought to take the whole affair to the police?"

She nodded her silvery head.

"But that would be impossible," said I quickly. "I passed my word to the Chief that I would not betray him or any of his crowd."

"There are times, *mon ami*," said Sœur Anne Marie, "when it is necessary to break one's word rather than cling to a wrong resolve."

"Don't tell me that!" I cried. "My word's the only god I've got. It's the only thing that's never failed me!"

Maybe my voice was rough, for she drew back a little and looked startled and a bit frightened. Then she looked at me and her eyes softened.

"And you have always kept your word?" she asked.

"Always," I answered. "I don't give it lightly; but, once given, I stick to it."

"Then in this case I will not advise you to break it, since to do so would be to break faith with yourself. But there is something else which has occurred to me. This man who is at the head of the criminal organization is, you tell me, so powerful that if you were to incur his enmity you would feel as if already dead?"

"That is true," I answered.

"And if he were to forbid you to destroy this terrible criminal, Chu-Chu, you would not dare?"

"It would not be worth my while to try."

"Then, is it not possible that your enemy might feel the same way—that if he were forbidden by this same Chief to murder you he would not dare?"

I hesitated. It had never occurred to me to ask Ivan to call off Chu-Chu under pain of punishment from headquarters. Yet, when I came to think of it, I doubted that Chu-Chu would dare to go ahead against Ivan's strict injunction any more than I should. Sœur Anne Marie saw the hesitation in my face and went on quickly:

"You tell me you have twice attempted the life of this man and that he has narrowly escaped; that you have been saved from being a murderer by a miracle"—that was her way of looking at it. "Do you not think it possible your enemy would be quite willing to obey the order for a truce if he knew you would do the same?—especially since he would hardly dare to disobey? Why do you not see this Chief and suggest to him that he put a stop to the feud?"

"Then you would advise me to discontinue my efforts to put an end to a dangerous enemy to society?" I muttered.

"No, my son. I have already advised you to take the matter to the proper authorities, and you have told me that this was something which you could not do and remain true to yourself. So I urge you next, since you cannot protect society with due authority, at least to keep your own hands clean of blood. Might not this be possible?"

I thought hard for a moment.

"*Ma mère*," I said finally, "I much doubt if it could be done. This enemy of mine is a human tiger, and I doubt if he knows what real fear is. In this way the man is superhuman—or, perhaps, less than human. For another thing, I doubt if the Chief himself would dare issue such an order; for Le Tondeur, after all, is still a member of the association, while I am a renegade and a foreigner. It would be dangerous, I think, for the Chief to attempt such a thing. It might weaken his influence with his followers—and besides, Chu-Chu might kill him, secretly and without leaving any trace, if he thought himself in danger."

She was silent for a moment, then asked:

"At any rate, could you not see the Chief and ask his opinion? You tell me he has shown himself to be friendly-disposed to you. Could you not have a talk with him?"

"That is possible," I answered.

"And, until you have heard what he has to say," she went on eagerly, "will you not promise me that you will not raise your hand against your enemy?"

"Not even in self-defense?" I asked quickly.

"It will not be necessary. God will protect you, for you shall go forth clothed in my prayers."

It occurred to me that the dear lady's prayers had not saved her from being driven from the convent and the institution broken up; but of course I did not hint at such a thing. What she asked of me was pretty stiff, as, for all I knew, Chu-Chu might be at that moment on the stairs. A flesh wound in the muscles of the chest isn't much, and the man had the vitality of a gorilla or timber wolf. I hesitated.

"You do not realize what you ask of me, Sœur Anne Marie," I said. "It is like sending a man into the arena unarmed."

She looked at me sorrowfully. "It is a terrible thing for a *religieuse* to nurse a man back to strength in the knowledge that, as soon as he is healed, he means to go forth to slay a fellow man," said she. "But if you are unwilling, my son, I will not urge you."

I raised myself on one elbow. "I will promise you this," said I: "that, until I have seen the Chief and heard what he has to say, I will take no offensive action. I will strike only in self-defense and to save my own life—if I should get the chance. And I will promise you, also, *ma mère*, that if the matter can be settled without bloodshed it shall be so."

The old lady leaned over and patted my shoulder.

"Thank you, my son," said she. "God will reward you!"

VI

A FORTNIGHT saw me practically sound again. The bullet-hole in my shoulder had been drilled clean and it closed up again without a drop of pus. The knife-wound was also benign, though in healing it left the outer side of my hand rather cold and numb.

Then came the time to say goodby; and it wasn't easy, for I had grown mighty fond of these two sweet, brave women, each so different from the other, yet in a way so much alike. They liked me too—that was plain enough from their actions; and all three of us knew it was pretty uncertain when and where we should meet again. Naturally I had not stuck my head out of the door since the afternoon I came to the little studio apartment; and, once I had left it, I did not intend to risk going back. Neither would it do to meet either of them outside. Once Chu-Chu discovered that they were my friends there was no telling what horrible thing might happen.

I had decided to leave at midnight and go straight to Ivan's house. Sœur Anne Marie was suffering from a headache and at nine o'clock I made her go to bed. She gave me her blessing and made me promise to send her a few words from time to time. Rosalie was resting, for she had come in about two, after an eighteen-hour trick, and was going out again to get on the boulevards before the theaters were over.

My plan was to leave a little after Rosalie and go directly to Ivan's house, over by the Parc Monceau. After looking the ground over carefully, I would go in and try my luck with Ivan. I might or might not succeed. It was very possible that I might not get out alive, as Ivan might consider the opportunity of suppressing me too good a one to let go by, and the armed weasels that were his servants would make quick and quiet work of it. I was getting rather tired of the whole filthy business, however, and asked nothing better than to have it over with, one way or the other. I felt like the old man whose wife had been a bedridden invalid for five years, when he said to the physician: "Waal, doc, I do wish she'd git better or—somethin'!"

A little before ten Rosalie came out, clad in a kimono, her hair tumbled about her ears and her eyes red-rimmed and tired.

"I couldn't sleep," said she; "so I thought I'd come out and talk to you. Oh! Isn't it all horrid?"

She caught her breath and covered her face with her hands. She was pretty well used up, poor girl, for the tourist crowd had kept her on the trot night and day, and my own affair had got horribly on her nerves. More than once I'd cursed myself for a fool for having let her take me home.

"Rosalie," said I, "you are all fagged out. You've been going it too strong. Can't you take all night in and rest up a little?"

She turned and gave me a queer, sarcastic sort of look.

"Rest up!" she echoed scornfully. "I'd go crazy and jump down into the plum trees."

"That's what comes of getting overtired," said I.

"Oh!" snapped Rosalie—"is it?"

She stood under the glow of the tall reading lamp, nervously straightening the books and papers on the center table. Her chestnut hair, which was full of natural waves, glowed and glistened like spun gold as she moved her head. She turned her back to me and I couldn't help noticing how sweetly her pretty little neck rose from the fold of the kimono.

Her restless hands stole in and out among the papers; and then, as I watched her thoughtfully, the rounded shoulders gave a little heave, there was the sound of a smothered sob, and her bare arms slipped up out of the flowing sleeves as she covered her face with both hands.

"Rosalie!" said I sharply, and sprang up from the divan where I was sitting.

She turned away from me. The sobs came quickly and noiselessly.

My friend, I've seen some harrowing things in my sinful life, but I don't know when I've been so upset as I was at the sight of that little girl, sobbing quietly under the lamp. Even though it were no more than a combination of heat and overwork and insufficient sleep—and the chance of losing a friend who had grown companionable—it was mighty pathetic. Women or children in trouble always hit me hard; and the next moment I was standing beside Rosalie, my arm behind her and my hand resting on her shoulder.

"Rosalie," I said, "don't cry, little girl. There's nothing to cry about. It's coming out all right—you wait and see."

She shook her head, her face still covered with her hands and her body rocking back and forth. Once or twice before, when she had been tired and nervous, I'd seen her on the edge of a breakdown; but she'd always managed to laugh and chatter it off. This time, however, the storm had caught her aback, and her body shook and shuddered under the struggle. Yet, game little girl that she was, she was as silent as a wounded bird for fear of disturbing Sœur Anne Marie.

I left her for a moment to close the door of the corridor. Rosalie tottered to the divan and flung herself down in the corner. Her sobs were almost convulsions and I got frightened. There's only one thing to do when a woman gets to crying like that, and that is to comfort her, no matter what comes of it. So I sat down beside her on the divan, slid my arm under her shoulders and transferred the chestnut head and the round arms and all to my own chest. She pulled back a little at first, but feebly—then yielded; in fact, she went me one better, for her pretty,

round arms slipped out of the kimono and went up round my neck and her tear-stained face was buried under the rim of my jaw.

For several minutes I held her so; and it must have been the best thing to do, because the sobs slowed down and stopped and her breathing grew quieter. To help the cure I lifted her face and kissed her eyes and lips. This was good for the sobs if not for the breathing, and I could feel her heart hammering against my chest.

Rosalie was fast coming to herself, however, and pretty soon she stirred uneasily, drawing her arms from round my neck and letting her head slip down against my shoulder.

"Whatever must you think of me, Frank?" said she.

"Just what I've always thought—that you're a brave, warm-hearted darling, and as good as they make 'em."

She caught her breath; then her laugh rippled out, quavering and unsteady.

"Look in the glass, Frank. What a picture!"

I looked across the room and saw the reflection of a young priest in a long black cassock, sitting on a divan with his arms full of an uncommonly pretty girl with very red cheeks, hair tumbled round her ears and a flowered kimono far enough open to show a very demoralizing throat. That part of it was corrected while I looked in the glass, and Rosalie drew herself up, then turned and looked at me.

"That was a bad breakdown, Frank—but I feel better now. I was all in, as they say at home. You are a sort of rock of refuge, aren't you?"

"Now go wash your face, my dear, and put on your dinky business clothes," I said, "and we'll eat a bite; and ——"

"Don't!" She held out her hand.

"But, Rosalie, it's not so terrible. Something good will turn up, you see. And I'll write you every day."

"You might come into the Bon Cocher sometimes."

"It's too dangerous—for you, I mean."

"I'm not afraid."

"You weren't afraid a minute or two ago. Somebody's got to be afraid sometimes."

She looked at me with eyes curious and alight. Then she said: "You are right, my rock of refuge. I shall do as you say. Now I'll go and put on my business clothes—and you can hook me up." She laughed gayly—a little too gayly, it seemed to me.

So she got into her khakis and I hooked her up—and dear old Sœur Anne Marie, who had put me in the most dangerous position of all my life by extracting the promise she had, resting and, I hoped, sleeping in a room close by, and never guessing at the little drama that had been played out right alongside her!

Rosalie stirred up an omelet and we ate it with a bit of salad, some *brioche* and a bottle of beer. You'd have thought we were starting out for a joy ride and to do the town!

Then, our little supper finished and the clocks striking the half-hour—half-past eleven—I got up quickly.

"I'm off!" said I. "*Au 'voir*, my dear!"

Rosalie's face went white.

"Not—yet!" said she falteringly.

"Time's up. Be a good girl and don't get nervous and blue."

She threw herself into my arms. I kissed her, then turned to the door and went out and down the dark stairs into the street. The last I saw of Rosalie she was standing in the middle of the room, staring with wide eyes and pale cheeks.

Once in the street, I'm ashamed to say I soon forgot—or, at least, put out of my mind—Rosalie sobbing on my shoulder and the look of her face when the door closed between us. The street was always a tonic for me—just what drink is to some, and the sea or the woods or the road to others. Whenever I've been down I've slipped into the street, like an ash-cat; and there I've gradually bucked up and taken a fresh grip and got a new interest in things. The look of the houses and the guess at what's going on behind their walls, and the glimpse at the faces that pass you—let me tell you, my friend, that's my wine! It's to me what the jungle is to the hunter of big game, or the icefloe to the arctic explorer, or the desert to the Bedouin. My place is in the street—that maze of human purpose; it's my hunting-ground or was. And when the curiosity to know what was behind those inscrutable walls got too strong, or was mixed with the need of whatever there was to be found there, I went in and had a look round; and I seldom came out empty-handed.

Talk about crime! Faugh! I was a criminal, just as we all are; only when I got crowded a little I went after what I needed. I knew that if I made a false step or blundered the least bit they'd nab me and tuck me away for years and years where there'd be no more street or jungle or sea or desert, or freedom of any kind. And yet I risked it. Sometimes I think that many criminals take these risks merely because there is no other class that loves its liberty so much. Criminals are all gamblers, more or less; and, though I don't believe in such a thing as a criminal class, I do believe in a class of gamblers. And I think that most of the real criminals—mind you, I'm not speaking of those silly, pitiful, weak, honest folks who fall to a temptation because the payment on the car is due and the wife has run up a milliner's bill—the real criminal, the wolf of society, loves to play with the trap. He loves it just as another type, still higher in the scale of perversity, loves to gamble with his life—or another man with his fortune.

Well, the street was my passion; and when you've got that city-prowling in your blood there's no such place to gratify it as Paris or London. American cities are laid out too much on the plan of a safe-deposit vault or a model chicken farm. Everything is squared and angled and numbered and tallied and patrolled; and when a burglar wants to do a job he doesn't go out and slip over a wall, with his little kit swung from his shoulder. He turns lobbyist and starts with the mayor, and works down until he finds somebody whom he can "fix." That's not sport—it's business. No wonder American crooks call burglary and pocket-picking and a bill through the legislature all by the same name—"graft"!

It's different in the Old World cities, however, where a man goes about his job as a hunter might—but, there, I'm forgetting that I'd chucked all that and was out for something even bigger than cracking a safe—my life and the right to live in the open. And I was handicapped now, as a hunter might be who had lost all his ammunition. I'd given Sœur Anne Marie my word not to strike except to save my life—and if I'd promised her to roam round unarmed I'd have felt more secure; but this promise was good only until I'd had my talk with Ivan. So you see I was in some hurry to have this over with.

If Ivan thought it would be worth his while to call off the feud between Chu-Chu and myself there was the possibility that he might manage it through Chu-Chu's avarice. Chu-Chu loved money even more than he loved revenge, and he had found out that he couldn't do much without Ivan. The Shearer had wonderful cunning, ruthless methods of getting rid of obstacles, the cautious but desperate courage of a wolf and a dexterity that was equal to that of any safe expert or prestidigitator; but his lacking quality was imagination. Once given the data and general directions, there was no living man so capable of pulling off a job; but, without these, Chu-Chu might easily have gone a year without turning a single trick. He had no criminal initiative. He was like a trained hunting dog of marvelous scent and instinct; taken out by the master, he could do his work and delight in it—left alone, he would have scratched his fleas round the house through the whole hunting season.

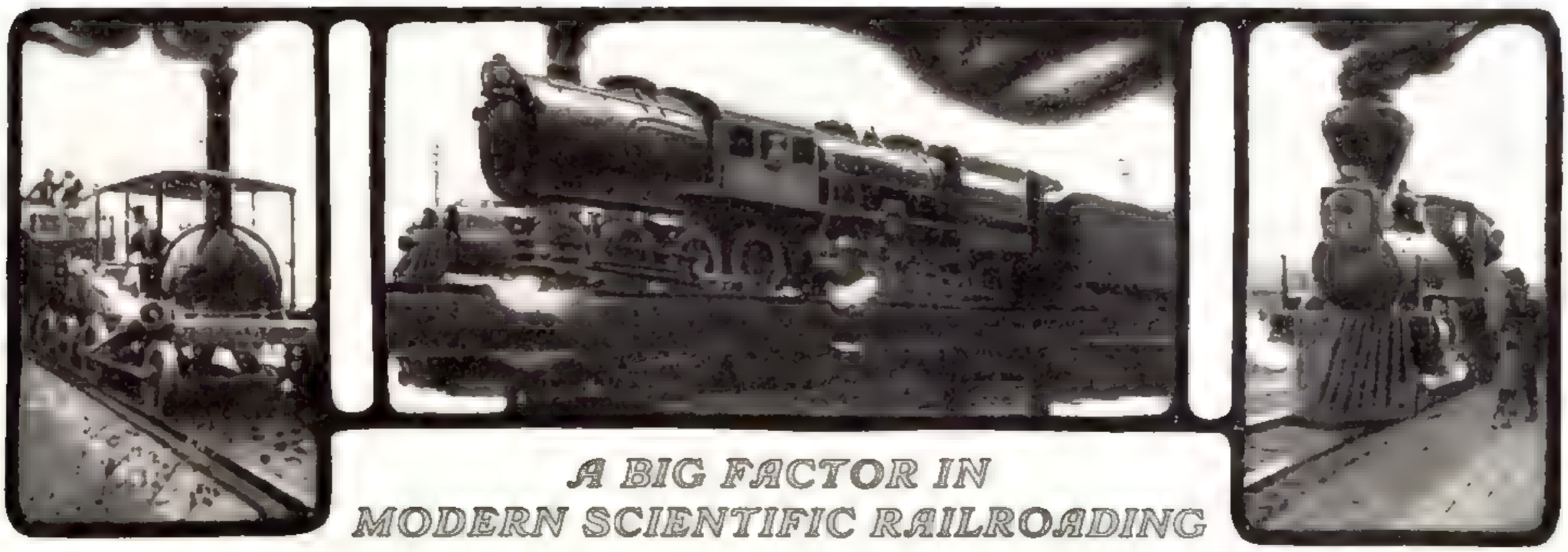
Ivan was, in his way, as remarkable as Chu-Chu. Through his underground system—which, as a matter of fact, was probably nine-tenths his own imagination—he always had a job on hand. Ivan seemed to know in some clairvoyant way when valuable jewels were about to make a journey, and where; and how much gold was in such and such a bank; and who had just bought a rope of pearls or a tiara or a dog-collar, and when they were to be delivered. Ivan had all of the data clear and distinct for the man detailed for the job; and he would let it pass unless he could see the whole business from beginning to end. Chu-Chu was his star man for this sort of work and I had an idea that he operated on half shares, though Ivan made the bluff of paying only fifteen per cent for such jobs as he himself outlined.

It seemed to me, therefore, that Ivan, having no particular interest in the feud between us and having as much use for Chu-Chu as Chu-Chu had for Ivan, might persuade the Shearer that there was nothing in it and rig up a truce between us. Ivan did not want me to kill Chu-Chu. When he told me to go ahead I think that he felt quite sure that Chu-Chu would finish my affair within the week. On the other hand, I doubted very much that he wanted Chu-Chu to kill me. In spite of what I had said to him, Ivan would not be quite sure that I had not made a confidant of some friend who might get up and do a lot of talking if I were picked up somewhere with a knife through my gizzard. Ivan's methods were all for quiet and no scandal. He was, in his way, just like the church-going head of a big, dishonest corporation, and no doubt felt himself a person of wealth and consequence. He was

(Continued on Page 56)

There's Only One Thing to Do When a Woman Gets to Crying Like That

IN TOUCH WITH THE MEN



A BIG FACTOR IN MODERN SCIENTIFIC RAILROADING

By Edward Hungerford

A HIGH operating officer of the Erie Railroad found himself at the busy junction town of Hornellsville, in Western New York, a few months ago, with an hour to be spent awaiting the train that was to bear him east. He alighted from his car and walked down the track. At the end of the depot stood a big passenger locomotive, and over it the engineer and fireman were both extending loving care—making its nickeled parts fairly glisten in glittering cleanliness.

"What train do you take out of here?" said the Erie man to the engineer.

"I make the Susquehanna division with Number Umpty-seven," was the reply.

"She isn't due out of here for an hour and a half," replied the officer without identifying himself. "I didn't suppose you boys showed up at the roundhouse before half an hour of leaving time."

The engineer did not answer for a moment, but kept polishing with his waste. After a time he spoke:

"Life is a joke for me anyhow. I get up at six-thirty, spend an hour and a half on this baby, tote her up the division a hundred and fifty miles, get home at eight o'clock at night, work in the garden for a couple of hours and then get to bed, knowing that tomorrow I won't have a thing to do but work."

The Erie operating man was puzzled.

"I don't quite get you," he said. "I don't see why you are putting in all this time on your engine."

The engineer dropped his waste and faced him.

"Stranger," said he, "I guess you didn't take any special notice of this engine."

Then he took the operating man round to the front of the locomotive.

"See there!" he said. "She belongs to the Order of the Red Spot."

The other looked. The big cast-iron numeral plate on the front of the boiler had been painted a bright red. He was perplexed and showed it.

"That's our superintendent's idea. We keep our engines up to a certain standard and we get into the Order of the Red Spot. There's certainly some class to that order. Do you see?"

The Order of the Red Spot

THE Erie man saw. All the way down the division he looked for other engines that belonged to the order—you could see their flaming insignia a long way off—and he also remembered. He went into an official conference down in New York, and a little later they sent up to Hornellsville and brought the superintendent down to the city to run the big and busy New York division of the road.

The Order of the Red Spot has spread upon the Erie—more than that, a sort of exalted branch of the order has been created upon that historic railroad. When an engineer makes a clean record extending through long years of steady service, the railroad seeks to make more than a perfunctory recognition of his services. Do you remember some years ago when the locomotives of a railroad were all named—generally after some president or governor or senator, or perhaps a plain citizen who had loaned it the money with which it built its line? The Erie folks have gone back in a way to that plan, only the names that the cab-panels of its selected locomotives bear are those of the men who have sat in those same cabs for a quarter of a century, more or less. When the first of these locomotives—the Harvey Springstead—pulled into the Erie's Jersey City terminal a little less than a year ago, commuters—who are hardened to pretty nearly everything—took notice of the trim bit of motive power with the gilt lettering along her cab-sides, and above it Springstead himself, grinning in joy; for never was there a monarch who had accomplished half so great a triumph.

Other engines on the Erie have been brought into this exalted degree of the Order of the Red Spot. W. R. Benedict has been up on the Buffalo division of the old road since 1860, starting at the bottom rung as an enginewiper, being gradually promoted to fireman and to engineer. So it was that engine 506 was assigned to him, his name painted in gilt letters on her cab; and if Benedict had a quitclaim deed to the engine he could not be more proud of her. J. M. Dando has run an Erie engine down through Ohio since 1864. His forty-seven years at the throttle are years full of efficient service, and so engine 854 has been given his name and assigned to him. The list already runs to some length on the Erie. There are no exact qualifications that an engineer must reach to attain this signal honor, the general provision being that he must have veteran service behind him, a long-standing ability to keep his engine clean and up to working capacity, and that his run is of such a nature that an engine can be permanently assigned to him. This last provision is not difficult to meet. The older engineers are generally given shorter passenger runs which can be easily handled with a single assigned engine.

Do you think that these things can easily be measured in dollars and cents? The brotherhoods generally take pretty good care of the wage necessities and demands of the men who fill their rolls; the operating departments of the railroad, as a rule, manage to see that these same men earn the wages that are paid to them. There is a something more to railroading, however—a something that is not expressed in the dollars and cents of the pay envelope or in the hours of efficient service that a railroader gives his employer. That something is more truly expressed in the creation of an *esprit de corps*—the intangible spirit that gives to a transportation organism more than its dollars and cents can ever buy from its men. That spirit may cause economies, avoid long, heartrending strikes and save a road accidents, harmful both in cost to its treasury and to its reputation. That something—that spirit—is what we call keeping in touch with the men; and today it is a big factor in modern scientific railroading.

. . . . . .

Here are two railroads—in very much the same section of the land. The one road is rich and possibly a bit arrogant. It pays its men well and treats them fairly. In return they render to it the service that it pays for—and nothing more. Loyalty and affection to the property are lacking; the fireman is hired on this X—— system to keep the locomotive's firebox filled and to look sharply to the upkeep of his part of the machine. The station agent is hired to sell tickets, and sell tickets he does, though the folk who may line up before his window wish that there was another road through the county so that they might show this particular employee what they think of his blamed old railroad! They might engage its employees in confidential conversation, as we ourselves have done, and find out their private opinion of its management. Its president is a pinhead and its general manager a grafter; but what can you expect of a road whose directors have been chosen from the forty thieves? That is the X—— road.

Now consider the other of these two roads that run their rails in much the same territory—the somewhat attenuated Y—— system. The Y—— road has had its own part in the history of this country, and not a very creditable part at that. Its own history for many years was a dismal sort of tragedy. Today the reflection of that past can be seen in shabby equipment, unpainted stations, and the like; but for its sins it has paid penance many times over, and today its shippers and its passengers honestly believe that it is making a sincere effort to retrieve its past. The other day we stood in a town in the middle-western section of the country, where the rails of the main line of the X—— system cross those of the main line of the Y—— system. We found ourselves talking with an old flagman of the Y——. He was pointing to a crack flyer of the X—— road, tearing along the rails.

Odious Comparisons

"SHE'LL be on time," said the flagman. "She always is, and they are advertising the fact—but they ain't saying a word about the record of some of their other trains. We don't make the same run within four hours of their time, but our flyer's on time three hundred and fifty days out of the year—and so are every one of our other trains. They've double track every inch of the way and get to crowing when they can move ten thousand freight cars in twenty-four hours. We're single track for fifty per cent of our main line—and yet we have eight thousand cars here of a Sunday and manage to keep our mouths shut."

"How's that?" we ventured to ask.

"The big boss likes it better that way," he said gravely. "He must 'a' heard some of them X—— fellows talk. They're chesty sometimes."

"How do you know what the boss likes?" we pressed.

He went into his disreputable little shanty—on the Y—— they put a high value on a can of paint—and brought out a well-thumbed little magazine. It was called the Y—— Visitor, and a copy of it went each month to every man on the road, no matter how humble his rank.

"The boss has got a habit of telling us here each month jus' what he likes," said the flagman. "It's sort o' nice—jus' almost as if he was in the habit of droppin' in at th' cabin here for a chat; an' I can get my own idea of how he wants me to run my own part of this road."

Which of these two systems, the rich X—— or the poor and struggling Y——, is best in touch with its men? Entirely apart from any ethical point of view, there is not a railroad man of the new school that is springing up among the big carriers of the land who will not tell you that this practical work is of great help in making the dollars of the payrolls go farther in bringing returns, direct and indirect, to the company.

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The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was the first of all the big systems to recognize these things; and away back in 1857 it established a relief fund for its employees. That

led a precarious existence for years until 1880, when the Baltimore & Ohio Employees' Relief Association came into existence, which has since remained an active force in the operation of the road. And, even dating back as recently as 1880, the Baltimore & Ohio was the first railroad to have an institution of this sort. Briefly stated, its work is divided into three divisions—the relief, the savings and the pension features. The first of these provides in the event of injury for the employees of the road who become members of its association, and in case of death takes care of their families. The men pay a sum of from one to five dollars a month, according to their rate of pay, receiving graduated weekly benefits in case of accident, and in case of death a payment varying from two hundred and fifty to twenty-five hundred dollars. The fund, with the aid of an annual contribution of six thousand dollars from the railroad company, is self-supporting.

The Pennsylvania also has a relief or insurance department as a part of its big scheme of organization. Its rates of assessment upon such of its employees as care to join the scheme are almost the same as those of the Baltimore & Ohio, the daily benefits varying from forty cents to two dollars and fifty cents for sickness or accident, with the death payments also from two hundred and fifty to twenty-five hundred dollars, according to the class of membership and death benefit held. Almost all of the big railroads have followed the example of these two representative systems. These roads have also found savings schemes of one sort or another of real benefit in keeping the men content.

Almost every big road, like a good many other long-established businesses, is confronted with the problem of taking care of the veterans in its service. The experiences of just one property—which has barely rounded its first half-century of existence—may be of interest. These older men, the men who gave the road their loyalty when pay was small and the safeguards for human life few, have been the special concern of its general manager.

"For a dozen years," he will tell you, "I had been carrying from fifty to sixty of these old fellows on a sort of private payroll, each month mailing them a check representing about half of their old pay. We were glad to do it, for we were proud of what we call our 'old guard.'

"Then of a sudden I realized that I was all wrong. Our company was giving these men money as a gratuity when it was really their right—the right earned by long and faithful service. It was not right that we should pauperize them or humiliate them by making them accept what was nothing more or less than charity."

Good Policy in Pensions

"OUT of that sudden change of heart was born our pension system. What was a matter of courtesy toward our men became their right; or, if you choose to look at it in that way, it was their salary still being paid to them after years of service and loyalty to the road had exhausted their physical and mental vitalities. So strongly did that come to us, we made our pension system a matter of organization and incorporation; so that the men are protected against any whims of a change of management. It protects us by permitting us to insist upon a man's retirement—be he section hand or vice-president—at what we think is a suitable age and in accordance with the impartial requirements of our pension system."

We do progress—a little. Twenty-five years ago a pension scheme would have been laughed out of the office of the average railroad president. Today it is a recognized important factor in the diplomatic handling of the men—that, in its turn, is one of the very great factors in the successful management of any great railroad property. Only two years ago Louis D. Brandeis, the New England lawyer whose name is known to every traffic man in the country, prepared a very elaborate pension scheme for the Boston & Maine. In his plan the pensions were to be provided by equal contributions from employer and employees—the employer to make up any deficiency; so that the minimum annual payment should not be less than two hundred dollars. The scheme was to be coöperative in management and, once adopted both by the road and the men, was to have an irremovable right of existence. Mr. Brandeis called it "obligatory contributions secured by democratic methods," and it was on the point of adoption by both the railroad and the men when the Boston & Maine fell into the hands of the New Haven road. Neither the New Haven nor its president having any great faith in pension schemes, the plan was abandoned.

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The work of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. has come to a full development within recent years. Railroad operators, no matter what their personal religious preferences or convictions, have seen in the work of this organization a way of keeping in touch with the men, though having all the details of the work lifted from their own busy shoulders. The Vanderbilts, with their tremendous railroad interests in the northeastern section of the land, were the first of the very big railroaders to recognize the tremendous economic value of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. to a far-spreading carrier. Cornelius Vanderbilt, when president of the New York Central Railroad, built for the men of the two great systems having their terminals in the Grand Central Station, New York, a clubhouse—as fine as anything of the clubhouse kind in the city at that time—and put it under control of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. For more than a quarter of a century the railroaders coming from the end of their runs in the historic passenger terminal have been made welcome to it. Engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen enter its hospitable doors after a long, hard run to enjoy the clean comfort of good meals, baths, comfortable beds.

After all, however, the real test of the Railroad Y.M.C.A. has come not in great and comfortable cities like New York but in isolated junction points; and here it has won its real triumphs. Few railroaders in train service can leave their homes in the morning, double their runs and be home at night. The hard part of the business is that in most cases a man will have to spend one night, occasionally two nights, out on the run. While in a large city the railroad man finds that it is a shabby sort of hotel or lodging house that can come within his scheme of economy, the little town, or the division terminal or junction where there is no real town at all, only multiplies the problem.

Seven Years of Progress

SUCH a town was Bradford Junction, Ohio, where the big and busy Panhandle divides its main line into two great forks, one reaching northwest to Chicago, the other southwest to Indianapolis and St. Louis. It is a really big freight point on the Pennsylvania—a black, broad-breasted yard with track mileage almost equal to that of a decent side-line division; a sprawling, smoky roundhouse—all the paraphernalia of train administration. When the traffic runs flood-high seventy-five trains a day are frequently handled at that yard—engines, crews and cabooses changed and sent back over home divisions. There are always railroaders, tired and hungry and dirty, being turned off the trains at Bradford; always demands for men, fed and freshened up, to take the outgoing freights.

In the old days there was not much joy for the railroaders at Bradford. A so-called railroad hotel stood there. Back of the depot stood a row of ramshackle saloons. Bradford was known the entire length of the Panhandle as a "pretty rough town," in all the significance of that phrase as applied to a railroad operating point. And yet the other day an old railroader told of the change that had come upon it.

"When I first started in," he said, "whisky flasks were as common on this road as coupling links. I haven't seen a whisky flask on the Panhandle for seven years!"

Such was the change that came about when the management of the road decided that Bradford had been an eyesore long enough. They turned to the Railroad Y. M. C. A. and in a little time the dirty old railroad hotel was being pulled down and a strong, substantial, comfortable clubhouse, set in an immaculate lawn, was replacing it. That building, plus a keen, aggressive young secretary-manager, has worked a reformation for decency in three big divisions of the Panhandle. There is not much religion in bringing a tired and hungry man in to good meals, a good wash and a good bed—letting him loaf in a comfortable reading room or on a shady porch, where a phonograph is grinding out the popular lyrics of the moment. Of course there is religion in that big clubhouse when it is wanted—sympathy when it is wanted. One Andy Heffert is the wreckmaster there at Bradford Junction. Heffert can take a two-hundred-ton locomotive up out of the ditch and set it on the track in almost no time—that's part of the routine of his business. He can pick a two-hundred-pound railroad man up out of the ditch and set him on his feet—like a new man! That is accomplishing something more than routine. But religion does not obtrude itself at Bradford. That is the secret of the success of the place.

We have spoken of Bradford not because it is exceptional, but because it is typical of the sort of work that the Railroad Y. M. C. A. is doing at the lonely junction points and the results it is achieving at them. There are other Bradfords, other competent leaders all the way across the land—and up into Canada as well. An engineer from the New York Central, a man who had slept many nights at that comfortable clubhouse at the Grand Central Station, went up into Canada a few years ago and took an engine on a Canadian Pacific division running out of Kenora. At that time the only place at which he could find board and lodging was a boarding house with a saloon attachment. He was only welcome there for a limited time unless he was a reasonably liberal patron of the saloon. The engineer changed that order of things and established a branch of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. which in four years gained three hundred members and threatened to close the saloons of the place. The average railroad operator does not set down his dislike of the saloon to any high moral attitude that he is taking—he knows that liquor is a bad thing, either in the cab or the caboose; and so he makes its use one of the unforgivable offenses in the railroad rulebook. It is pretty hard, however, for a superintendent to enforce the sharp provisions of that section of his code when his men have to seek food and rest either in a saloon or in close proximity to it.

The so-called Harriman lines—the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and some smaller allied roads—have gone even farther than the plan of the Railroad Y. M. C. A., and have taken the details of the important sociological problem of railroad operation upon their own shoulders. A man trained for this sort of work was given charge of it from the start. He began by establishing employees' clubs at various important operating points on most of the allied systems.

These clubs, though similar in arrangement and management to the railroad branches of the Y. M. C. A., have one great distinction: there are no membership fees or dues. An employee of any of the systems is a member of the club just so long as he remains on the railroad's payroll. Every one of these is made welcome at any one of the clubhouses. And, lest there should be even the faintest taint of philanthropy about the thing, the men pay for what they use and the service they get. The library and the general conveniences are free, being regarded as part of the inducement that brings the men into the clubhouse. Meals, baths, beds, billiards and pool, cigars, soft drinks and candies are sold to them at prices sufficient to insure the best of supplies and of service; but the prices are always kept cheap—fifteen cents a night for a fine bed, ten cents for a bath and five cents an hour for pool are proofs that the price-card is kept somewhat more than reasonable.

The Mind of a Master Mechanic

"IT CANNOT be exactly shown what the financial returns to the railroad are from these clubs—this human block system," says F. G. Athearn, who was placed in charge of this work at its inception, "any more than from the automatic block-signal system upon which millions of dollars have been spent. Ledger balances do not show the saving in wrecks and human lives and increased safety for the traveling public because of greater mental alertness, better physical fitness and added contentment, due to good food, proper rest and recreation, and places that add to the joy of living—the grand averages tell the tale."

The New York Central lines have begun to get in touch with their men through their wonderfully efficient mechanical department, and the method of the Vanderbilts has been educational—not merely pedagogy but an intimate personal touch between the big road and its apprentices. The idea sprang from a suggestion made in a technical paper read by G. M. Basford at a master mechanics' convention six years ago. That suggestion was food for thought for J. F. Deems, the mechanical head of the Vanderbilt system, and he prepared to make it fact at the several shops of that property. Already there were evening apprentice schools at several of the repair plants, but attendance at these was entirely voluntary; and sometimes a boy, after standing at a lathe all day long, lacked enthusiasm to go into a schoolroom for two or three hours in the evening. Mr. Deems changed that thing. He made the schoolhours the first part of the day's work, when the scholars were fresh in mind and in body, and then did a little more making them part of the day's work for which the railroad paid its apprentices. Attendance having been made compulsory, the railroad could enforce both discipline and a strict attention to work.

It has not been really necessary to enforce those things, however.

(Continued on Page 61)

A COWBOY OF THE SEA

THE MEMORABLE CRUISE OF THE OUTLAW MELVILLE

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

THE directors of the California and Far Eastern Steamship Company had listened to the auditor's semiannual report, and the president was trying to explain why he thought it best to charge off $634,768.15 to profit and loss. His associates, who included two bankers, a lumber merchant and a retired cattleman, scowled at the polished surface of the littered table along which they sat and refused even a nod of approval.

"I am sure," the president concluded, "that it will be cheaper to lay the Melville up permanently than it will be to keep her in commission."

"It is exactly one year since we bought her, and it was understood at the time that we were getting a first-class vessel very cheap," snapped a banker. "I fail to understand the situation."

"I've done my best to make it plain," rejoined the president wearily. "I've told you the Melville was launched three years ago in Scotland as the Hawarden Castle, and that she ran ashore two years ago off Fort Point in this harbor just as she was starting for Antwerp with a full cargo of grain. The underwriters took her over, repaired her and sold her to us for two hundred and ten thousand dollars—half her actual cost. We registered her under the American flag and added her to our fleet. Now just listen to the history of the past year, gentlemen, and you will comprehend my purpose when I recommend that the Melville be written off as a bad investment.

"On her first voyage under our flag she ran aground outside of Yokohama, and it cost us one hundred and eleven thousand dollars before we were through. Her next voyage was to Honolulu, and when we pulled her off the reef the Melville had additional charges of seventy-six thousand dollars against her. Then occurred the lamentable collision between the Melville and our own new express steamer Inyo, resulting, as you know, in the sinking of the Inyo. In accordance with the terms of the findings at the investigation we were forced to charge one-half of that loss against the Melville. And a month ago she did fifty thousand dollars' worth of damage to the drydock at Hunter's Point. The total deficit, over and above the earnings of the Melville, now charged to her is, as I have said, approximately six hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"But why lay her up? Why not keep her running and make her pay that off?" demanded another director.

The president took off his eyeglasses and rubbed his lids.

"That, gentlemen, is for you to determine," he remarked. "But my advice is: Put that vessel in Oakland Creek and leave her there."

"Hum!" muttered the lumberman. "Who got us into this mess?"

"It was a unanimous vote of the board," the president replied.

The cattleman glanced up, his blue eyes meeting the chairman's questioningly.

"As I understand it," he said in a soft voice, "the Melville is a kind of outlaw? Do I get you?"

"I can't sleep o'nights as long as she is in commission," sighed the president.

"Haven't we a man who can handle her?" continued the cattleman.

"Suppose we listen to our general superintendent about this," the president suggested, ringing a bell.

A short, heavily built and elderly man stepped in. His keen eyes under grizzled brows swept the board and rested on the chairman.

"I am here, sir," he remarked in a hoarse tone.

"Captain," the president began, "the directors wish to know exactly how it is that the Melville is costing us so much. Can you inform us?"

"She's cost us more than money," rumbled the superintendent, laying his heavy hand on the corner of the table.

"Heaven knows the money end of it is enough to make us sweat," said a banker.

"Yes, sir," the superintendent went on. "She's cost this company the services of three of the best skippers that ever took a ship out of her berth."

"I remember we fired Slocum after that Yokohama fiasco," murmured another director.

"And it wasn't Slocum's fault," said the superintendent slowly; "no more than it was Harrison's fault that the Melville went on the reef at Honolulu. You fired Harrison, after being master ten years and never having an accident. Then Martin lost his ticket because of the collision with the Inyo. It wasn't Martin's fault."

"I don't recall whom we discharged for doing all that damage to the drydock with her," said the lumberman.

"You've got to fire me for that," said the elderly superintendent. "I was in charge of the Melville at the time."

In the silence that followed this bluff statement the president resumed his glasses and studied his papers.

"I've Found Out One Thing About This Old Girl. She Likes to Go!"

A vague smile hovered about the corners of his mouth. He did not lift his eyes when a director remarked in a keen voice:

"I am in the dark. Will you please explain to me, Mr. Superintendent, why it is that this company is unable to find a master for the Melville? Have we no seamen?"

The old man's face took on a deeper flush.

"We've seamen as good as any, sir," he muttered. "I myself never had an accident in forty years till that blasted steamer nosed into the concrete and bit out a steel gate like a mouse in a cheese."

"You can't tell me that a first-class man can't handle a first-class ship," snapped the director. "What this company needs is new blood."

The ex-cattleman shook his head.

"I reckon the Melville is just an outlaw," he said gently. He turned his blue eyes on the superintendent. "Do you think you know of any fellow who might take that ship and make her behave?" he drawled.

"Not I," was the prompt answer. "You couldn't get a captain for her on the Coast. With three men out of a job on account of her no man in his senses is going to risk his own certificate and his reputation and his living on her. I don't want ever to see her again!"

"Can you give me any notion of just what is the matter with this ship?" continued the cattleman gently.

"I don't know," was the slow response. "She won't handle, sir. She is crazy! Just goes her own way spite of helm and engines. Old Harrison told me she went on the reef down at Honolulu after he'd tried for half an hour to keep her off. Just took a sheer and went ashore. Lay her up, sir," he burst out, "or she'll be the death of us all!"

"I think we had better sell her if she is going to demoralize our employees this way," said a sharp voice.

"You can't sell her," said the president with a grin. "Nobody would take her as a gift!"

A new silence followed this, and the chairman resumed his scrutiny of the papers before him. Suddenly the cattleman spoke out.

"I always like to bet against myself," he remarked slowly. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll buy that Melville ship from the company and run her myself if you will charter her from me on a cargo basis."

"I must insist that we have no further responsibility or liability," said the president.

"You can fix that to suit yourself," answered the cattleman. "I'll give you two hundred thousand dollars for her."

"Mr. Snowden," remarked a banker, "I think you ought to pay more than that."

"That's my price for her," drawled his fellow director. "And from what I've heard today I think it's a little above what you ought to expect."

The superintendent cleared his throat.

"It's none of my business, Mr. Snowden," he rumbled; "but I wouldn't have that ship at any price, sir."

"Oh, I reckon I'll risk it, captain," was the response. "Now do you gentlemen wish to sell her to me for two hundred thousand dollars?"

"I do," said the chairman fervently.

"I move you ——" began a banker, and in two minutes the Melville was duly sold to John Snowden and $434,768.15 was ordered charged off to profit and loss. "And may we never have such a proposition on our hands again!" ejaculated the president.

The meeting over, John Snowden walked out of the boardroom, his felt hat on the back of his head. He stopped a moment in the superintendent's office.

"Say, captain," he remarked gently, leaning over that officer's desk, "what's the matter with that vessel anyway?"

The grizzled seaman looked up.

"If I were a younger man I'd find out," he replied. "But ——"

"Sure," said Snowden easily. "We need you here. I reckon I can find some one to take charge of her. If I can't I'll run her myself." He grinned suddenly at the older man's blank face.

"But you're no sailor," rumbled the captain.

"I haven't had any real fun for fifteen years," Snowden went on thoughtfully. "And this looks to me like a heap o' fun." He walked out, leaving the superintendent to stare after him.

For a week John Snowden might have been seen loafing round the San Francisco water-front, soft felt hat tilted on his head, a cigar between his teeth and an expression of good humor on every feature. At times he would walk down a pier and watch a ship warp in, or riggers at work far up among the lofty spars of a sailing vessel. Now and then he would go aboard of some likely looking steamship and ask for the captain. Sometimes he would merely introduce himself and chat a moment; at other times he would invite the skipper to lunch and there gently pump him as to the Melville. Meanwhile that craft rode to her anchor off Mission Rock in charge of a watchman.

Twice Snowden broached the subject of a job on the Melville to master mariners who took his eye. Both times he was given to understand that no captain in his senses would touch the brute. After the last rebuff he smiled more warmly than ever and said to himself: "This is going to be fun."

Gradually he abandoned the big steamers and began to keep a keen eye on the tugs that went in and out on their business. He became a familiar figure at the piers where the boats lay with steam up, and his cigars gained a reputation among the hardworked superintendents and wharfingers. He spent two weeks watching the mates and skippers, took one trip outside to see how they managed to get hold of big sailing ships and tow them in, and then dropped into

an office on East Street and asked for Captain Gaines. A tall, lanky man of thirty came out of an inside room and shook hands with him.

"Anything you want me for, Mr. Snowden?" he asked, brushing his curly hair back under his cap.

"Yes," said the ex-cattleman. "I want you to take charge of a steamer of mine."

"My word!" said the young captain. "Didn't know you needed me in the big line."

"I'm not getting skippers for the company," Snowden remarked, offering Gaines a cigar. "I'm looking for a master for a vessel of my own. I'd like mighty well to have you take her."

Gaines smiled.

"I certainly thought you were going to offer me that Melville," he remarked. "I understand that your company has offered her to everybody except myself and the watchman on the dock."

"It is the Melville," Snowden drawled, puffing at his cigar. "I bought her from the company."

The young man's smile broadened into a grin.

"Say, Mr. Snowden, are you a kind of marine Salvation Army? Do you really know the reputation of that packet? She's supposed to be a lost soul, all right."

"So I'm told," Snowden went on; "but I generally like to have something to occupy my mind, and I've had mighty little to do for a long while. I kind of thought the Melville would keep me busy."

"You know I've got a pretty nice little tug," Gaines remarked.

"It is a nice little tug," Snowden agreed; "but it's only a tug. The Melville is some bigger."

"Some bigger!" Gaines snorted. "She's a good eight thousand tons, that Melville is—of wickedness!"

"Maybe she's never been handled right," the cattleman suggested.

"You've had three of the best men on the Pacific in her," was the crisp answer.

"I'd really like you to take her," Snowden insisted gently. "She'll be under charter to our company and all that. Only I own her and I'm responsible if she misbehaves. I have a notion that ship ain't ever been really taken charge of. She's young and sort of skittish ——"

"Skittish!" exclaimed the tugboat captain. "My word! Look what she's done the last year!"

Snowden's voice suddenly became incisive.

"Will you go as captain of her?"

"How much time have I got to think it over?" said Gaines, also dropping his languor.

"Three minutes," was the reply.

Gaines relaxed.

"Oh, if you put it that way, what's the use of discussing it? I'll go."

"Come on," said Snowden.

"Wait a moment until I throw up my job," was the response. "I'll be back in five minutes."

At the end of that time Gaines came out of the inside room with his cap gone and replaced by a hat.

"The boss told me I was crazy," he remarked as they passed out into the street.

"They intimated to me that I was kind of insane to buy the ship," Snowden returned.

"Say, Captain, What's the Matter With That Vessel Anyway?"

"Well," said Gaines capably, "let's go and have a look at her. Maybe we can make the old girl behave herself. We'll get a launch at Peterson's and run up."

That night a launch deposited two dirty and tired men at the foot of Mission Street. As they stretched their legs across the planks Snowden remarked:

"Is she in good shape?"

"Everything has been done except to cure her bad temper," Gaines replied. "That's up to me. My word!" He shook his lanky figure and met his employer's eyes. "I appreciate your giving me the job," he said simply.

"And you can have her ready for cargo by the first of the week?" Snowden inquired with a slight wave of the hand.

"Sure. I'll get a crew tomorrow and berth her wherever you say on Monday morning. Now I must go down and get my stuff off the tug. Good night!"

Snowden walked to his rooms, changed his clothes, ate a hearty supper and then took a car out to the home of the president of the California and Far Eastern. When he had been welcomed by three children he retired with his host into a den.

"Can you give me a cargo on Monday morning for the Melville, Sinclair?" he asked.

"Sure. But how in the dickens did you ever find a master for her?"

"Oh, I've been looking round and I came across a young fellow running a tug who struck me as about the man I was after. I offered him the job and he took it. Just let him know what pier you want him to berth her at on Monday morning."

Sinclair glanced at his associate and smiled.

"It's your funeral," he remarked. "But I tell you I'm glad the Melville isn't on my conscience any more." His tone fell into earnestness. "And remember, old man, that the Melville may break you. Just be ready to stand from under when she begins to pile the charges up on you. The man doesn't live who has money enough to finance a hoodoo ship."

Snowden grinned.

"I expect to make my everlasting fortune out of her."

"We've got six thousand tons of freight for the Columbia River ready for her," Sinclair added. "And you can bring wheat down. Have you a good man for her?"

"I'll trust him," said Snowden quietly.

On Monday morning the ex-cattleman stood on the end of a pier and watched six tugs trying to get the Melville into her berth. He could see the slim figure of Gaines on the bridge and hear the hoarse yells of tugboat masters as the great hull refused to respond to their exertions. Twice her sheer bows loomed up over the big sheds piled high with precious freight and twice the tugs dragged her away just in time. For a full five minutes the Melville lay in the fairway, held between wind and tide. Then a whirl of white water foamed up under her high stern, and Snowden heard the hoarse voice of the old superintendent in his ear.

"You'd better come back with me, sir, Mr. Snowden!" he growled. "That packet will sure fetch this pier clean away! What kind of a fool have you got for a captain? Look at him! Say, he'll do a hundred thousand dollars' worth of damage in the next five minutes!"

Snowden shook his head and watched the great mass swing slowly and forge ahead. He heard the shout of a tugboat man, a scream of impotent rage from the superintendent who now danced agilely on the edge of the planks and waved frantic arms. Then he heard the screech of taut hawsers as the six tugs backed furiously. A moment later the lofty stem slipped into the opening of the slip and nosed gently toward and along the fender piles. A heaving line thumped behind him. He saw wire cables spin out from the steamer on every side. He looked up and saw Gaines smiling down at him. The Melville was safe in her berth. The superintendent was wiping his forehead with a red handkerchief and staring into his hat.

For five days the freight poured into the big hatches of the Melville while Snowden either loafed about the captain's quarters or sunned himself on the pier. The night of the fifth day Gaines came into his cabin.

"We're all ready for sea," he remarked. "And that coastwise trip to the Columbia River will certainly prove whether this packet is to be handled or not. My word!"

Snowden answered his grin and said:

"I'm going up with you."

"Want to see just how the old girl behaves?"

(Continued on Page 64)

It Took Fifteen Minutes to Straighten the Vessel Out for the Channel

PLAYS THAT ALMOST FAIL

By JOHN CORBIN

TWO voices may be heard almost any time in the world of the American drama. One is the voice of the manager who loudly proclaims that he is not to blame for the quality of his productions—that he can give the public only as good as the public will take. The other is the voice of the playgoer, and it murmurs multitudinously that if things keep on as they are he will no longer be a playgoer. A third voice has been heard in the past two seasons. Again it is the voice of the manager; but this time it is as still and small as if it were the voice of his conscience. It whispers that business is rotten—that it takes a nimbler hand to tag a real dollar than to put salt on the tail of a real eagle. Strange paradox! The public refuses to take plays that are only as good as the public will take. And so there are murmurs in the auditorium, lamentations in the desolate solitude of the box-office, and in the frigid region behind the curtain there are tears.

Whence the agony? It comes from many sources—among them the overbuilding of theaters and the overproduction of plays, the undercasting of parts and the underrehearsing of performances. These shortcomings are merely mechanical. He who runs from the theater may read them. And he who runs the theater must find the remedy. But there is one source of trouble, and it is by far the most important, which is obscurely hidden from all but the most thoughtful observers. And the remedy will have to be found by the public. In point of fact, a movement in the right direction is under way in many widely scattered theatrical centers—a movement that, if it succeeds, will give every community, however small, a voice in determining what plays shall come to it, and will make it, so to speak, a local censor of the drama. But first we must recognize the obscure problem that the movement is attempting to solve. A bit of recent biography will put us on the trail of it.

The Great Divide on the Great White Way

TWO young playwrights a few years ago were trying out on the road the latest offspring of their muses in the hope of getting them through to Broadway. One of them was a poet of distinction—perhaps the most vigorous and authentic talent of the present generation. He had been a professor of English in a large university; but he hated the life—said there was "no greater hell on earth"—and had cut loose from his job and his salary in the hope of being able to spend all his energy in creative work. His play had been produced in a Western city and had been indulgently characterized as rather shocking melodrama for a professor. In the cities on the way East it had been denounced as violent, sensational, immoral. Washington found it all of these things and more. Apparently it was all up with the aspirations of the poet-professor turned playwright. His comrade's play, which had also reached the capital, was a little drama of the Civil War, clever and graceful—of the kind that had succeeded many times, has succeeded since and will no doubt succeed many times more. It was pleasantly received and had every prospect of a run on Broadway and a very profitable tour of the country. The poet-dramatist conquered his gloom sufficiently to go to his rival's play and to grin as he congratulated the successful man.

But the end was not yet. It so happened that the professor's managers, Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, had leased a Broadway theater, and that the second string to their bow could not be licked into shape for production short of a week. So the much-condemned piece was put on as a stop-gap and the unhappy author faced a metropolitan drubbing, beside which all other drubbings are lovetaps. He faced it as pluckily as he could—and his play was acclaimed as few plays have ever been acclaimed on Broadway. It was found to possess that rarest of all combinations, intensely dramatic vigor and subtle, momentous meaning. It was a big play and an intimately American play. It stood in a very small class at the top of our dramatic output. In short, it was The Great Divide, by the late William Vaughn Moody. The other play, so successful on its preliminary tour, was tepidly received and was presently heard of no more.

The Great Divide ran two whole seasons on Broadway. The word went along the Great White Way that the mountain system from which the play took its title was a mole-hill compared to the weekly divide in the box-office. And that was only the beginning of the play's popularity. The road that had scorned it, denounced it on its preliminary tour, fell for it completely after its New York success. It received the final hallmark of popularity in local stock companies—"twice a day and every week"—rising even to the altitudes of "the ten-twenty-thirts." The play that would probably have been dead and done for if its managers had had anything to put on in place of it established them in the front rank of artistic producers; and it made Mr. Moody independent—enabled him to give himself wholly to the work of his heart. His recent death put an end to splendid possibilities.

The most extraordinary thing about this experience is that to those who are familiar with the inner workings of the paradoxical world of the theater there is nothing at all strange in it. In a measure it is typical. In one way or another a good majority of our most popular plays have almost as narrowly escaped an untimely drop into the pit of oblivion. Here are a few among innumerable cases of the kind.

The press representative of one of the leading managers had written a brief sketch for a vaudeville performer. It presented a chorus-girl character—not the pampered reveler in lobster palaces, the perfumed darling of stage-door millionaires, but the hard-working young woman, struggling honorably against odds, as so many girls do, to make her own living. It was full of strong and sympathetic feeling and racy stage slang. It made a great hit. The next step was to expand it into a full evening's entertainment. The author did so, but the "great scene of the third act" was forced and conventional. The success of the play was so strictly qualified that many a manager would have withdrawn it. This is the early history of The Chorus Lady. When some one suggested to the author that it would have stood a better chance if the title had sounded less like the title of a musical comedy a wistful look came into Mr. Forbes' eyes. His manager, however, Mr. Henry B. Harris, felt that there was a new note in the play and that the personality of Miss Rose Stahl was of a fresh and broadly popular quality; and so he stood behind the production. By slow, very slow, degrees the receipts picked up. And then one day Mr. Forbes and Miss Stahl awoke to find themselves on the pinnacle of fame.

In a young woman who was playing leading parts with John Drew, Mr. Charles Frohman thought he discerned the qualities of a popular star. He secured from a leading English novelist the dramatization of one of his stories. In Washington the production was a failure. New York took to the play, and so we have Maude Adams and The Little Minister. The story of Shenandoah is similar. It quite failed when produced at the Boston Museum; but the Frohmans got behind it and it became the most popular—indeed, the only permanently popular—drama of our Civil War. When Mr. Daniel Frohman produced Hazel Kirke in Philadelphia it played to thirteen hundred dollars for two weeks. After its New York success it returned to Philadelphia for another two weeks—and played to thirteen thousand dollars.

PHOTO BY HALL, NEW YORK
The People's Institute Kept Peter Pan From Starving

Now what is the meaning of this sort of thing? To return to The Great Divide—had the public of the road, which condemned it at first sight, developed second sight? Had it been converted by the New York criticisms fortified so that it could take the theme of the play without shock, enlightened so that it could read the play's deeper meanings? The critics themselves would be the first to disclaim such credit—for themselves or for the public of the road.

Is it that there are excellent plays that fail of a hearing, plays that should have cheered the heart of the great public? It has often been said that there are—and especially by unproduced playwrights! Perhaps there are a few such plays, but they are very, very few; and here I speak out of some experience, for it lately fell to my lot to read virtually all the unproduced plays that were in circulation during two solid years. The demand is so great that sooner or later really able pieces gain a hearing.

Paradoxes of the Playhouse

IT IS quite obvious, however, that play-writing is the most precarious of all professions. Many plays die on the road or die in New York for no better reasons than those that were alleged against The Great Divide. Except for a happy accident Mr. Moody's name would now be added to the long list of distinguished men of letters who have miserably failed as dramatists; and, man of genius though he was, he would have died a failure financially. It has lately been said on authority that no man is justified in writing plays who has not an independent income. There may be truth in this; but the applicability of the truth is diminished by the fact that there are few if any among our successful dramatists who have had independent incomes—that is, before they began writing plays. But at best they have suffered the ordeal by frost and fire—and especially the ordeal by frost. Unquestionably the hardships of beginning account in some measure for the fact that it is impossible to keep our many playhouses properly supplied. But the significant thing about experiences such as I have cited is not the narrowness of the escapes, but the completeness of the ultimate triumph. And here we strike the trail of the obscure and mysterious source we are seeking.

Again the theatrical paradox! From the point of view of the playgoer the trouble with universally popular plays is that to a very large element in every audience they are distasteful. As a rule, in such cases the Broadway success has no substantial merit—is a flashy, meretricious product of the Tenderloin. The American public is essentially a serious and an intelligent public; and it comes away from such plays with a sense of having been betrayed. Examples of this sort of thing are too numerous and too painful to be recorded here. It sometimes happens, however, that a very good play succeeds in New York that the public as a

PHOTO BY HALL, NEW YORK
Forbes-Robertson Frankly Confessed That He Brought Out The Passing of the Third Floor Back Because He Had Nothing Else

whole is not prepared to appreciate. Once more we hark back to The Great Divide.

The last time I saw this play it was given in the Academy of Music in New York a huge theater far downtown that was once the home of grand opera, but is now given over to popular drama. The auditorium was almost full, but a practiced eye could note that a large part of the audience was mystified, restless, inwardly rebellious. A man in the gallery gave voice to their mood. Inexperienced in the artistic drama, he had mistaken the hero for the villain; and all he could make of the rather contemptible brother of the troubled heroine was that he should have been the hero. He rose in his wrath and loudly exhorted the brother: "Shoot him! Shoot him!" Now the man whose life he demanded was not only the hero, but the star and the manager to boot. Mr. Henry Miller strode before the curtain, and his visage was such that the silence of awe fell upon the multitude. It is a pity that the critics of the preliminary road tour were not there to make note of what Mr. Miller said. Taking the gun-play advocate as representing all that is dull and vile in the great American public, he told it what he thought of it.

PHOTO. BY BANGHY, NEW YORK

Margaret Anglin, Who Made a Success of The Great Divide After Its Near-Failure on the Road

Personally, though I have always been an admirer of Mr. Moody, as also of Mr. Miller, my sympathies were all with the *vox populi* in the top gallery—who by this time had landed in Fourteenth Street. What business had The Great Divide in that Circus Maximus of melodrama? The people in it are real people; and, though the story of this play has its beginning in an act of drunken violence, the motives that dominate thereafter are intimately true to normal life. The moral standards of the play are so advanced that a good half even of the thinking public have not yet caught up with them. But the devil of publicity had gone up and down in the land proclaiming that the play was a huge success, and so, whether it liked it or not, the great public flocked to it.

Here we are, then, at the source of so much trouble—the devil of publicity. He is as obscure, this devil, as the air we breathe, which no man has ever seen. And the reason why New York is so powerful in its judgments is that he makes his headquarters there. The metropolitan papers have a very wide out-of-town circulation. More than that, they are carefully followed, if only for the news in them, by dramatic critics throughout the land. Most of the great dailies in other cities publish theatrical correspondence from New York. Many of the magazines publish theatrical articles monthly, and these are written from the viewpoint of Broadway. It is an axiom of the theatrical business that what New York thinks on Tuesday will be thought by the whole country on Sunday.

You Never Can Tell

STRICTLY speaking, this is not true. Certain cities—as, for example, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco—take a special delight in attacking the metropolitan judgment and often succeed in turning down a Broadway success. Elsewhere it may be doubted whether there is much effective thinking of any kind in matters of the drama. What counts is not the quality of the play, but the fact that it is successful. When a piece fails on Broadway, or is known to be fighting for life, the rest of the land keeps silence. It is not good policy for out-of-town papers and magazines to give space to it, for the chances are that by the time the letter or article appears the piece will be dead. But when a play succeeds, for whatever reason, accounts of what it is about, together with the photographs of the actors, come out everywhere. It does not much matter whether the play is praised or blamed, it is advertised. The pugilistic hero of Augustus Thomas' comedy, The Other Girl, put the case very pithily: "Anything them newspaper fellers say about you, good or bad, helps you in your business."

The simple fact is that the manager aims to produce, not the best the public will take, but the play, whatever its quality, that seems most likely to win instant and wide publicity. For him there is only one public, and his aim is to stampede it like a flock of sheep. It does not matter—or, what amounts to the same thing, he thinks it does not matter—that in the end a large part of the flock finds out that it has been trimmed. It has run the way he wanted it to run, and he has the fleeces.

As a consequence no play, however excellent artistically, has any charm for him if in theme or in treatment it seems unlikely to win a good majority of the critics and the public. Great as is the number of plays that have been jeopardied by lack of critical recognition, the number of those that have been held back by the timidity of the managers is far greater. Here again I cite a few of many instances.

For years an English playwright had prospered by writing the sort of play the public wants—which means, of course, the sort of play the managers think it wants. He had done this very ably and had won his way to the top of his profession. At heart, however, he was a very serious observer of life, a keen, uncompromising realist. He used his independence to write a play to please himself. It centered in a woman of the underworld. Up to that time the managers had held that such women were possible on the stage only when they were shown as finally repentant. A moralist who had only the contemporary drama to judge by would have concluded that the wage of sin is salvation. Our playwright knew better. He knew, as all thinking men had known from the beginning of time, that the logical, the natural end of a life of shame is a shameful death, and he wrote a tragedy to exhibit the fact. Both in England and America his managers, though they conceded the power and the truth of the play, felt that the public would say, in its favorite parrot phrases, that the play "leaves a bad taste in the mouth," that "there is enough of the sordid and ugly in life without paying to see more of it in the theater." Both Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Daniel Frohman offered to give the piece in a series of special matinées, and the unhappy author consented, though he must have known that of all the many engines of sudden death in the theater an obscure, fitful and half-hearted production is the speediest. Again chance came to the rescue. The run of Liberty Hall, in which Mr. George Alexander was playing, gave signs of a collapse, and having no more fitting successor for that play of airy mirth he decided to put on the tragedy of sin and perdition. The best actress he could secure for the leading part was a young lady who had given up society for the stage and was appearing at the Adelphi in bowwow melodrama. And so the world was given The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

The sequel was even more significant. Finding that redemption was not necessary, the managers concluded that the public liked its erring ladies as bold and bad as possible. And so we had the well-remembered epidemic of women with a past. One critic, bursting into rhyme, called them:

—long parades
Of Arthur Wing
Pinero jades.

It presently became evident, however, that what had taken the public in Pinero's tragedy was not the fact that it "had no redemption," but the fact that it was a superlatively able play affording a rare opportunity for the actress.

The second result was that Pinero was encouraged to attempt not the best the public would take, but his own best. And so we have had Iris, Letty, His House in Order, The Thunderbolt, and Mid-Channel. Some of these have not greatly interested the public, and they are, indeed, a rather somber and austere collection. They have, however, revealed to us the deepest and truest mood of their author; they are genuine works of art, and the literature of our stage is richer for them.

The story of the arrival of Bernard Shaw is similar. He may have stretched the truth when he declared that the causes nearest his heart were atheism, anarchy and vegetarianism; but at best he was the very antithesis of everything the managers had found to be popular. Supporting himself by dramatic criticism, he used his leisure moments, while riding on the tops of omnibuses, to write half a dozen plays, none of which was regularly produced. Most of these were typical Shaw extravagances; but one of them, You Never Can Tell, was a deliberate effort to please the taste of the fashionable London amusement seeker. It was put in rehearsal by Cyril Maude—and was taken out of rehearsal because Mrs. Maude threw up her part. The turning point in Shaw's career as a playwright was when Candida was produced in New York for a single matinée, which exhausted the entire capital of the producer, Mr. Arnold Daly. In the same week two gorgeous spectacular affairs were produced, each one of which must have cost upward of fifty thousand dollars. Against the loud protests of the managers of these two plays the critics would write of nothing but Shaw and Candida. With the aid of Mr. Winchell Smith, who has since become famous as author of The Fortune Hunter, Mr. Daly secured enough money for another matinée, and another. And so the Shaw craze was upon us. Plays that had lain for years in the dust of managerial shelves were produced with almost unvarying success, You Never Can Tell justifying its title by being one of the most fortunate. The public does not yet want atheism, anarchy and vegetarianism, and it has no particular interest in socialism or any other of the extreme and often preposterous ideas that are actually to be found in the Shaw plays; but it does want its entertainments to entertain and its novelties to be novel—a fact that apparently had escaped managerial observation.

A Rule-of-Thumb for Genius

OUR own leading playwrights have had similar experiences. After eight years of poverty, which did not stop short of cold and hunger, Clyde Fitch wrote Nathan Hale. This play was refused by all the regular managers. The hero was a spy and the heroine was unsympathetic—each of which facts was sufficient in their eyes to condemn a play. As a last resort he took it to Nat Goodwin, whom he found in his dressing room; and, gaining permission to read it, he then and there locked himself in and read it to the defenseless comedian with a fervor born of hunger and despair. His spy-hero had the further disadvantage of being played by a light comedian and his unsympathetic heroine was played by an inexperienced girl, Maxine Elliott. But there was something new and interesting in the play, and it opened the doors to one of the most successful careers of our time.

None the less, when Mr. Fitch wrote The Climbers he ran against precisely the same sort of managerial rule-of-thumb. One manager put the case in a nutshell. The public, he said, would not stand for a comedy that began with a funeral and ended with a suicide. Again Mr. Fitch appealed from the managers. Amelia Bingham had

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PHOTO. BY BANGHY, NEW YORK

Ethel Barrymore in Mid-Channel

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The Trust Muddle

THE first important prosecution under the Sherman Act was aimed at the Sugar Trust and the Government was defeated. Referring to that adverse decision in his report for 1895, Attorney-General Harmon said:

"Combinations and monopolies, therefore, though they may unlawfully control production and prices of articles in general use, cannot be reached under this law merely because they are combinations and monopolies, nor because they engage in interstate commerce." The following year he said:

"The restricted scope of the provisions of this law as construed by the courts, especially in the case of United States versus Knight Company—the Sugar Trust case—makes amendment necessary if any effective action is expected from this department."

In the opinion of so able a lawyer as Judge Harmon, then, the Sherman Act, as interpreted by the court in 1895, was quite powerless against the Trusts.

There followed the Trans-Missouri Freight and the Northern Securities decisions, which seemed to many able lawyers—including the late Justice Harlan and several judges of Federal circuit courts—to bring every combination in restraint of trade under the ban of the act. Then followed the Standard Oil decision, in which, by the light of reason, only unreasonable combinations were banned. At present, as Richard Olney recently declared, combinations which carry on a large part of the country's business can never know whether they are legal or illegal until the Supreme Court, in the course of years, gets round to their particular case.

This twenty-year muddle must end sometime. We doubt that Congress, however fixed its intentions may be, can get through the next session without taking up this Trust question and attempting to discharge its long-neglected duty in regard to it. The differently interpreted Sherman Act, which may be interpreted some other way next year, is impossible.

What Next for Steel?

THE Steel Trust in its present form is a child of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. In 1897 the Supreme Court refused to read the word "unreasonable" into that statute, saying: "If the act ought to read as contended for by the defendants Congress is the body to amend it and not this court by a process of judicial legislation wholly unjustifiable."

Writing in the Yale Law Journal two years ago, G. H. Montague said: "The immediate result of this decision was a rush to consolidation in every branch of industry. If contracts, associations and loose combinations restraining trade in the slightest degree were illegal, the corporation lawyers reasoned, then such associations should be abandoned for consolidation under single ownership in holding corporations. Gigantic holding corporations were formed on every hand. Before 1897 there existed scarcely sixty concerns that were dominant in their respective trades. During the next three years a hundred and eighty-three such corporations were organized, with a capitalization of over four billion dollars," followed in 1901 by the Steel Corporation, with a capitalization of a billion four hundred million dollars, over half of which, according to the Commissioner of Corporations, was water.

If the steel industry had been permitted to combine in a normal way, by open contracts and association subject to governmental inspection, as it did combine in Germany, this huge stock inflation and the subsequent manipulation of the shares upon the Stock Exchange would have been avoided. In ten years the inflated stock has been more and more widely distributed until it is now held by more than a hundred thousand persons.

Now the Government demands that the Steel Trust unscramble itself. What legal devices, reorganization plans, stock jugglings and Wall Street underwritings may follow we do not know; but when the smoke has cleared away the Trust will be substantially where it was before and it will be found that the real slaughter was confined to innocent bystanders.

Eating the Children

SWIFT'S modest proposal that the poor of Ireland ought to eat their younger offspring, thereby at once both increasing the scant supply of food and diminishing the number of mouths to be fed, has generally been regarded as a terrible satire. We don't know, however, but there are some very respectable persons now living who would ponder the proposal in all seriousness and rather incline to the opinion that it was not without merit.

Legislative halls and lobbies in the South this year have resounded with some solemn warnings against child-labor laws, which Swift might have adapted to his modest proposal. In Georgia, where factory employment of children under twelve years of age was permitted and the children's work-schedule was sixty-six hours a week, two bills proposing only slight ameliorations were bitterly opposed by manufacturers.

"I have been to New England and I know how these laws have hurt them. If you want to ruin Georgia just adopt the same kind of laws they have got there!" said one enlightened employer of children. Another held up the dire threat that, if children under twelve were kept out of the mills and the workday reduced to ten hours, the manufacture of cotton in the state would be reduced by a hundred and fifty thousand bales annually. Similar bills in other states provoked similar wails.

No doubt manufacturers can make some money by employing operatives in pinafores and working them for hours that would tire a robust adult. The mill-owners don't quite ask that children be served on their tables, but they demand them as food for their mills with an unblushing earnestness that brings Swift's satire uncomfortably near home.

Socialists in Office

WRITING in the Journal of Political Economy on The Rising Tide of Socialism, Professor Robert F. Hoxie finds that the number of Socialists elected to and now holding office in the United States is not less than four hundred and thirty-five—chiefly as follows: one Congressman; one state senator; sixteen state representatives; twenty-eight mayors, village presidents and township chairmen; one hundred and sixty-seven aldermen, councilors and village trustees; sixty-two school officers; twenty-three city or town clerks and treasurers. The remainder are sheriffs, coroners, supervisors, and so on. These Socialists were elected in one hundred and sixty municipalities or election districts, scattered in thirty-three states, Milwaukee being the only large city they have won.

This roster of Socialist officeholders is interesting. Theoretically Socialism is the most ambitious of political programs, involving nothing short of a whole-nation-wide—or worldwide—revolution; but, except a solitary Congressman and seventeen members of state legislatures, Socialists so far have been elected only to local offices, and those usually of an administrative rather than legislative nature—elected, that is, not to bring in a brand-new, all-embracing revolutionary program, but to work the lumbering old bourgeois machine in a little honester, more intelligent, kindlier manner perhaps than some Republican or Democrat would work it.

Designing a new world is more fascinating than scrubbing off some small particular dirtspot on the old one—but less practical.

What Income Should be Taxed?

UNDER the new Wisconsin law, which goes into effect next year, incomes above eight hundred dollars a year as to single persons and twelve hundred as to married persons are taxed; but for each child in the family under eighteen years of age, or other dependent, there is a further exemption of two hundred dollars. For an average family, then, the tax begins when the income reaches sixteen or eighteen hundred dollars. It is one per cent on the first thousand dollars above the exemptions, increasing a quarter of one per cent on each additional thousand up to five thousand; then increasing one-half of one per cent up to twelve thousand. Above that it is six per cent. This is intended to supplant the farcical personal-property tax; and any personal-property tax that a citizen pays is deducted from his income tax.

This Wisconsin law is interesting, because sooner or later—sooner, probably, rather than later—the income tax will be a permanent feature of our revenue system, and all of us enjoying incomes above a certain amount will be subject to it. The first question is, What income should be taxed?

The exemption is small in Wisconsin. The Federal law of 1894 began with incomes above four thousand dollars; but there was no abatement, of course, on account of any personal-property tax paid by the incomeholder. Under the Wisconsin law a man, with wife and two children, whose income is three hundred dollars a month would pay twenty-two dollars and a half—roughly one-third of one week's income—which is not an excessive contribution to the public purse.

This is the fairest form of taxation yet devised, for under it a man pays more nearly according to his ability to pay. Thus a married man pays less than a single man; a married man supporting children pays less than one supporting none; one whose income exceeds his reasonable needs pays more proportionately than one whose income is below that point.

Germany's Rise

WHEN some millions of Emperor William's present subjects were born, Germany, industrially speaking, was still in the Middle Ages. Roughly, sixty years ago there were only two thousand steam engines, developing forty-three thousand horsepower, in Prussia, against five thousand in England nearly half a century earlier; industrial wage-earners were only three per cent of the total population and Germany's industrial output was only half that of France. The fee for forwarding a letter within the confines of Prussia rose as high as forty cents and post-offices were open only on certain days in the week. Ten years after Great Britain had introduced uniform penny postage, only three letters a year for each inhabitant passed through the Prussian post-office. Capital and banking were so little known that the number of persons employed in handling money and credit in Prussia was only eighteen hundred, comprising, in round numbers, six hundred principals and two assistants to a principal. Even in comparatively rich Frankfort, porters trundling boxes and barrels of silver money were a very common street sight. During a quarter of a century the total capital of all joint-stock companies formed in Prussia was under a hundred and thirty million dollars. Of the small amount of iron used in Germany, over half was imported from England.

Sixty years ago, in short, Germany had barely recovered from the appalling devastation of the Thirty Years' War of two centuries before, in which something like two-thirds of the people and of the dwellings were destroyed and three-fourths of the land relapsed to a wild state. Industrially the rise of the United States is less remarkable than the tremendous expansion of Germany within a lifetime. A generation of peace, following the fall of Napoleon, prepared the way for this expansion, and the consolidation of the country in a tariff union, with free trade among the various states, gave a powerful impetus.

The Wage Problem

A CAREFUL study of the best available evidence suggests that in a normal year one-half of the adult male wage-earners east of the Rockies and north of the Ohio get less than five hundred dollars each, and three-fourths of them less than six hundred dollars; while three-fifths of the adult female wage-earners get less than three hundred and twenty-five dollars. This calculation embraces an immense number of persons—literally millions. The sums named do not represent a decent living for free and industrious inhabitants of the richest country in the world in a prosperous time.

Unquestionably, as a general statement, wages ought to be higher; but where is the additional money to come from? Some industries that pay the lowest wages yield only a moderate return upon the capital employed; and if the price of the products is enhanced in order that wages may be increased what will the people who already complain of high prices say to that?

There is a huge maladjustment here. Socialists think they know how to cure it, but they are only a handful and other people prefer the disease to their remedy.

Certainly competition is not the cure, for competition usually is the cause of low wages and low return upon the capital.

One point is clear: If a great number of industrious people are unable to get a decent living in normally prosperous times, as a country we are still considerable of a failure.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Hope of St. Joe

LOOKING at the matter in the cold light of reason, there is about as much apparent connection between a bluebottle fly and a psychological moment as there is between a wimple and a huckleberry pie. And yet—and y-e-t—you never can tell!

Let us probe, for the moment, into the case of Herbert S. Hadley, the first Republican governor of Grand Old Missouri—"thar she stands!"—in forty years; which fact, the crusted and crusty old-style Democrats of that impatient and imperious commonwealth declare, is responsible for the decrease in rural population noted by the latest census; but that is a purely scientific line of thought. Our investigations shall pursue the psychological trend.

They were holding a Republican State Convention at St. Joseph, Missouri, on July 28, 1904. Those of you who have been in St. Joe, Missouri, on any July twenty-eighth within the limits of recorded time need not be told what kind of a day July twenty-eighth always is in St. Joe, Missouri. To all others I casually remark that any July twenty-eighth in St. Joe, Missouri, could and can make any selected twenty-four hours of equatorial Africa seem like the period Peary—or was it Cook?—spent at the Pole.

They were holding a Republican State Convention in St. Joseph—a formality indulged in from time to time for the purpose of identifying those sterling patriots throughout the state who held the post-offices and other Federal jobs with the National Administration and the Grand Old Party, and not with the slightest hope of putting anything over in the shape of state officials. They were holding a Republican State Convention in St. Joseph on said date, and St. Joe was running true to form as regards heat.

The Republican leaders, by dint of gagging and chloroforming and bludgeoning, had forced several protesting citizens to take nominations for all the state offices, from governor down, except for attorney-general. That place was open. One young man wanted it, but he wouldn't do, even in a year so hopeless as this, when Joe Folk was running for governor on the Democratic ticket. The weather was hot, the hall was hotter and the delegates were hotter still. They wanted to get out, to go away from there; and they grew impatient at the leaders, who were hesitating about putting up a man for attorney-general.

"Dodgast it!" gasped the delegates. "Put up somebody—anybody—and let's get outen here!"

Desperate and hot, the leaders sent Homer Mann, a Kansas City orator and politician, up to the platform and told him to make a speech nominating a candidate for attorney-general. The leaders said they would hand Homer the name later and went to the rear of the hall to consult. Homer took off his collar—he had taken off his coat previously—and went at it. For five minutes he dwelt on the qualities desired in the next attorney-general of Missouri, all the time keeping an anxious eye on the consulting leaders at the rear of the hall. When Homer had finished with his recital of the virtues required he had no name; so he thrust his hand through his matted hair, shook his fist at the leaders and began again. This time he described the perfect creature he had in mind for the nomination. To hear Homer tell it, his candidate was a whale. He had old Mr. Blackstone and old Mr. Kent at sea in a storm, in a leaky rowboat without any oars.

When Homer Saw Herbert

"THIS man," yelled Homer, stepping aside so he wouldn't get his feet wet in the perspiration that was dripping from him to the floor—"This man, than whom, I may say, there is no greater, no more rising, no more popular, no more ——"

He stopped and waited for the leaders.

"Keep it up!" they shouted. "Go to it! We'll slip you the name in a minute."

"Name him!" demanded the delegates. "Name him! Who you talkin' about?"

"Than whom," continued the orator—"than whom there is none more—than whomer—than whom ——"

Right there—right at that identical psychological moment—a large and sassy bluebottle fly that had been sampling the various delegates lighted on the back of the neck of Herbert S. Hadley, of Kansas City, sitting in the front row as a delegate from Kansas City, a young lawyer.

The bluebottle fly nipped the neck of Herbert—nipped it good; and Herbert, exclaiming "Ouch!" or "Dammit!" as the case may have been, made a wild swipe at the fly and the heated air—and half rose to his feet as he did so.

The eagle but moistened eye of Homer Mann saw Herbert.

"Than whom," roared Mann, "there is no more brilliant exponent of the law and the immortal principles of the Republican party in Missouri. I refer, gentlemen of the convention, to Herbert S. Hadley, of Kansas City, whom I present to you as your candidate for attorney-general."

Fate and the Bluebottle Fly Had Done Their Work

This time Herbert rose entirely. "Quit it!" he yelled. "Stop, I say! I won't have it! I don't want it! Nix, I tell you!" Fate and the bluebottle fly and Homer Mann had done their deadly work, however. The Kansas City delegates cheered wildly and chased Herbert out into the street; and the convention adjourned *sine die*.

Hadley told Homer Mann what he thought of him for playing it low down in that manner; but he didn't withdraw, for he soon found the Democrats were split over the election of Folk. The old guard was fighting the young Democratic candidate—whom, it will be remembered, Napoleon Bonaparte looked like. Also, T. Roosevelt was running for President on the Republican end of it. And when it was all over T. Roosevelt had carried Missouri—and so had Hadley; though Folk was selected as governor.

Hadley was then thirty-two years old. Inasmuch as he was attorney-general, he deemed it wise to do a little attorney-generaling; and he looked round for a place to begin. Attorney-generals, both state and national, love shining marks; and there was the Standard Oil Company looming up through the murk, shining like a newly gilded gold dome. The Octopus was octopusing in violation of Missouri's anti-trust law. Nobody had thought of this before, but Hadley thought of it. He landed on the Standard Oil—landed hither and yon, and here and there, and once and again! His fight to make H. H. Rogers tell of the inner workings of the company was notable, and he finally brought the entire outfit before the Supreme Court of the state, and made them all roll over and play dead.

This work nearly cost Hadley his life. It was thought he had developed tuberculosis; and he went to a ranch in New Mexico, where he regained his health, but also contracted a fondness for life in the open. They told him he must run for governor. He refused. Hadley, as a delegate-at-large, went to the Chicago convention that nominated Taft. He was mentioned for Vice-President, but shook his head. The ranch for his. They tried to make him take the nomination for governor. He wouldn't have it. Then the leaders appealed to Taft, and Taft wrote to Hadley: "You are the only man who can win; and unless you run I shall lose Missouri." Hadley gave in. He ran and carried the state by about seventeen thousand, while Mr. Taft got about six hundred. Hadley was inaugurated as the first Republican governor in Missouri in forty years.

He has not been idle as governor. He has built up a fine Hadley machine and has done as much as Democratic legislatures would let him. Hadley is a Progressive Republican. He thinks the two greatest men the world has ever known are Theodore Roosevelt and Augustus Cæsar, with T. R. about two laps in the lead and coming strong. Lately Hadley has indicated a friendliness to Taft. No man can succeed himself as governor of Missouri, and it wouldn't be so bad to be Attorney-General of the United States in case of Taft's reelection.

Hadley is an exponent of the back-to-the-land movement and runs a farm outside of Jefferson City. He rediscovered the Ozark regions of Missouri and has done much to exploit those hills for dairy and fruit farming. He is an astute politician, and has made the Democrats of the state both hate and respect him. He makes many friends and has the support of the young independents of both parties. He has said himself he is a better Democrat than many in that party. He believes in state rights in state government and has attacked the Federal courts for interfering with Missouri's two-cent fare and maximum freight-rate laws.

He was born in Kansas in 1872 and educated at the University of Kansas, where it was predicted he would amount to nothing. He began to practice law in Kansas City in 1894, and was once elected prosecuting attorney of Jackson County. He rides horseback and plays golf. Recently he and a partner beat President Taft and Archie Butt on the Sedalia links, which may or may not establish his status as a golfer. Just at present there are many eminent Republicans who say the combination of Taft and Hadley sounds good to them for 1912. One of this number, it is rumored, is Herbert S. Hadley.

A Brutal Revenge

DRURY UNDERWOOD, the Chicago paragrapher, says that a negro played a brace game at a circus one night and lost his roll. Then he began to suspect that he had been cheated and he accused the gamekeeper of skinning him. The man was packing up his outfit to hike for the train, and he had no time to waste on idle complaints. "Well, what if I did trim you?" he demanded. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I ain't aimin' to do nothin' now," said the victim; "but I 'lows to git even with you, Mister."

"How?" inquired the sharper.

"Well," said the darky, "the way I figures hit out, you'll be comin' back heah with the circus next yeah. And I'm goin' to be right heah too. And I'm goin' to wait until somebody comes up and starts to play yo' game. And then I'm goin' to put both hands in my pockets and rare back on my heels and look right straight up at the roof of the tent and say: 'Oh, oh!'—just like that—'Oh, oh!'"

Up in the Air

THOMAS C. DENNEKY, of the Chicago Athletic Association, was greatly interested in the recent aviation meet in Chicago. His gardener, a fine old Irish gentleman, was interested also.

"Tim," said Denneky, "would you like to go up in one of those airships?"

"Sure, I'd like to, Mr. Tom," he replied—"if I can keep one fut on the ground!"

Denneky got his gardener to go up in a captive balloon at one of the Chicago amusement resorts. The old man was keen for the ascent until the balloon got up to what he considered a dangerous altitude. Then he turned to the man in charge and shouted:

"Lave me out! Av ye don't I'll cut the rope!"

A Request Granted

A BOOK agent came into the office of H. W. Child, a busy business man of Helena, the other day.

"Mr. Child," he said, "I desire only a second of your time."

"All right," replied Child, not looking up from the letter he was writing. "You've had it. Good day!"

A Bully Job

A CIRCUS came to Helena, Montana, and the small boys hurried down to the circus lot to get jobs that would let them in free. One young hopeful came home.

"Did any of the boys get in for nothing?" his mother asked.

"Yes'm."

"How?"

"Oh, some of them carried water for the elephant and some of them ran errands—and all that."

"Did you get in?"

"You bet! I had a bully job—I washed the snakes!"

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Book Cabinets

(*Sectional*)

FOR THE HOME

Amazing Adventure of Letitia Carberry

(Continued from Page 5)

Tommy gave Tish a ferocious frown over his glasses.

"Humph!" he said. "I told you to keep off it! Miss Lewis, if she is obstreperous again just tie her down with half a dozen roller towels."

"Roller towels!" Tish ejaculated. "Why, it was a roller towel that—that ——"

"So you said," Aggie said somberly; and we stared at each other—we hardly knew why.

Tish told Tommy the whole story as he strapped her knee with adhesive plaster. He hadn't heard it, and he was as much puzzled as we were. It was Aggie who remarked afterward how his face changed when Tish mentioned Miss Blake.

"Blake!" he said with a start, and glancing up quickly—"not the little nurse with the dark hair?"

"Yes," Tish said.

"Damn!" said Tommy. "To have left her alone, like that!" And to Miss Lewis: "Is she ill today?"

"She's in bed, but she's not sleeping," said Miss Lewis with more feeling than I'd have expected. "I was going to ask you if you would see her, doctor. Since the

She Pushed Them Back Quietly and Hesitated, Candle Still High

shakeup yesterday we have no medical internes and the surgical side is full up."

"She she didn't ask for me!" said Tommy with his brown eyes kindling. Miss Lewis shook her head.

"She's hardly spoken at all. She just lies there with her eyes wide open and her face white, watching the door. An hour ago one of the nurses pushed it open quietly, for fear she was asleep. Miss Blake lay and watched it moving, and when Linda—Miss Smith—went in she'd fainted again."

Tommy took a turn up and down the room.

"She's had a profound shock," he said. "I'm not afraid of it, unless ——" He stopped at the window and stood looking out.

"Unless what?" said Tish; but he didn't answer. Instead, he stalked over and rang the bell.

"I'll have the hall nurse relieve you, Miss Lewis," he said. "We can't leave my aunt alone, and somebody must see to Miss Blake. There's some natural explanation for what happened last night, and we must find it and tell her."

Aggie began to tell about the aunt with the hair, but before she had even buried her the door opened and Miss Blake herself came in.

"Did you ring?" she asked. She was dead white, lips and all, with deep circles round her eyes; but her steps were brisk and her voice cheerful. As Tish said, if you

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could only have heard her and not seen her, nobody would have believed what had happened

Tommy gave her one look and hauled a chair forward

"Sit down," he ordered. "You're not fit to be on duty."

"Thank you, but—I am all right again," she said, hesitating.

"Please sit down," said Tommy with a note in his voice that I never heard him use to Tish. And she took the chair, glancing round at all three of us and then at him. Tommy perched himself on the foot of Tish's bed.

"Miss Blake," he said, "I have decided to become your medical adviser!"

"Thanks, very much!" she said with the ghost of a smile.

"On one condition," he went on, polishing his glasses very hard with his handkerchief. "You will have to obey orders."

"That's the first lesson in the training school," she assented, the smile deepening. "Always obey the doctor's orders."

"Stuff!" said Tommy. "If I order you to bed this minute you'll refuse to go! The trouble is, Aunt Tish and Honorary Aunts Lizzie and Aggie," he said, addressing us each in turn—"the trouble is that, in a hospital, medicine is a drug on the market. It's too accessible. So are doctors. They're always on tap, like city water, plentiful and free; and therefore subject, like the said water, to the scorn and contumely of the beneficiaries."

"Indeed, doctor ——" Miss Blake began; but he interrupted her.

"Now, Miss Blake," he said, "at your earnest solicitation I am about to undertake your case; and the first condition is ——"

"Obedience?" She shot a glance at him from under her long, dark lashes, and Aggie raised her eyebrows across the bed at me.

"Exactly," he said. "The three aunts, actual and honorary, are witnesses. You have promised obedience. The first condition is, you are to leave the hospital immediately and go to a place I know, just out of town—a nice, normal place, with a dog and kittens—no, Aunt Tish, *not* a cat and kittens; a ——"

But Miss Blake stood up suddenly. She was even paler than before.

"Not that!" she said almost wildly.

Tommy came over and put his hand on her shoulder.

"We can dispose of the animals," he said gently. "Can't you see yourself, little girl, that you are about at the end of your string? Quiet nights, sleep, fresh milk—you won't know yourself in a week."

"I cannot go," she said, and stood looking straight ahead with such misery in her face that Aggie's eyes filled up.

"You can take your vacation," Tommy persisted gently. "I'll take you out myself, in my machine."

"I don't want to go, doctor; I—I can't be spared just now. Don't send me away! Don't!"

She began to cry—wildly, hysterically, with her shoulders quivering and her whole body tense. I was considerably upset and Tommy looked dumfounded. After all, it was Miss Lewis who knew what to do. She is a large woman, and she simply took the Little Nurse into her arms and petted her into quiet. Finally she coaxed her into the hall; and, as the door closed behind them, the four of us sat silent.

Aggie was sniveling and wiping her eyes, and Tish turned on her in a rage.

"What in the name of sense are you bleating about?" she demanded.

"The child's in trouble," said Aggie. "I—I never could see anybody cry—and you know it, Tish."

"I know something else too," said Tish grimly, sliding her feet out of bed carefully and reaching for her cane. "That young woman knows more than she's telling, Tommy Andrews. We're not through with this yet."

Now Tommy will always have his joke with Tish, and they differ on a good many subjects—politics, for one thing, and religion—Tommy not believing very much in a future life and maintaining that no medical man ought to—it made him more saving of life in this. He has great respect for Tish's opinion, however.

"You may be right," he said. "There must be some reason; but, whatever it is, it's not to her discredit. I'll swear to that."

"Listen to the boy!" Tish sneered, picking up the traveling clock and putting it back on the bedside table again. "That's what a pretty face will do. Suppose it had

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been Lewis who stood there, crying into a starched apron and saying she couldn't leave! Don't—don't ask her!"

"Why should she leave when she has you, dear Aunt Letitia?" asked Tommy; and Tish reached for the clock again.

Well, we talked the thing over, but we couldn't come to any conclusion. There didn't seem to be any manner of doubt that Johnson, having died peaceably and in order, had been carried to the mortuary and laid on the table, there to await the final preparations for burial. And the fact was incontestable that, shortly after, the said Johnson, as Tommy put it, was hanging by the neck to the chandelier in a room fifty feet away and down eight steps. We all agreed up to that point. As Tommy said, the question then became simply: Did he do it himself or was it done for him?

Aggie was confident that he had done it himself.

"Why not?" she demanded. "Isn't it the constant endeavor of people who have passed over, to come back and prove their continued existence on a spirit plane? Shall I ever forget that the third night after Mr. Wiggins died ——" Aggie was once engaged to a roofer, who "passed over" by falling off a roof. "Can I ever forget that a light like the flame of a candle rose in one corner of the bedroom, crossed the ceiling and disappeared in my sewing basket, where I kept Mr. Wiggins' photograph? Why should not Mr. Johnson, before deserting the earth plane for the spirit world, have come back and proved his continued existence? Why?"

Tommy lighted a cigarette and puffed at it.

"Well," he said, "I should call it indecent of him if he did—and bad taste too. Maybe he didn't think much of his body; but it had lasted pretty well and carried him around a good many years. And to have his spirit cast off its outer garment and hang it to a chandelier—it was heartless! Heartless!"

III

NOW Tish is a peculiar woman. Once she starts a thing, whether it is housecleaning or learning to roller-skate, she keeps right on at it. She learned to skate backward, you may remember, though she nearly died learning and lay once for twenty minutes insensible on the back of her head. And, as Tish acknowledged later, by that time she had made up her mind to find out who or what had hung Johnson by the neck to the chandelier.

So, after Tommy had gone, she got into her roller chair and asked me to ring for Miss Lewis.

"What time do you go to your luncheon?" she asked her sharply when she came.

"I don't eat luncheon," said Miss Lewis.

"Why?"

"It's making me stout. Besides, there's never anything fit to eat."

"Humph!" said Tish, eying her. "I guess the meals provided in this training school are above the average. I myself engaged the housekeeper. You'd better have luncheon today."

"But ——"

"At twelve o'clock," said Tish firmly. "Any nurse who takes care of me must eat three meals a day."

Miss Lewis stood in the doorway with her cap over one ear, and stared at Tish; and Tish glared back.

"I prefer not," she said defiantly, giving her apron belt a twitch.

"At twelve o'clock!" Tish repeated, and then Miss Lewis gave it up.

"Very well," she said unpleasantly. "Does it make any difference what I eat?"

"None whatever," said Tish calmly. "And now send me the Smith woman, and shut the door. There's a draft."

Miss Lewis slammed out and, whatever reason Tish had for wanting to get rid of her at noon, she deigned no explanation. In ten minutes Miss Smith knocked at the door and came in.

"Do you want me, Miss Carberry?" she asked.

"If you are not busy," said Tish in her pleasantest manner. "Sit down, Miss Smith. Lizzie, Aggie, this is the Miss Smith I told you about. You will pardon the curiosity of three old women, won't you, Miss Smith, and answer a question or two about last night?"

"Certainly." She looked surprised and, I fancied, amused.

"In the first place," Tish asked, getting a pencil and sheet of letter paper from the table, "has any investigation been begun?"

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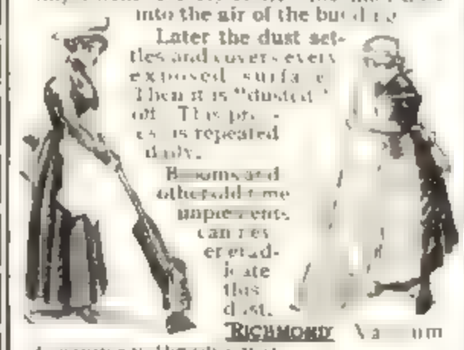

Later the dust settles and covers every exposed surface. Then it is "dusted" off. This process is repeated daily.

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"I think not," said Miss Smith. "There are always queer goings-on in a hospital; and, besides, there has been a stir-up in the management and things are at sixes and sevens. Two internes left last night and the superintendent is pretty busy this morning."

"Indeed," said Tish, and wrote something down. "Where is the—er—body now?"

"It went to the anatomical board this morning. He had no relatives and no money. If he isn't claimed in a certain time he'll be sent to the dissecting room."

Aggie shuddered.

"And now, Miss Smith," said Tish, leaning back in her roller chair, "would you mind telling me exactly what happened last night?"

"Not at all!" said Miss Smith, smiling. "We have a rule here that when a patient dies in one of the wards at night the day nurses for that ward must go with the body to the mortuary and prepare it for burial. The night nurse, having charge of several wards, cannot easily leave. I am in charge of K ward, and Miss Blake is my assistant."

"She's not in K ward today," said Tish.

"No, she is relieving the hall nurse here for her 'off duty.' Miss Blake is not well, and this is lighter."

"One moment," said Tish. "What is the K Ward night nurse's name?"

"Miss Durand."

"What time did Mr. Johnson die?"

"Shortly after midnight. It was marked twelve-ten on the record."

"And you were called at once?"

"I—think not," Miss Smith said slowly. "It was nearly one o'clock."

"Is that customary?" Tish demanded.

"Not usually," said Miss Smith; "but it is not extraordinary, either. The night nurse may have been giving a fever bath or doing something else she could not leave."

"You are very indulgent to the curiosity of three old women," Tish said with her pleasantest smile. "Will you be amiable a little longer and tell us what happened in the mortuary?"

"Well, really, nothing happened to me. Doctor Grimm had seen Johnson and pronounced him dead; he had been called from the operating room to do it, though Johnson was a medical case. The night orderlies, Briggs and Marshall, took the body to the mortuary and waited with it until Miss Blake and I arrived."

"Briggs and Marshall," Tish put down.

"The lights were on and Briggs was smoking. We had a few words over that, because the orderlies are not allowed to smoke on duty and tobacco makes my head ache."

Tish leaned forward in her chair and looked at Miss Smith.

"Do you often have words with the orderlies, Miss Smith?"

Miss Smith smiled cheerfully.

"Quite often," she said. "They're such a stupid lot."

"You don't think it possible that these men may have retaliated by playing a practical joke on you?"

Miss Smith considered.

"No," she said, "I don't. When I found the linen closet up there locked and went downstairs for sheets, they were both at work in the wards. Anyhow, they might be willing to play a ghastly trick on me, but I don't think they would try to frighten Miss Blake. She's very well liked."

"And after you went for the sheets?"

"That's all I know, Miss Carberry. The rest you heard Miss Blake tell."

"Are you sure," Aggie broke in suddenly, leaning forward—"Are you sure, Miss Smith, he didn't do it himself?"

Miss Smith stared.

"Why, he was dead, Miss Pilkington," she said. "He'd been sick for months; and if he was as alive as I am this minute he couldn't hang himself by the neck, the way he was hanging, with nothing to stand on near or any chair kicked away. The center of the room was clear when we found him and the nearest thing was the foot of the bed a good eight feet away."

"He was a—Spiritualist, I think?"

"Yes—yes, indeed," Miss Smith laughed. "It would have made you creepy to hear him, lying there carrying on whole conversations with nobody near—and raps on his bed until the nurses balked at changing the sheets!"

Aggie shivered.

"Gracious!" she said. "I hope they don't send him back here for the dissecting room. I shan't be easy until he is safely buried."

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"Oh, you needn't worry about that," Miss Smith said cheerfully, getting up to go. "We wouldn't be likely to get all of him anyhow!"

Well, as Tish said, she hadn't learned much she hadn't known before, except that Johnson had been left in the ward fifty minutes after he died, instead of ten. However, though the people in the hospital seemed disposed to let the affair alone after sending the body to the morgue, and to get back to its business—which, as Miss Smith said, is full of curious things anyhow—Tish, as I say, having taken hold, was not going to let go.

Promptly at noon by the traveling clock, she lifted herself out of her wheel chair and reached for her cane.

"You can stay here, Aggie," she said; "and, if Lewis comes back, I'm seeing Lizzie to the elevator."

"She won't believe it," Aggie objected.

"Then think up something she will believe. Lizzie is coming with me."

I wasn't surprised when Tish turned to the left in the corridor and hobbled to the foot of a flight of stairs. She stopped there and turned.

"We're going up to see that room by daylight, Lizzie," she said; "but I want you to read this first. You're a practical woman; and if any of your family ever grew a head of hair after they died, at least you don't brag about it."

She took a page of the morning paper, folded small, from the sleeve of her dressing gown and pointed to a paragraph.

"Amos Johnson, once a well-known local medium, died last night at Dunkirk Hospital after a long illness. Johnson was sixty-seven years of age and had lived in retirement and poverty since the murder of his wife some years ago, a crime for which he was tried and exonerated. The woman's body was found in the parlor of the Johnson home, hanging to a chandelier by a roller towel knotted about the neck."

Tish was watching me.

"Well, what do you make of that, Lizzie?" she asked.

"Coincidence," I said, with affected calmness. "Many a man's hung his wife to something when he got tired of her—and, when you come to think of it, a roller towel is usually handy."

We didn't look at each other.

IV

WELL, Tish and I examined the room, and I must say at first sight it was disappointing. It was an ordinary hospital room, with two windows and a bureau between them, a washstand, a single brass bed, set high and not made up, the pillows being piled in the center of the mattress and all covered with a sheet, and two chairs—a straight one and a rocker. Except that the heavy chandelier was bent somewhat from perpendicular, there was no sign of what had happened there.

Tish sat down in the rocker and looked thoughtfully about the room.

"Under ordinary circumstances," she said, "if you hang a broadcloth skirt on a chandelier to brush it you'll have the whole business and half the ceiling about your head in a minute. And yet, look at that—hardly bent!"

The room had evidently not been disturbed since Johnson had been found there. The straight chair had been drawn beneath the chandelier, and Tish pointed out the scratches made by the feet of whoever had cut down the body. Over the back of the chair still hung the roller towel, twisted into a grisly rope.

Tish picked it up and examined it.

"Pretty extravagant of material, aren't they?" she said. "No Ladies' Aid that I ever saw would put more than two yards of twelve-cent stuff in a roller towel. Look at the weight of that—and the length!"

"There's something on it," I said; and we looked together. What we found were only three letters, stamped in blue ink.

"S. P. T.," said Tish. "What in creation is S. P. T.?"

She sat down with the towel in her hand, and we puzzled over it together.

"They're the initials of the sewing circle that sent it in," I asserted. "That S. stands for Society."

"I've got it," said Tish—"Society for the Prevention of Tetanus."

"That doesn't help much," I said. "We could find out by asking. I dare say the nurses know."

Tish wouldn't hear of it however. She said the towel was the only clew we had, and she wasn't going to give it to a hospital full

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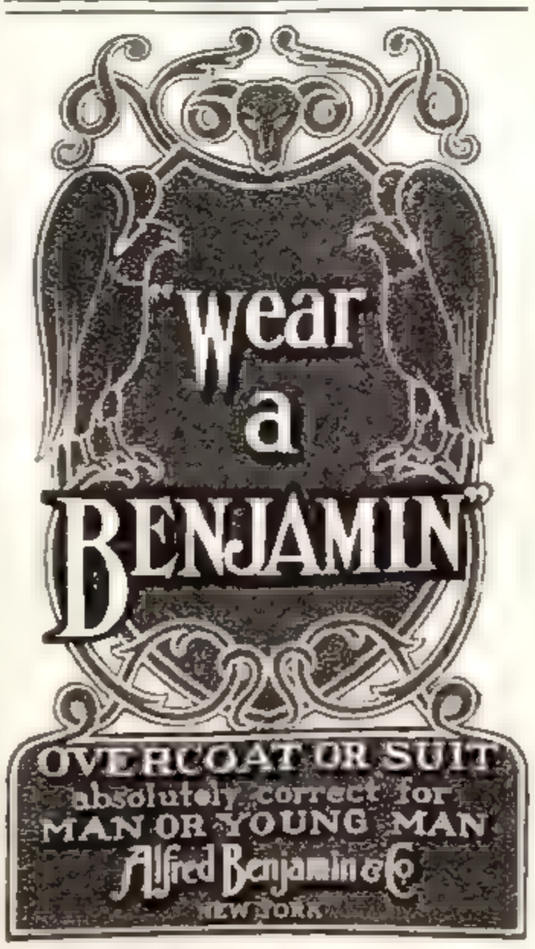

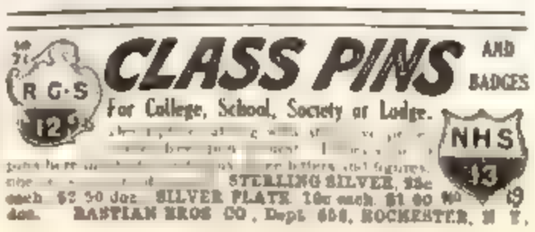
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of people who didn't seem to care whether their corpses walked around at night or not.

She rolled up the towel under her arm—and in the doorway she turned to take a final survey of the room.

"Well," she said, "we haven't examined the dust with a microscope, but I think it's been worth while. It would be curious, Lizzie, if his murdered wife's initials were S. P. T."

"They couldn't be," I said. "Her last name was Johnson, wasn't it?"

But Tish wasn't looking at me. She was staring intently at the wall over the head of the bed, and I followed her eyes.

The wall was gray—a dull gray below and a frieze of paler gray above. The dividing line between the two colors was not a picture-molding—the room had no pictures—but a narrow iron pipe, perhaps an inch in thickness and painted the color of the frieze. Why a pipe, I never asked; but I fancy its roundness, its lack of angles and lines, had been thought, like the gray walls, to be restful to the eyes.

Directly over the head of the bed the pipe-molding was loosened from the wall, as if by a powerful wrench, and sagged at least four inches.

"Look at that!" said Tish, pointing her cane. "Lizzie, I want you to help me up on the bureau."

"I'll do nothing of the sort, Tish!" I snapped. "You ought to be ashamed—with that leg."

She had pulled out the lowest drawer and was standing on it by that time, and there wasn't anything for it but to help her up. She caught hold of the pipe-molding between the windows and jerked at it.

"I thought so," she said. "It doesn't give a hair's breadth! Lizzie, no picture ever pulled that molding down like that."

Well, it was curious, when you think about it. It's easy enough to read Mr. Conan Doyle's stories, knowing that, no matter how puzzling the different clews seem to be, Mr. Doyle knows exactly what made them and at the right time he'll let you into his secret; and you'll wonder why you never thought of the right explanation at the time. It is different to have to work them out yourself however; and to save my life I couldn't see anything to that bent pipe but a bent pipe.

Tish's next move was to crawl upon the bed, and that time I helped her willingly. She stood quite a while gazing at the pipe, with her nostrils twitching, steadying herself with one hand against the wall to put on her glasses with the other.

"Humph!" she said. "I can't quite make it out, Lizzie. There are prints against the wall just underneath; but it doesn't seem to be a hand."

I got up beside her and we both looked. It was a hand—and it wasn't. It seemed like a long hand, with short fingers. Tish leaned down and rubbed her hand on the headboard of the bed, which was dusty, as she expected, and then pressed its imprint against the wall beside the other. They were alike—and they were different; and suddenly it came to me—and it made me dizzy.

"I know what it is now, Tish," I said as calmly as I could. "That's the mark of a foot!"

"A foot!" Tish repeated gravely, and we climbed off the bed in a hurry and went out into the hall.

Tish had left her cane in her excitement and she refused to go back for it alone. I went with her finally; and we stood at the bottom of the bed and looked at the foot, with its toes pointed up toward the ceiling and Tish's hand beside it.

"You know, Lizzie," she said, clutching my arm, "if there were a fourth dimension we could walk up walls easily."

And we went down to her room again.

It was careless of us to forget Tish's handprint on the wall, for, when things got worse and they discovered the two marks, somebody suggested that no two hands make exactly the same print; and they had an expert make an impression of it. As Tish said, she expected to be discovered every time she had her pulse counted—and the strain was awful! They might have accused her, you know, of carrying off old Johnson and stringing him up—for they reached a state when they suspected everybody.

NOW Aggie has hay-fever, and the slightest excitement starts her off. So, when we heard her sneezing as we went down the stairs, we were not surprised to find Tommy Andrews in front of her, with

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STATE

an order book on his knee, and Aggie trying to hold a glass thermometer in her mouth.

"I can't," she was protesting from round the thermometer. "Justh try sneething yourthelf with a—a—choo!"

Her teeth came down on it just then with a snap and her face grew agonized.

"There!" she said. "What did I tell you?" And she pulled the thermometer out minus an end.

"Where's the rest?" Tommy demanded.

"I I swallowed it!"

Tommy jumped up and looked frightened.

"Heavens, it's glass!" he said. "What in thunder—why, there it is in your lap!"

"I swallowed the inside," Aggie said stiffly. "I should think that's bad enough! It's poison, isn't it?"

Tommy laughed.

"It won't hurt you," he said. "It's only quicksilver."

Aggie was only partly reassured.

"I dare say I'll be coated inside like the back of a mirror," she snapped. "Between being frightened to death until I'm in a fever, and then swallowing the contents of a thermometer and having it expand with the heat of my body—and maybe blow up!—I feel as if I were on the border of the spirit land myself."

In spite of Tommy's reassurances, she refused to be comforted and sat the rest of the morning waiting for something to happen. She ate no luncheon and absolutely refused to go home. Aggie is like most soft-mannered people—trying to make her do something she doesn't want to do is like pounding a pillow. It seems to give way and the next minute it's back where it was at first; and you can pound till your hands ache. So, when she said she was going to stay at the hospital until she felt sure the mercury wasn't going to blow up or poison her, we had to yield.

We got the room next to Tish's and put her to bed; and she lay there alternately sneezing and sleeping the rest of the day.

I went out during the afternoon and brought a nightgown for her and one for myself, and some methylated cotton wool for her nose. The walk did me good; and by the time I got back I was ready to sneer at footprints that go up a wall and at Johnson hanging to a chandelier.

As I left the elevator at Tish's floor I met Miss Linda Smith and stopped her.

"Is there anything new?" I asked her.

"Nothing, except that Miss Blake has had to go back to bed," she said. "She's a nervous little thing, anyhow, and she has not been here very long. When she has had almost three years, as I have, she'll learn to let each day take care of itself - not to worry about yesterday or expect anything of tomorrow."

"And how about today?" I asked, smiling at her pessimistic speech and her cheerful face.

"And to work like the deuce today!" she said, and went smiling down the hall.

I had brought in some pink roses; and when I'd put Aggie's nightgown on her and the wool in her nose I had Miss Lewis take me to Miss Blake's room.

It was close at hand. If you know Dunkirk Hospital you know that the nurses' dormitory is directly beside the main building, connected with it by doors on every floor. One of these doors was at the end of Tish's corridor and Miss Blake's room was the first on the other side.

Miss Lewis knocked and tried the door, but it was bolted.

"Who's there?" asked a startled voice, quite close, as if its owner had been standing just inside.

"Miss Lewis, dear."

"Just a moment."

She opened the door almost immediately and admitted us. She had on only her nightgown and slippers, and her hair was down in a thick braid. I have reached the time of life when I brush most of my hair by holding one end of it in my teeth; so I always notice hair.

"You're up!" said Miss Lewis accusingly.

"Only to be sure the door was fastened," she protested, and got into her single bed again obediently.

"Now don't be silly!" Miss Lewis said. "Why should you lock that door in the middle of the afternoon? I thought you were the girl who rescued the kitten from the ridgepole of the roof!"

"That was different," said Miss Blake, and shut her eyes.

"I don't want to disturb you," I said. "Only—my friend and I felt sorry that she caused you such a shock last night. And I want you to have these flowers."

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She seemed much pleased and Miss Lewis put them on the table by the bed, beside another bouquet that was already there—a huge bunch of violets and lilies-of-the-valley. Violets and lilies-of-the-valley are Tommy's favorite combination!

"Doctor Andrews been here this afternoon?" Miss Lewis asked, looking up from arranging the roses.

"Once—twice," said the little nurse with heightened color.

"I see," said Miss Lewis. "And the husband of thirty-six telephoning all over the city for him."

"The husband of thirty-six!" I repeated, astounded. They both laughed and Miss Blake looked for a moment almost gay.

"He is not a Mormon," she said. "It's a case of 'container for the thing contained.' Thirty-six is a room."

I think the laugh did the little nurse good; but when we left, a few minutes later, Miss Lewis halted me a few steps from the door. We heard Miss Blake cross the room quickly and the bolt of the door slip into place.

"Queer, isn't it?" asked Miss Lewis. And I thought it was.

Tommy Andrews came back late that night to see Aggie, but she had stopped sneezing and dropped into a doze. He beckoned me out into the hall.

"How is she?" he asked. "Having been quicksilvered inside, I dare say she's been reflecting! Never mind, Miss Lizzie—I couldn't help that."

"Tish wants to see you, Tommy," I said. "She—we found something this afternoon and I don't mind saying we are puzzled."

"More mystery!" he asked, raising his eyebrows. "Don't tell me somebody else has shed his fleshy garment and hung it up ——"

"Please don't!" I said, looking over my shoulder nervously. The hall was almost dark.

"Look here," Tommy suggested in a whisper; "I'll make a bargain with you. I'll go in and listen to Aunt Tish without levity—I give you my word; no frivolity—if you'll come over and play propriety while I see Miss Blake." Seeing me eye him, he went on guiltily: "She's—sick, you know, and I've been there two or three times today already. If it gets out among the nurses—Please, dear, good Aunt Lizzie!"

Now I'm not his aunt. For that matter I'm a good ten years younger than Tish—but he's a handsome young rascal, and when a woman gets too old to be influenced by good looks it's because she's gone blind with age; so I agreed, on one condition.

"Yes, if you'll see Tish first," I said, and he agreed.

That was how we happened to be in Tish's room when Aggie screamed. Tish had just got to the footprint-on-the-wall part of her story, and even Tommy was looking queer, when Aggie sneezed. Then almost immediately she shrieked—and the three of us were on our feet and starting for the door before she stopped. As we reached the hall a nurse was running toward us and the stillness in Aggie's room was horrible!

It was dark—which was strange, for I'd left the night light on at Aggie's request. Tommy pushed into the room first.

"Where's the light switch?" he demanded. "Are you there, Miss Aggie?"

There was no answer; but in the darkness every one heard a peculiar rustling sound, such as might be made by rubbing a hand over a piece of stiff silk. It was the nurse who found the switch almost instantly, and I think we expected nothing less than Aggie hanging by her neck to the chandelier; but she was lying quietly in bed—in a dead faint.

When she came to she muttered something about a dead foot and fainted again. By eleven o'clock she seemed pretty much herself once more, and even smiled sheepishly when Tommy suggested that it had been the fault of the thermometer. She thought herself that she had dreamed it, and Tish and I let her think so; but both of us had seen the same thing.

Just over the head of Aggie's bed the pipe-moulding was wrenched loose and pulled down out of line!

VI

TISH sent Miss Lewis in to sit with Aggie and the three of us, including Tommy, met in Tish's room. She had brought her alcohol teakettle with her, and she insisted on making a cup of tea all round before we talked things over.

(Continued on Page 38)

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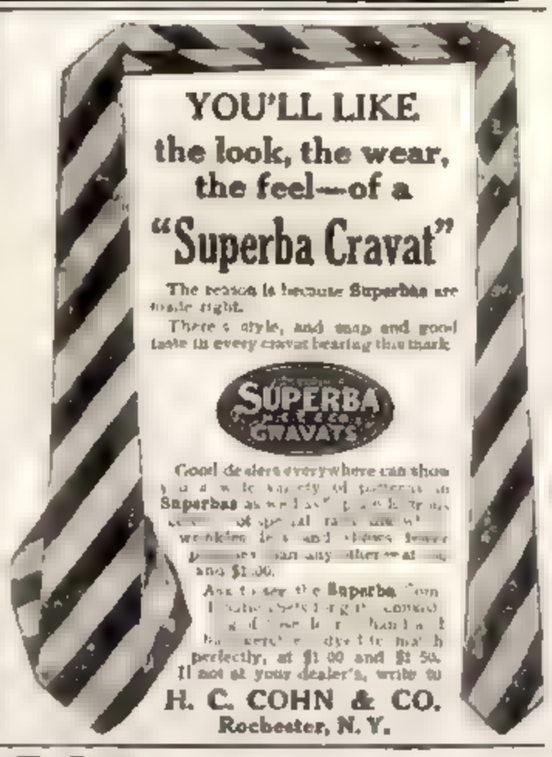
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(Continued from Page 35)

"Besides," she remarked, measuring out the tea, "it's about a quarter of twelve now and we may need a little tea-courage by midnight."

"If that's the way you feel," Tommy said from the bed, holding his empty cup ready for the tea, "I can get something from the medicine cupboard outside that has tea knocked out in the first round."

"Not whisky, Tommy!" Tish said, with the teapot in the air.

"Certainly not! *Spiritus frumenti*," Tommy said with dignity, and Tish was reassured; but I knew what he meant, my great-uncle having conducted a country pharmacy and done a large business in that very remedy among the farmers.

When we'd had our tea and some salted wafers Tish drew up a chair and faced Tommy and myself.

"Now," she said, "what did Aggie see?"

"Personally," Tommy remarked, balancing his teaspoon across the bridge of his nose and holding his head far back to do it—"Personally I'm glad she only saw—or felt—a foot. It proves her really remarkable quality of mind. The ordinary woman, in a stew like that, would have seen an entire corpse—not to mention smelling sulphur."

Tish took the spoon off his nose and gave him a smart slap on the ear.

"Thomas," she said, "you will either be serious or go home. Do you remember what we told you about the room upstairs—a footmark on the wall not three feet from the ceiling?"

Tommy nodded, with both hands covering his ears.

"Do you realize," Tish went on, "that room is directly over the one Aggie is occupying?"

"Hadn't thought of it," said Tommy. "Is it?"

"Yes. Tommy Andrews, Aggie may or may not have dreamed of that ice-cold foot; but one thing she did not dream—Lizzie and I both saw it. The pipe-molding over Aggie's bed is pulled loose from the wall and bent down!"

Tommy stared at us both. Then he whistled.

"No!" he said, and fell into a deep study with his hands in his heavy thatch of hair. After a minute he got off the bed and sauntered toward the door.

"I'll just wander in and have a look at it," he said, and disappeared.

It was Tish's suggestion that we put the light out and sit in the dark. Probably Tommy's nearness gave us courage. As Tish said, in five minutes it would be midnight—and almost anything might happen under the circumstances.

"And, as honest investigators," she said, "we owe it to the world and to science to put ourselves *en rapport*. These things never happen in the light."

We could hear Tommy speaking in a low tone to Miss Lewis, but soon that stopped, though he did not come back. Even with the door open—a dimly outlined rectangle—I wasn't any too comfortable. Tish sat without moving. Once she leaned over and touched my elbow.

"I've got a tingle in both legs to the knee," she whispered. "Do you feel anything?"

"Nothing but the slat across the back of this chair," I replied, and we sat silent again. I must have dozed almost immediately, for, when I roused, the traveling clock was striking midnight and Tish was shaking my arm.

"What's that light?" she quavered.

I looked toward the hall—and, sure enough, the outline of the door was a pale and quivering yellow!

"The doorframe is moving!" gasped Tish.

"Fiddle!" I snapped, wide awake. "Somebody's out there with a moving light. Where's Tommy?"

"He hasn't come back. Lizzie, go and look out—I can't find my cane."

"Go yourself!" I said sourly.

Well, we went together finally, tiptoeing to the door and peering out. The light was gone—only a faint gleam remained and that came down the staircase.

"Damnation!" said Tommy's voice, just at our elbow. And with that he darted along the hall and up the stairs, after the light.

Now Tish is essentially a woman of action. She's only timid when she can't do anything. And now she hobbled across to the foot of the stairs, with me at her heels.

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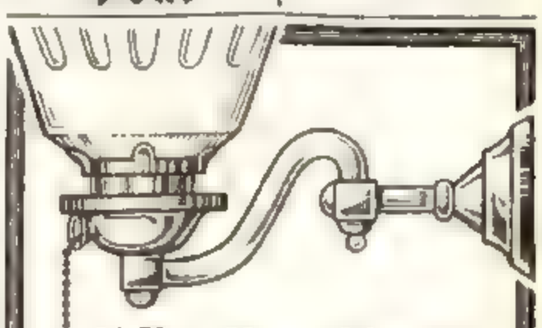

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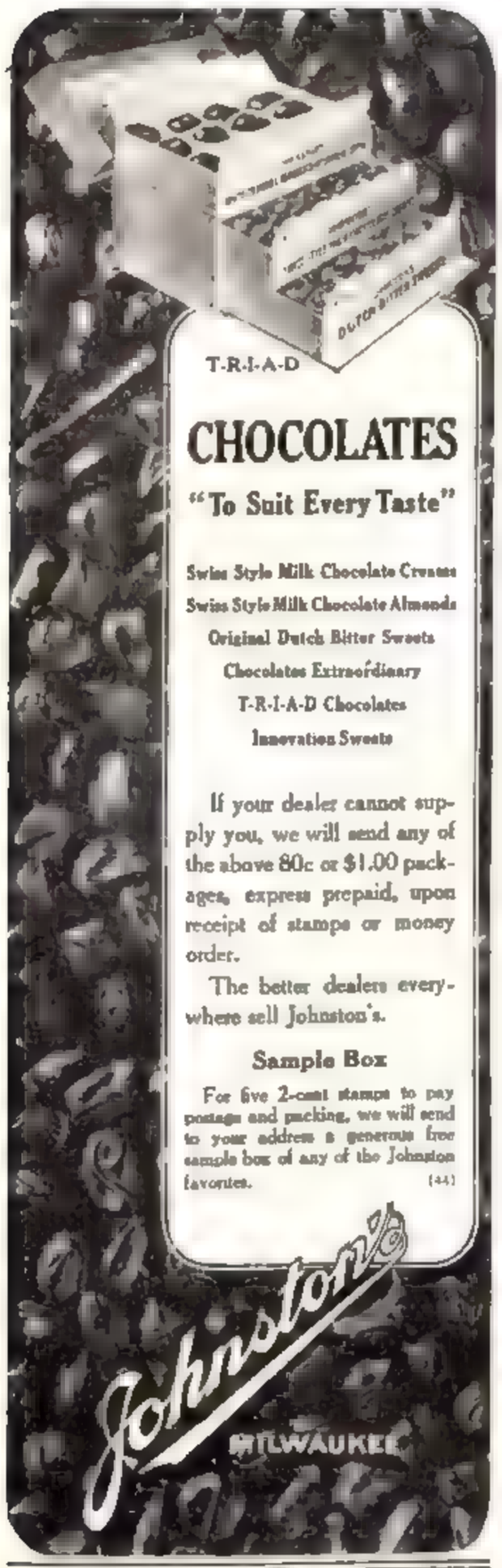
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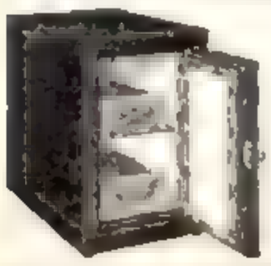

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(39)

"That was no earthly light, Lizzie!" she said in a subdued tone. "Do you remember what Aggie said about the light when Mr. Wiggins died?"

I'd been thinking about it myself that very moment.

"I'd feel better with some sort of weapon, Tish," I protested as we started up; but Tish only looked at me in the darkness and shook her head. I knew perfectly well what she meant—that no earthly weapon would be of any avail. Considering what we thought, I think the fact that we got up the staircase at all is very creditable.

The light was there, coming from one of the empty rooms and streaming out into the dark hall. There was somebody moving in the room. We heard a window closing and then the footsteps coming toward the door. The next moment the light itself came into the hall. It was a candle—and Miss Blake was carrying it!

I made out Tommy's figure flattened in a doorway; and then the light disappeared again as Miss Blake went into the next room—the one where Johnson had been found. She was there a long time, and once we heard her exclaim something—and the light from the doorway wavered as if the candle had almost gone out.

She went into each private room, then into the ward, and finally there remained only the mortuary. Tish clutched my arm. Would this bit of a girl—in her long white wrapper, her childish braid, her small bare feet thrust into slippers—dare that grisly place?

She did not keep us in doubt long. She went directly to the foot of the mortuary steps and stood, her candle held high, looking up. Then she began to mount them slowly, as if every atom of her will were required to urge her frightened muscles. Tommy stirred uneasily in his doorway.

The large double doors to the mortuary stood partly open. She pushed them back quietly and hesitated, candle still high. Then she went in, and by the paling light we knew she had gone to the far end of the room. Tommy came out from the doorway and tiptoed down the hall. We could see his outline against the gleam.

The stillness was terrible. We could hear her moving round that awful place—could hear, even at that distance, the soft swish of her negligee on the floor. And then, without any warning, she spoke. It was uncanny beyond description, though we heard nothing she said.

"My God!" said Tish, forgetting herself.

There was a sound immediately after. Tish said it was a thud, as if a chair had been upset; but I insisted that it sounded more like a window thrown up with terrific force. The light went out immediately and we heard footsteps running away from us.

"Tommy!" Tish called; but nobody answered. We were left there alone in the darkness, shivering with fright.

I am very shaky about what happened next. I remember Tish fumbling for her cane and saying she was going to follow Tommy, and my holding her back and telling her not to be a fool—that the boy was safe enough. And I remember seeing a light behind us and the old night watchman coming up the staircase behind his electric flash, and trying to tell him something was wrong in the mortuary.

And then, as my voice gave way, we heard a shout overhead and immediately the crash of broken glass and a thud in the hall just ahead of us. The watchman pushed us aside and ran.

Tommy was lying unconscious on the floor with the pieces of a broken skylight all round him!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Fever Register

A HOT-AIR plant was installed in a small church in Tennessee where stoves had been used. On the first Sunday night after the new furnace was in operation a widow came to services accompanied by her son, a tall and gangling youth who suffered from the breakbone ague of the district.

It so befell that they took a pew directly over one of the registers in the floor. Down in the basement the janitor began to fire up.

The boy stood it for a while. Then he nudged his parent.

"Ma," he whispered, "I got to go home. I'm gittin' sick agin."

"How do you know you air?" asked his mother.

"I kin feel the fever coming up my laigs."

How I Applied the Science of Efficiency to the Making of Rigoletto Cigars

I HAVE been making the Rigoletto Brand of Havana Cigars for more than 8 years. I made them for 3 years in Havana. Then I moved to Tampa, so you would not have to pay the tariff duty on Rigoletto Cigars. This tariff amounts on the average imported cigar to 7.9 cents. That is why a cigar that costs 10 cents in Havana must be sold for 25 cents in this country to make a profit.

I made Rigoletto Cigars in Tampa for 4 years. Conditions there were wasteful of time and materials. It is the custom there for cigarmakers to smoke all day at their work—smoke the very choicest tobacco without paying for it. They usually take cigars home every evening. The number of cigars that are smoked and taken amounts to about 10% of their work each day.

What would a shoe manufacturer, for instance, think of conditions under which every employee would demand the right to take out every tenth pair of shoes he made, for his own use? It was to avoid these unnecessary expenses and wasteful conditions that I came to Cleveland, where I am now making more and better Rigoletto Cigars than ever.

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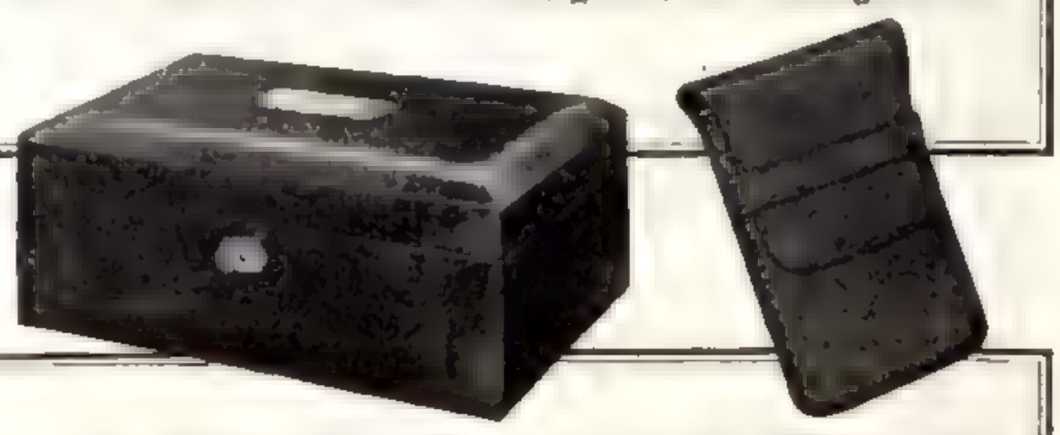
I use the very highest priced tobacco grown, imported from Cuba. I could not pay more for tobacco if I wished. There is no better tobacco than goes into the Rigoletto.



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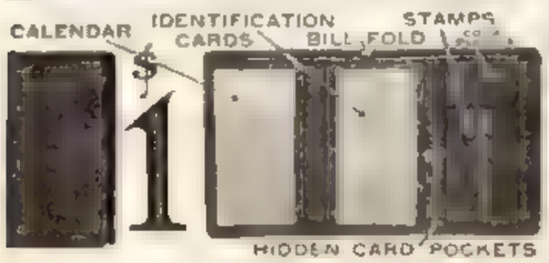

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PLAYS THAT ALMOST FAIL

(Continued from Page 35)

decided to become a star, but had no play. Mr. Fitch sold her The Climbers, reserving the right to cast all other parts and have full charge of the rehearsals. And so the managers evolved a new rule-of-thumb—that the public, for some unfathomable reason, liked Fitch plays. In the following season no less than five of his pieces were running on Broadway at the same time—and most of them were failures.

The story of Augustus Thomas is much the same. As a young man he was employed by A. M. Palmer, partly as press representative and partly to edit the text of plays about to be produced. Thomas employed his leisure in writing a play and in getting married—both of which activities were of the nature of speculations, as his salary was fifty dollars a week. The play was a particularly daring gamble, for it was written in an unprecedented manner of quiet naturalism. His characters actually talked more or less as folks do in real life. Three times Mr. Palmer had put up the play as a stop-gap—and as often had taken it down again in favor of one of those affairs that are as good as the public will take. It so happened that when the play was finally produced Mr. Thomas had just lost his metropolitan job and had been ordered out on the road as advance agent. By this time his own faith in the play had ebbed, and though he had bought the morning papers in the station neither he nor Mrs. Thomas had courage to read the first-night criticisms until after breakfast on the train. As one paper after another was unfolded it dawned on bride and groom that they were too advanced for the job of advance agent. At the first opportunity they doubled on their trail and returned to Broadway to enjoy the success of Alabama.

Arizona, scorned by the leading managers, was produced by Kirke La Shelle, then a struggling independent. The Earl of Pawtucket did not even have a manager to rescue it from oblivion. Against the solemn if friendly warning of a leading syndicate manager Miss Elizabeth Tyree staked her sense of humor and her bank account on it.

Psychological Surprises

When Mr. Charles Frohman read The Witching Hour it filled him with such enthusiasm that, in his own graphic phrase, "it made him want to jump out of the window." But all that Mr. Daniel Frohman could make of the play, with its curious mingling of advanced psychology and deep spiritual feeling, was that Mr. Thomas had already jumped out of his senses. Mr. Frohman acknowledges this himself with a smile. Mr. Thomas remained so far in his senses that he backed his play financially, though he had never done so before—and thus, in addition to his royalties, received half of the managerial profits.

It was Mr. Lee Shubert who received the other half; but he did not, it seems, at the same time gain a just appreciation of the new phase of the public mind that lay behind the success of the play. And this is the more remarkable in view of the fact that it had already been made evident in the triumph of The Servant in the House. When The Passing of the Third Floor Back was submitted to the New Theater, of which Mr. Shubert was business director, he stood with the majority of the committee that refused it. The play had already been refused by David Warfield, for whom Mr. Jerome wrote it, and who was in need of a success to follow up The Music Master. Even Forbes-Robertson had no great faith in it. He brought it out only because he had nothing else. Its ultimate triumph was almost as great a surprise to him as to the men who had refused it.

In the case of Edward Sheldon's daring tragedy, The Nigger, the New Theater did actually profit by courage and discernment. Refused by the regular managers, the play scored the biggest success but one of the theater's first season, and it proved so popular that three companies were sent out.

The list of such cases could be almost indefinitely extended. It is scarcely too much to say that the success of every great new talent in the world of the drama has been a hairbreadth escape from utter and entire defeat. Are we to conclude that the managers—to adopt the phrase of an English statesman—"are a lot of silly people who

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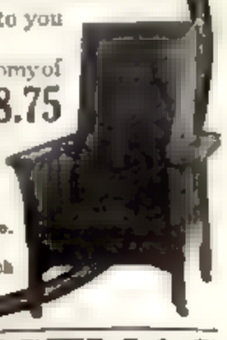

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do not even understand their own silly business"? Some such idea has haunted the minds of the men who have during the past two decades attempted from time to time to found artistic theaters. But it is to be observed that the managers are still doing business at the old stand, while each successive attempt to elevate the stage has ended in the sinking of money.

Is there something, then, in the persistent cry that the drama has gone to the dogs? There is a great deal in it—but perhaps not precisely what those who raise it imagine. Viewed in the cold light of history, that cry would seem to mean that the drama was in a particularly flourishing condition. As a certain professor has lately pointed out, Ben Jonson, in a preface to a long-forgotten comedy, proclaimed himself the only champion of pure, high drama in the year when Shakspere was occupied with Lear and Othello. He might have added that in the year in which Shakspere was shaping Hamlet into its final form Sir Francis Bacon lamented that the era was one of decadence, and while he was devoting serious attention to "the art cosmetic" mentioned the art of the drama only to say that it was not worth talking about. A quarter of a century before that, in the decade in which the Elizabethan drama was blossoming into its full luxuriance, Sir Philip Sidney cited it as evidence of the crude barbarity of English taste. In the heyday of the Spanish drama and of the Greek drama similar cries were raised by men of similar distinction. And so we of today, when the old voice is heard again, have assuredly reason to take heart.

Certain hopeful circumstances are obvious. We have a larger body of playwrights than ever before, and they are producing more and better plays. In spite of the failure of so many artistic endeavors, moreover, the movement seems on the whole to be gaining strength. Thus, when the New Theater closed its doors after some three or four millions had vanished, the result was the appearance of two newer theaters one backed by the very men who had backed the old enterprise, the other by its director.

Meantime another movement had appeared, the movement toward an appreciation of which we have gradually been working. Its primary object is to rescue from oblivion plays of merit that are on the verge of failure.

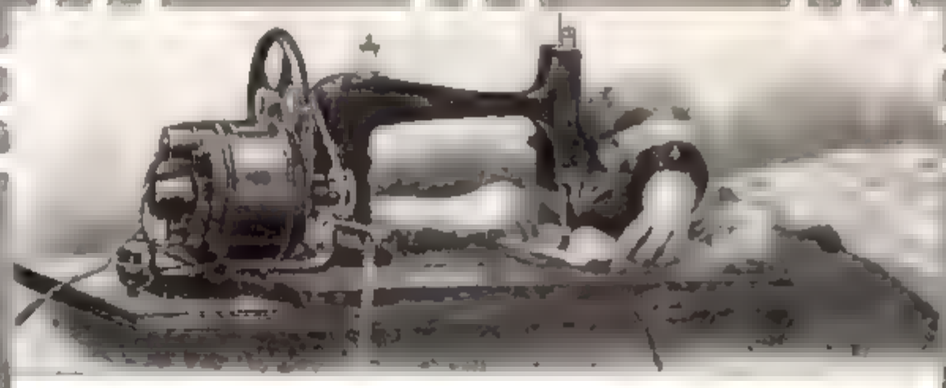
The Power of the People's Institute

The movement started, to the best of my knowledge, with the People's Institute of New York. This semi-philanthropic organization formed a committee whose business it was to go to new productions and recommend plays to the patronage of the members of the Institute as a whole or in part. Thus some plays were recommended to workingmen's clubs and to public-school teachers, but not to pupils; and others to pupils in high schools, but not to those in grammar schools. Those to whom a play was recommended were enabled to buy tickets at about half the box-office price. It was found that many of those who received half-price coupons sold them through cigar shops and barber shops, and the managers very naturally objected. The Institute procured the enactment of a law making such sales a penal offense.

Among the many plays that the People's Institute has piloted out of heavy weather two are notable. The Man of the Hour was all but done for when the half-price people began coming, yet within a few months of that time Mr. Broadhurst refused an offer of seventy-five thousand dollars for his author's rights in it. And there was more than the financial gain.

The author of What Happened to Jones and Why Smith Left Home had struggled for years to win recognition as a serious dramatist, but had always been balked by the managers, who refused to believe that he could be serious or that the public would take him seriously if he could. The second instance is even more memorable. The personal popularity of Maude Adams, reinforced though it was by the fame of J. M. Barrie, had failed to attract the public to Peter Pan. The People's Institute kept the production from starving—with results that are happily familiar to all of us. Owing to the death of the two leading spirits in the dramatic committee of the Institute its work was lately taken over by a separate organization, the Wage Earners' Theatrical League.

In a slightly different form the idea was taken up by the Macdowell Club, a fashionable organization devoted primarily to



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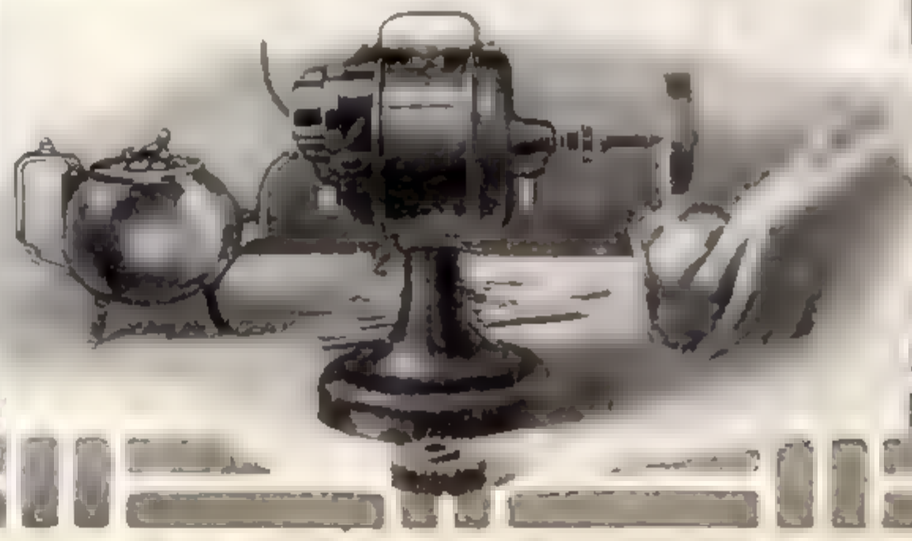

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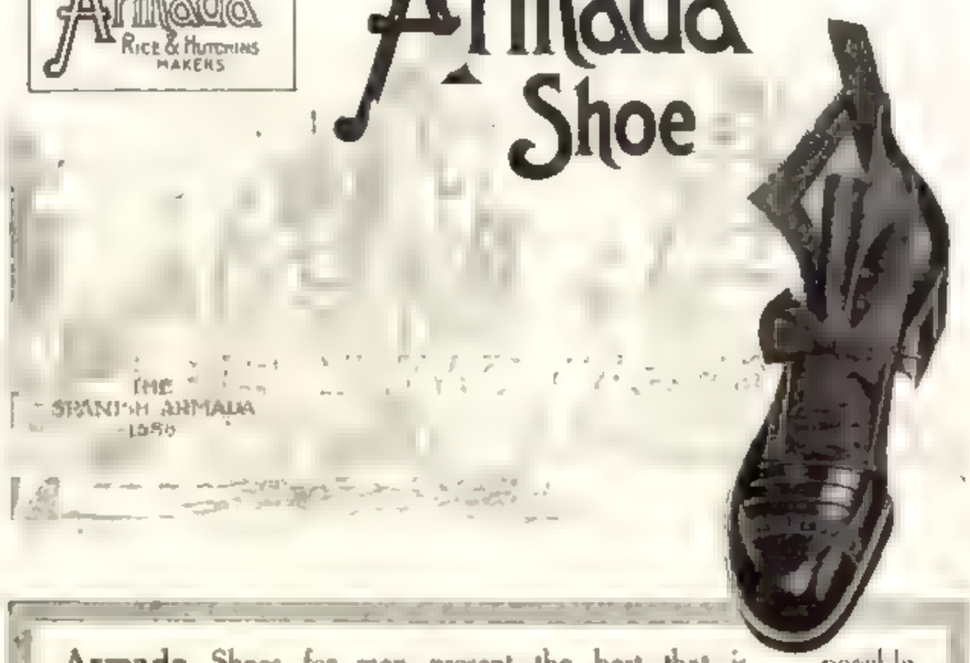

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American music. As its members are for the most part very well-to-do, it does not ask the managers for any reduction in the matter of tickets; and it values its independence so highly that even the committee that reports on plays refuses the free tickets usually offered to critical first-nighters. Its only motive is the public-spirited and disinterested desire to turn the theatrical tide in favor of whatever is newest and best. Intelligent and public-spirited citizens subscribe one dollar yearly to pay for printing and circulating the committee's reports on plays and pledge themselves to attend a few performances each season. It is as simple as that!

It is probably owing to the efforts of the Macdowell Club that Percy Mackaye's extraordinarily interesting if uneven little tragedy, The Scarecrow, is still alive on the stage. But its most striking achievement has been in the case of The Seven Sisters. Produced toward the end of a highly disastrous season, this most enjoyable if insignificant little comedy was so coldly received by the critics that its manager, Mr. Daniel Frohman, judged that four weeks would see the end of it, and leased his theater for the rest of the season to Mrs. Fiske. In spite of increasing receipts, largely stimulated by the Macdowell Club, the play had to be transferred to Chicago. It so happened that the movement that had developed in the two New York organizations had appeared spontaneously in the Western metropolis. Inspired by a clergyman who is a scholar and an enthusiast in the drama, a number of women in society had organized what they called The Dramatic League of America.

The Chicago organization did not wait for the play to appear. It obtained copies of the report of the Macdowell Club, adopted it as its own, and gave it a very wide circulation. The result was an instant and extraordinary success.

What the Cities Welcome

Unless all signs fail this Dramatic League of America is destined to work a veritable revolution. In the Eastern metropolis events come so thick and fast in the artistic world, and social engagements are made so many weeks ahead, that it is hardly possible for the Macdowell Club to swing any great body of people to immediate attendance at a play, however great the need. But this is only half the story. If the West has more time it has also more enthusiasm. The mailing list of the League numbers some twenty thousand, and the response is large in proportion. More than this, the League is in correspondence with similar if newer and less powerful associations in Boston, Louisville, Detroit and St. Louis. Just as it acted on the advice of the New York association, so it is itself able to pass the word along to other cities.

Is it likely that the movement will end with the larger cities, or even the one-week stands? The severest sufferers under the old order have been the one-night stands. They have had to decide in advance—"sight unseen," as the boys say—what plays they will go to; and, in consequence, they have been the chief sufferers from second and third companies, padded casts and shopworn productions. Yet in the vast majority of such stands there are organizations—church clubs, women's clubs and the like—that might easily form dramatic committees. These could subscribe to the reports of committees in the nearest large city; or, better still, they might take a journey to some other stand up the circuit and judge for themselves.

Throughout the country, wherever there is a theater, good or bad, the question presents itself at every fireside: Shall we continue to be at the mercy of the managers and their slapdash, wholesale methods of publicity, or shall we become ourselves intelligent and helpful censors of the drama? With this question is bound up another that is of far greater though less immediate importance. Shall we as a people permit the greatest of all arts to remain the most precarious, or shall we stretch out a welcoming hand toward those who are struggling against odds to give us new creations of significance and beauty?

"The theater is irresistible," wrote Matthew Arnold; "organize the theater!" That was a generation ago; and it will take another generation, no doubt, to establish permanent artistic producing houses. Meantime a cry has been raised of more immediate and widespread interest: The theater is irresistible; organize the public!

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A MATCH FOR ELKAN LUBLINER

(Continued from Page 9)

"Me too," Kapfer added after Polatkin departed; "and I also hope, Elkan, this would be a warning to you that the next time you get engaged you should find out the girl's name in advance."

V

"YES, siree, sir," said Charles Fischko emphatically, albeit a trifle thickly. "I guess you made a big hit there, Mr. Kapfer, and I don't think I am acting previously when I drink to the health of Mrs. Kapfer." He touched glasses with Max Kapfer, who sat opposite to him at a secluded table in the Harlem Winter Garden, flanked by two bottles of what had been a choice brand of California champagne. "Née Miss Maslik," he added as he put down his glass; "and I think you are getting a young lady which is not only good-looking but she is got also a heart like gold. Look at the way she treats the servant girl they got there! Honestly, when I was round there this morning them two girls was talking like sisters already!"

"That's all right," Kapfer rejoined; "she's got a right to treat that girl like a sister. She's a nice little girl—that servant girl."

"Don't I know it!" Fischko protested as he poured himself out another glass of wine. "It was me that got her the job there two years ago already; and before I would recommend to a family like B. Maslik's a servant girl, understand me, I would make sure she comes from decent, respectable people. Also the girl is a wonderful cook, Mr. Kapfer. A simple, plain, every day dish like *gefüllte Hechte*, Mr. Kapfer, she makes it like it would be roast goose already—so fine she cooks it. She learned it from her mother, Mr. Kapfer, also a wonderful cook. Why, would you believe it, Mr. Kapfer, that girl's own mother and me comes pretty near being engaged to be married once?"

"You don't say!" Kapfer commented.

"That was from some years ago in the old country already," Fischko continued; "and I guess I ought to be lucky I didn't do so, on account she marries a feller by the name Silbermacher, *olav hasholem*, which he is got the misfortune to get killed in Kishinef. Poor Mrs. Silbermacher, she didn't live long, and the daughter, Yetta, comes to America an orphan five years ago. Ever since then the girl looks out for herself; and so sure as you are sitting there she's got in savings bank already pretty near eight hundred dollars."

"Is that so?" Kapfer interrupted.

"Yes, sir," Fischko replied; "and when she is got a thousand, understand me, I would find for her a nice young man, Mr. Kapfer, which he is got anyhow twenty-five machines a contracting shop, y'understand, and she will get married *und fertig*. With such good friends which I got it like Polatkin & Scheikowitz, I could throw a little business their way, and the first thing you know she is settled for life."

Here Fischko drained his glass and reached out his hand toward the bottle; but Kapfer anticipated the move and emptied the remainder of the wine into his own glass.

"Before I order another bottle, Fischko," he said, "I would like to talk a little business with you."

"Never mind another bottle," Fischko said. "I thought we was through with our business for the evening."

"With our business, yes," Kapfer announced; "but this story which you are telling me about Miss Silbermacher interests me, Fischko, and I know a young feller which he is got more as twenty-five machines a contracting shop; in fact, Fischko, he is a salesman which he makes anyhow his fifty to seventy-five dollars a week, and he wants to get married bad."

"He couldn't want to get married so bad as all that," Fischko commented, "because there's lots of girls which would be only too glad to marry a such a young feller—girls with money even."

"I give you right, Mr. Fischko," Kapfer agreed; "but this young feller ain't the kind that marries for money. What he wants is a nice girl which she is good-looking like this here Miss Silbermacher and is a good housekeeper, understand me; and from what I've seen of Miss Silbermacher she would be just the person."

"What's his name?" Fischko asked.

"His name," said Kapfer, "is Ury Shemansky, a close friend from mine; and I got a date with him at twelve o'clock on the corner drug store at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street that I should tell him how I came out this evening." He seized his hat from an adjoining hook. "So, if you'd wait here a few minutes," he said, "I would go and fetch him right round here. Shall I order another bottle before I go?"

Fischko shook his head.

"I got enough," he said; "and don't be long on account I must be going home soon."

Kapfer nodded, and five minutes later he entered the all-night drug store in question and approached a young man who was seated at the soda fountain. In front of him stood a large glass of "Phospho-Nervino," warranted to be "A Speedy and Reliable Remedy for Nervous Headache, Sleeplessness, Mental Fatigue and Depression following Over-Brainwork"; and as he was about to raise the glass to his lips Kapfer slapped him on the shoulder.

"Cheer-up, Elkan," he exclaimed. "Her name is Yetta Silbermacher and she's got in savings bank eight hundred dollars."

"What d'ye mean she's got money in savings bank?" Elkan protested wearily, for the sleepless, brain-fatigued and depressed young man was none other than Elkan Lubliner. "Did you seen her?"

"I did," Kapfer replied; "and Miss Maslik's a fine, lovely girl. The old man ain't so bad either. He treated me elegant and Fischko thinks I made quite a hit there."

"I ain't asking you about Miss Maslik at all," Elkan said. "I mean Miss Silbermacher"—he hesitated and blushed—"Yetta," he continued, and buried his confusion in the foaming glass of "Phospho-Nervino."

"That's just what I want to talk to you about," Kapfer went on. "Did I understand you are telling Polatkin that you never seen Fischko the *Shadchen* and he never seen you neither?"

"That's right," Elkan replied.

"Then come right down with me to the Harlem Winter Garden," Kapfer said. "I want you to meet him. He ain't a bad sort, even if he would be a *Shadchen*."

"But what should I want to meet him for?" Elkan cried.

"Because," Kapfer explained, "I am going to marry this here Miss Maslik, Elkan; and I'm going to improve my store property, so that my trade will be worth to Polatkin & Scheikowitz anyhow three thousand dollars a year—ain't it?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Elkan asked.

"It's got this much to do with it," Kapfer continued: "Tomorrow afternoon two o'clock I would have Polatkin and Scheikowitz at my room in the Prince Clarence. You also would be there—and d'ye know who else would be there?"

Elkan shook his head.

"Miss Yetta Silbermacher," Kapfer went on; "because I am going to get Fischko to bring her down there to meet an eligible party by the name Ury Shemansky."

"What?" Elkan exclaimed.

"Sah-sh!" Kapfer cried reassuringly. "I am going to introduce you to Fischko right away as Ury Shemansky, provided he ain't so *shikker* when I get back that he wouldn't recognize you at all."

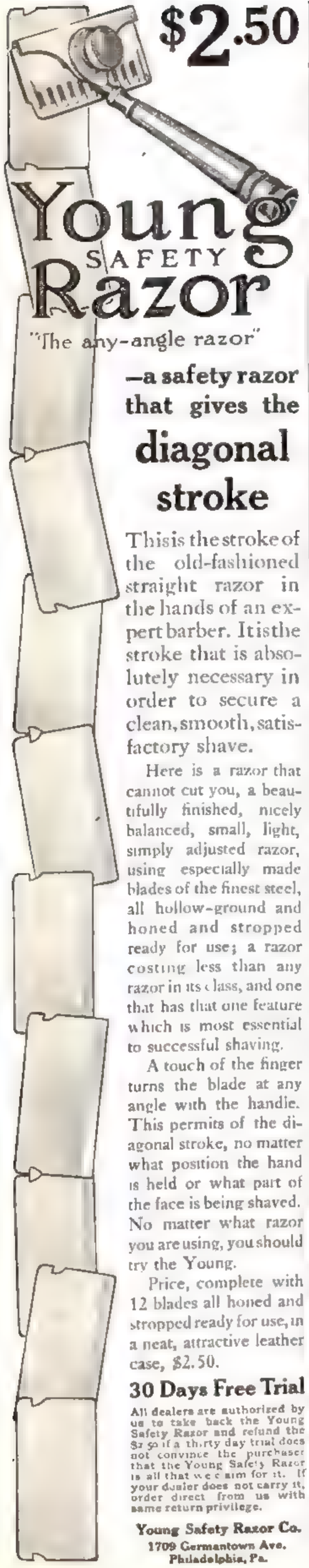
Elkan nodded and paid for his restorative, and on their way down to the Harlem Winter Garden they perfected the details of the appointment for the following afternoon.

"The reason why I am getting Fischko to bring her down," Kapfer explained, "is because, in the first place, it looks pretty *schlecht* that a feller should meet a girl only once and, without the help of a *Shadchen*, gets right away engaged to her; and so, with Fischko the *Shadchen* there, it looks better for you both. Furthermore, in the second place, a girl which is doing housework, Elkan, must got to have an excuse, understand me; otherwise she couldn't get away from her work at all."

"But," Elkan said, "how do you expect that Yetta would go with a *Shadchen* to see this here Ury Shemansky when she is already engaged to me?"

"*Schafskopf!*" Kapfer exclaimed. "Telephone her the first thing tomorrow morning that you are this here Ury Shemansky and she would come quick enough!"

"That part's all right," Elkan agreed; "but I don't see yet how you are going to get Polatkin and Scheikowitz there."



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Kapfer nodded his head with spurious confidence; for of this, perhaps the most important part of his plan, he felt extremely doubtful.

"Leave that to me," he said sagely, and the next moment they entered the Harlem Winter Garden to find Charles Fischko gazing sadly at a solution of bicarbonate of soda and ammonia, a tumblerful of which stood in front of him on the table.

"Mr. Fischko," Kapfer said, "this is my friend Ury Shemansky, the gentleman I was speaking to you about."

"No relation to Shemansky who used to was in the customer pedler business on Ridge Street?" Fischko asked.

"Not as I've heard," Elkan said.

"Because there's a feller, understand me, which he went to work and married a poor girl; and ever since he's got nothing but *Mazel*. The week afterward he found in the street a diamond ring worth two hundred dollars, and the next month a greenhorn comes over with ten thousand rubles and wants to go as partners together with him in business. In a year's time Shemansky dissolves the partnership and starts in the remnant business with five thousand dollars net capital. He ain't been established two weeks, understand me, when a liquor saloon next door burns out and he gets a thousand dollars smoke damage; and one thing follows another, y'understand, till today he's worth easy his fifty thousand dollars. That's what it is to marry a poor girl, Mr. Shemansky." He took a pull at the tumbler of bicarbonate and made an involuntary grimace. "Furthermore, I am knowing this here Miss Silbermacher ever since she is born, pretty nearly!" Fischko cried.

"You did!" Elkan exclaimed. "Well, why didn't you tell me that, Kapfer?"

"I couldn't think of everything," Kapfer protested.

"Go ahead," Elkan said, turning to Fischko; "let me know all about her—everything! I think I got a right to know ain't it?"

"Sure you have," Fischko said as he cleared his throat oratorically; and therewith he began a laudatory biography of Yetta Silbermacher, while Elkan settled himself to listen. With parted lips and eyes shining his appreciation, he heard a narrative that justified beyond peradventure his choice of a wife, and when Fischko concluded he smote the table with his fist.

"By jiminy!" he cried. "A feller should ought to be proud of a wife like that!"

"Sure he should," Kapfer said; "and her and Fischko would be down at my room at the Prince Clarence tomorrow at two."

He beckoned to the waiter. "So let's pay up and go home," he concluded; "and by tomorrow night Fischko would got two matches to his credit."

"*K'mo she-néemar*," Fischko said as he rose a trifle laboriously to his feet, "it is commanded to promote marriages, visit the sick and bury the dead."

"And," Kapfer added, "you'll notice that promoting marriages comes ahead of the others."

■

WHEN Marcus Polatkin arrived at his place of business the following morning he looked round him anxiously for his partner, who had departed somewhat early the previous day with the avowed intention of seeing just how sick Elkan was. As a matter of fact, Scheikowitz had discovered Elkan lying on the sofa at his boarding place, vainly attempting to secure his first few minutes' sleep in over thirty-six hours; and he had gone home truly shocked at Elkan's pallid and careworn appearance, though Elkan had promised to keep the appointment with Fischko. Polatkin felt convinced, however, that his partner must have discovered the pretense of Elkan's indisposition, and his manner was a trifle artificial when he inquired after the absentee.

"How was he feeling, Philip?" he asked.

"Pretty bad, I guess," Scheikowitz replied, whereat a blank expression came over Polatkin's face. "The boy works too hard, I guess. He ain't slept a wink for two days."

"Why, he seemed all right yesterday when I seen him," Polatkin declared.

"Yesterday!" Scheikowitz exclaimed.

"I mean the day before yesterday," Polatkin added hastily as the elevator door opened and a short, stout person alighted. He wore a wrinkled frock coat and a white tie which perched coquettishly under his

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left ear; and as he approached the office he seemed to be laboring under a great deal of excitement.

"Oo-ee!" he wailed as he caught sight of Polatkin, and without further salutation he sank into the nearest chair. There he bowed his head in his hands and rocked to and fro disconsolately.

"Who's this crazy feller?" Scheikowitz demanded of his partner.

Polatkin shrugged.

"He's a button salesman by the name Rashkind," Polatkin said. "Leave me deal with him." He walked over to the swaying *Shadchen* and shook him violently by the shoulder. "Rashkind," he said, "stop that nonsense and tell me what's the matter."

Rashkind ceased his moanings and looked up with bloodshot eyes.

"She's engaged!" he said.

"She's engaged!" Polatkin repeated. "And you call yourself a *Shadchen!*" he said bitterly.

"A *Shadchen!*" Scheikowitz cried. "Why, I thought you said he was a button salesman."

"Did I?" Polatkin retorted. "Well, maybe he is, Scheikowitz; but he ain't no *Shadchen*. Actually the feller goes to work and takes Elkan up to see the girl, and they put him off by saying the girl was sick; and now he comes down here and tells me the girl is engaged."

"Well," Scheikowitz remarked, "you couldn't get no sympathy from me, Polatkin. A feller which acts underhand the way you done, trying to make up a *Shidduch* for Elkan behind my back yet—you got what you deserved."

"What d'ye mean I got what I deserved?" Polatkin said indignantly. "Do you think it would be such a bad thing for us—you and me both, Scheikowitz—if I could of made up a match between Elkan and B. Maslik's a daughter?"

"B. Maslik's a daughter!" Scheikowitz cried. "Do you mean that this here feller was trying to make up a match between Elkan and Miss Birdie Maslik?"

"That's just what I said," Polatkin announced.

"Then I can explain the whole thing," Scheikowitz rejoined triumphantly. "Miss Maslik had a date to meet Elkan last night yet with a *Shadchen* by the name Charles Fischko, and that's why B. Maslik told this here button salesman that his daughter was engaged."

Rashkind again raised his head and regarded Scheikowitz with a malevolent grin.

"*Schmooes!*" he jeered. "Miss Maslik is engaged and the *Shadchen* was Charles Fischko, but the *Kahlo* ain't Elkan Lubliner by a damsight."

It was now Polatkin's turn to gloat, and he shook his head slowly up and down.

"So, Scheikowitz," he said, "you are trying to fix up a *Shidduch* between Elkan and Miss Maslik without telling me a word about it, and you get the whole thing so mixed up that it is a case of trying to sit between two chairs! You come down *mit* a big bump and I ain't got no sympathy for you neither."

"What was the feller's name?" Scheikowitz demanded hoarsely of Rashkind who was straightening out his tie and smoothing his rumpled hair.

"It's a funny quincidence," Rashkind replied; "but you remember, Mr. Polatkin, I was talking to you the other day about Julius Flixman?"

"Yes," Polatkin said, and his heart began to thump in anticipation of the answer.

"Well, Julius Flixman, as I told you, sold out his store to a feller by the name Max Kapfer," Rashkind said and paused again.

"*Nu!*" Scheikowitz roared. "What of it?"

"Well, this here Max Kapfer is engaged to be married to Miss Birdie Maslik," Rashkind concluded; and when Scheikowitz looked from Rashkind toward his partner the latter had already proceeded more than halfway to the telephone.

"And that's what your *Shadchen* done for you, Mr. Scheikowitz!" Rashkind said as he put on his hat. He walked to the elevator and rang the bell.

"Yes, Mr. Scheikowitz," Rashkind added, "as a *Shadchen* maybe I am a button salesman; but I'd a whole lot sooner be a button salesman as a thief—and don't you forget it!"

After the elevator had borne Rashkind away Scheikowitz went back to the office in time to hear Marcus engaged in a noisy altercation with the telephone operator of the Prince Clarence Hotel.

"What d'ye mean he ain't there?" he bellowed. "With you it's always the same—I could never get nobody at your hotel."

He hung up the receiver with force almost sufficient to wreck the instrument.

"That'll do, Polatkin!" Scheikowitz said. "We already got half our furniture smashed."

"Did I done it?" Polatkin growled—the allusion being to the chair demolished by Scheikowitz on the previous day.

"You was the cause of it," Scheikowitz retorted; "and, anyhow, who are you ringing up at the Prince Clarence?"

"I'm ringing up that feller Kapfer," Polatkin replied. "I want to tell that sucker what I think of him."

Then it was that Kapfer's theory as to the effect of his engagement on his relations with Polatkin & Scheikowitz became justified in fact.

"You wouldn't do nothing of the kind," Scheikowitz declared. "It ain't bad enough that Elkan loses this here *Shidduch*, but you are trying to Jonah a good account also! Why, that feller Kapfer's business after he marries Miss Maslik would be easy worth to us three thousand dollars a year."

"I don't care what his business is worth," Polatkin shouted. "I would say what I please to that highwayman!"

"What do you want to do?" Scheikowitz pleaded—"bite off your nose to spoil your face?"

Polatkin made no reply and he was about to go into the showroom when the telephone bell rang.

"Leave me answer it," Scheikowitz said; and a moment later he picked up the desk telephone and placed the receiver to his ear.

"Hello!" he said. "Yes, this is Polatkin & Scheikowitz. This is Mr. Scheikowitz talking."

Suddenly the instrument dropped with a clatter to the floor; and while Scheikowitz was stooping to pick it up Polatkin rushed into the office.

"Scheikowitz!" he cried. "What are you trying to do—break up our whole office yet? Ain't it enough you are putting all our chairs on the bum already?"

Scheikowitz contented himself by glaring viciously at his partner and again placed the receiver to his ear.

"Hello, Mr. Kapfer," he said. "Yes, I heard it this morning already. Them things travels fast, Mr. Kapfer. No, I don't blame you—I blame this here Fischko. He gives me a dirty deal—that's all."

Here there was a long pause, while Polatkin stood in the middle of the office floor like a bird-dog pointing at a covey of partridges.

"But why couldn't you come down here, Mr. Kapfer?" Scheikowitz asked. Again there was a long pause, at the end of which Scheikowitz said: "Wait a minute — I'll ask my partner."

"Listen here, Polatkin," he said, placing his hand over the transmitter. "Kapfer says he wants to give us from two thousand five hundred dollars an order, and he wants you and me to go up to the Prince Clarence at two o'clock to see him. He wants us both there because he wants to arrange terms of credit."

"I would see him hung first!" Polatkin roared, and Scheikowitz took his hand from the transmitter.

"All right, Mr. Kapfer," he answered in dulcet tones; "me and Polatkin will both be there. Goodby."

He hung up the receiver with exaggerated care.

"And you would just bet your life that we will be there!" he said. "And that's all there is to it!"

VII

AT HALF past one that afternoon, while Max Kapfer was enjoying a good cigar in the lobby of the Prince Clarence, he received an unexpected visitor in the person of Julius Flixman.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Flixman?" he cried, dragging forth a chair.

Flixman extended a thin, bony hand in greeting and sat down wearily.

"I don't do so good, Kapfer," he said. "I guess New York don't agree with me." He distorted his face in what he intended to be an amiable smile. "But I guess it

(Continued on Page 48)

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(Continued from Page 46)

agrees with you all right," he continued. "I suppose I must got to congradulate you on account you are going to be engaged to Miss Birdie Maslik."

"Why, who told you about it?" Kapfer asked.

"I met this morning a real-estater by the name Rashkind, which he is acquainted with the Maslik family," Flixman replied, "and he says it happened yesterday. Also they told me up at the hotel you was calling there this morning to see me."

"That's right," Kapfer said; "and you was out."

"I was down to see a feller on Center Street," Flixman went on, "and so I thought, so long as you wanted to fix up about the note, I might just as well come down here."

"I'm much obliged to you," Kapfer interrupted.

"Not at all," Flixman continued. "When a feller wants to pay you money and comes to see you once to do it and you ain't in, understand me, then it's up to you to go to him; so here I am."

"But the fact is," Kapfer said, "I didn't want to see you about paying the money exactly. I wanted to see you about not paying it."

"About not paying it!" Flixman cried.

"Sure!" Kapfer replied. "I wanted to see if you wouldn't give me a year's extension for that last thousand on account I am going to get married; and with what Miss Maslik would bring me, y'understand, and your thousand dollars which I got here, I would just have enough to fix up my second floor and build a twenty-five-foot extension on the rear. You see, I figure it this way." He searched his pocket for a piece of paper and produced a fountain pen. "I figure that the fixtures cost me twenty-two hundred," he began, "and ——"

At this juncture Flixman flipped his fingers derisively.

"Pipe dreams you got it!" he said. "That store as it stands was good enough for me, and it should ought to be good enough for you. Furthermore, Kapfer, if you want to invest Maslik's money and your own money, *schon gut;* but me I could always put a thousand dollars into a bond, Kapfer. So, if it's all the same to you, I'll take your check and call it square."

Kapfer shrugged resignedly.

"I had an idee you would," he said, "so I got it ready for you; because, Mr. Flixman, you must excuse me when I tell you that you got the reputation of being a good collector."

"Am I?" Flixman snapped out. "Well, maybe I am, Kapfer, but I could give my money up, too, once in a while; and, believe me or not, Kapfer, this afternoon yet I am going to sign a will which I am leaving all my money to a Talmud Torah School."

"You don't say so!" Kapfer said as he drew out his checkbook.

"That's what I am telling you," Flixman continued, "because there's a lot of young loafers running round the streets which nobody got any control over 'em at all; and if they would go to a Talmud Torah School, understand me, not only they learn 'em there a little *Loschen Hakodesch*, y'understand, but they would also pretty near club the life out of 'em."

"I'll write out a receipt on some of the hotel paper here," Kapfer said as he signed and blotted the check.

"Write out two of 'em, so I would have a copy of what I am giving you," Flixman rejoined. "It's always just so good to be businesslike. That's what I told that lawyer today. He wants me I should remember a couple of orphan asylums he's interested in, and I told him that if all them suckers would train up their children they would learn a business and not holler round the streets and make life miserable for people, they wouldn't got to be orphans at all. Half the orphans is that way on account they worried their parents to death with their carryings-on, and when they go to orphan asylums they get treated kind yet. And people is foolish enough to pay a lawyer fifty dollars if he should draw up a will to leave the orphan asylum their good hard-earned money."

He snorted indignantly as he examined Kapfer's receipt and compared it with the original.

"Well," he concluded as he appended his signature to the receipt, "I got him down to twenty-five dollars and I'll have that will business settled up this afternoon yet."

He placed the check and the receipt in his wallet and shook hands with Kapfer.

"Goodby," he said. "And one thing let me warn you against: A *Kahlo* should always get his money in cash *oder* certified check before he goes under the *Chuppah* at all; otherwise, after you are married and your father-in-law is a crook, understand me, you could kiss yourself goodby with your wife's dowry and don't you forget it!"

Max walked with him down the lobby; and they had barely reached the entrance when Charles Fischko and Miss Yetta Silbermacher arrived.

"Hello, Fischko!" Max cried, as Flixman tottered out into the street; but Fischko made no reply. Instead he suddenly let go Miss Silbermacher's arm and dashed hurriedly to the sidewalk. Max led Miss Silbermacher to a chair and engaged her immediately in conversation. She was naturally a little embarrassed by her unusual surroundings, though she was becomingly—not to say fashionably—attired in garments of her own making; and she gazed timidly about her for her absent lover.

"Elkan ain't here yet," Max explained, "on account you are a little ahead of time."

Miss Silbermacher's brown eyes sparkled merrily.

"I ain't the only one," she said as she jumped to her feet; for, though the hands of the clock on the desk pointed to ten minutes to two, Elkan Lubliner approached from the direction of the café. He caught sight of them while he was still some distance away, and two overturned chairs marked the last of his progress toward them.

At first he held out his hand in greeting; but the two little dimples that accompanied Yetta's smile overpowered his sense of propriety, and he embraced her affectionately.

"Where's Fischko?" he asked.

Both Kapfer and Miss Silbermacher looked toward the street entrance.

"He was here a minute ago," Kapfer said.

"Did you tell him that I wasn't Ury Shemansky at all?" Elkan inquired.

"Sure I did," Miss Silbermacher replied, "and he goes on something terrible, on account he says Mr. Kapfer told him last night you was already engaged; so I told him I know you was engaged because I am the party you are engaged to."

She squeezed Elkan's hand.

"And he says then," she continued, "that if that's the case what do we want him down here for? So I told him we are going to meet Mr. Polatkin and Mr. Scheikowitz, and ——"

"And they'll be right here in a minute," Kapfer interrupted; "so you go upstairs to my room and I'll find Fischko and bring him up also."

He conducted them to the elevator, and even as the door closed behind them Fischko came running up the hall.

"Kapfer," he said, "who was that feller which he was just here talking to you?"

"What d'ye want to know for?" Kapfer asked.

"Never mind what I want to know for!" Fischko retorted. "Who is he?"

"Well, if you must got to know," Kapfer said, "he's a feller by the name Julius Flixman."

"What?" Fischko shouted.

"Fischko," Kapfer protested, "you ain't in no Canal Street coffee house here. This is a first-class hotel."

Fischko nodded distractedly.

"Sure, I know," he said. "Is there a place we could sit down here? I want to ask you something a few questions."

Kapfer led the way to the café and they sat down at a table near the door.

"Go ahead, Fischko," he said. "Polatkin and Scheikowitz will be here any minute."

"Well," Fischko began falteringly, "if this here feller is Julius Flixman, which he is coming from Bessarabia *schon* thirty years ago already, I don't want to do nothing in a hurry, Mr. Kapfer, on account I want to investigate first how things stand."

"What d'ye mean?" Kapfer demanded.

"Why, I mean this," Fischko cried: "If this here Flixman is well fixed, Kapfer, I want to know it, on account Miss Yetta Silbermacher is from Flixman's sister a daughter, understand me!"

Kapfer lit a cigar deliberately before replying. He was thinking hard.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said at last, "that this here Miss Silbermacher is Julius Flixman's a niece?"

"That's what I said," Fischko replied. "He comes here from Bessarabia thirty years ago already, and from that day to this I never heard a word about him—Miss Silbermacher neither."

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"Ain't the rest of his family heard from him?" Kapfer asked guardedly.

"There ain't no rest of his family," Fischko said. "Mrs. Silbermacher was his only sister, and she's dead over ten years since."

Kapfer nodded and drew reflectively on his cigar.

"Well, Fischko," he said finally, "I wouldn't let Flixman worry me none. He's practically a *Schnorrer;* he was in here just now on account he hears I am going to marry a rich girl and touches me for some money on the head of it. I guess you noticed that he looks pretty shabby—ain't it?"

"And sick too," Fischko added, just as a bellboy came into the café.

"Mr. Copper!" he bawled, and Max jumped to his feet.

"Right here," he said, and the bellboy handed him a card.

"Tell them I'll be with them in a minute," he continued; "and you stay here till I come back, Fischko. I won't be long."

He followed the bellboy to the desk, where stood Polatkin and Scheikowitz.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said.

"Well, Mr. Kapfer," Scheikowitz replied, "I guess I got to congradulate you."

"Sure!" Kapfer murmured perfunctorily. "Let's go into the Moorish Room."

"What's the matter with the café?" Polatkin asked; but Scheikowitz settled the matter by leading the way to the Moorish Room, where they all sat down at a secluded table.

"The first thing I want to tell you, gentlemen," Kapfer said, "is that I know you feel that I turned a dirty trick on you about Elkan."

Scheikowitz shrugged expressively.

"The way we feel about it, Mr. Kapfer," he commented, "is that bygones must got to be bygones—and that's all there is to it."

"But," Kapfer said, "I don't want the bygones to be all on my side; so I got a proposition to make you. How would it be if I could fix up a good *Shidduch* for Elkan myself?"

"What for a *Shidduch?*" Polatkin asked.

"The girl is an orphan," Kapfer replied, "*aber* she's got one uncle, a bachelor, which ain't got no relation in the world but her, and he's worth anyhow seventy-five thousand dollars."

"How do you know he's worth that much?" Polatkin demanded.

"Because I got some pretty close business dealings with him," Kapfer replied; "and not only do I know he's worth that much, but I guess you do, too, Mr. Polatkin, on account his name is Julius Flixman."

"Julius Flixman!" Scheikowitz cried. "Why, Julius Flixman ain't got a relation in the world—he told me so himself."

"When did he told you that?" Kapfer asked.

"A couple of days ago," Scheikowitz replied.

"Then that accounts for it," Kapfer said. "A couple of days ago nobody knows he had a niece—not even Flixman himself didn't; but today yet he would know it and he would tell you so himself."

"But ——" Scheikowitz began, when once again a page entered the room, bawling a phonetic imitation of Kapfer's name.

"Wanted at the 'phone," he called as he caught sight of Kapfer.

"Excuse me," Kapfer said. "I'll be right back."

He walked hurriedly out of the room, and Polatkin turned with a shrug to his partner.

"Well, Scheikowitz," he began, "what did I told you? We are up here on a fool's errand—ain't it?"

Scheikowitz made no reply.

"I'll tell you, Polatkin," he said at length, "Flixman himself says to me he did got one sister living in Bessarabia, and he ain't heard from her in thirty years; and ——"

At this juncture Kapfer rushed into the room.

"Scheikowitz," he gasped, "I just now got a telephone message from a lawyer on Center Street, by the name Goldenfein, I should come right down there. Flixman is taken sick suddenly and they find in his pocket my check and a duplicate receipt which he gives me, written on the hotel paper. Do me the favor and come with me."

Fifteen minutes later they stepped out of a taxicab in front of an old-fashioned office building in Center Street and elbowed their way through a crowd of over a hundred people toward the narrow doorway.

"Where do yous think you're going?" asked a policeman whose broad shoulders completely blocked the little entrance.

"We was telephoned for, on account a friend of ours by the name Flixman is taken sick here," Kapfer explained.

"Go ahead," the policeman said more gently; "but I guess you're too late."

"Is he dead?" Scheikowitz cried, and the policeman nodded solemnly as he stood to one side.

VIII

MORE than two hours elapsed before Kapfer, Polatkin and Scheikowitz returned to the Prince Clarence. With them was Kent J. Goldenfein.

"Mr. Kapfer," the clerk said, "there's a man been waiting for you in the café for over two hours."

"I'll bring him right in," Kapfer said, and two minutes afterward he brought the gesticulating Fischko out of the café.

"Do you think I am a dawg?" Fischko cried. "I've been here two hours!"

"Well, come into the Moorish Room a minute," Kapfer pleaded, "and I'll fix everything up with you afterward."

He led the protesting *Shadchen* through the lobby, and when they entered the Moorish Room an impressive scene awaited them. On a divan, beneath some elaborate plush draperies, sat Kent J. Goldenfein, flanked on each side by Polatkin and Scheikowitz respectively, while spread on the table in front of them were the drafts of Flixman's will and the engrossed, unsigned copy, together with such other formidable-looking documents as Goldenfein happened to find in his pockets. He rose majestically as Fischko entered and turned on him a beetling frown.

"Is this the fellow?" he demanded sepulchrally, and Kapfer nodded.

"Mr. Fischko," Goldenfein went on, "I am an officer of the Supreme Court and I have been retained to investigate the affairs of Mr. Julius Flixman."

"Say, lookyhere, Kapfer," Fischko cried. "What is all this?"

Kapfer drew forward a chair.

"Sit down, Fischko," he said, "and answer the questions that he is asking you."

"But ——" Fischko began.

"Come, come, Mr. Fischko," Goldenfein boomed, "you are wasting our time here. Raise your right hand!"

Fischko glanced despairingly at Kapfer and then he obeyed.

"Do you solemnly swear," said Goldenfein, who, besides being an attorney-at-law was also a notary public, "that the affidavit you will hereafter sign will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"But ——" Fischko began again.

"Do you?" Goldenfein roared, and Fischko nodded. Forthwith Goldenfein plied him with such ingeniously fashioned questions concerning the Flixman family that the answers presented a complete history of all its branches. Furthermore, the affidavit which Goldenfein immediately drew up lacked only such confirmatory evidence as could easily be supplied to establish the identity of Miss Yetta Silbermacher as Julius Flixman's only heir-at-law; and, after Fischko had meekly signed the jurat, Goldenfein rose ponderously to his feet.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Polatkin," he said. "I think there is no doubt that your nephew's fiancée will inherit Flixman's estate, thanks to my professional integrity."

"What d'ye mean your professional integrity?" Kapfer asked.

"Why, if I hadn't refused to accept twenty-two dollars for drawing the will and insisted on the twenty-five we had agreed upon," Goldenfein explained, "he would never have suffered the heart attack which prevented his signing the will before he died."

"Died!" Fischko exclaimed. "Is Julius Flixman dead?"

"*Koosh*, Fischko!" Polatkin commanded. "You would think you was one of the family the way you are acting. Come down to our store tomorrow and we would arrange things with you." He turned to Kapfer.

"Let's go upstairs and see Elkan—and Yetta," he said.

Immediately they trooped to the elevator and ascended to the seventh floor.

"All of you wait here in the corridor," Kapfer whispered, "and I'll go and break it to them." He tiptoed to his room and knocked gently at the door.

"Come!" Elkan cried, and Kapfer turned the knob.

On a sofa near the window sat Elkan, with his arm surrounding his fiancée's waist and her head resting on his shoulder.

"Hello, Max!" he cried. "What's kept you? We must have been waiting here at least a quarter of an hour!"

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Boston: 414 Boylston St.
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Providence: 232 Westminster St.
Pittsburg: 520-522 Wood St.
Philadelphia: 1320 Chestnut St.
Chicago: 35 South State St.
Chicago: LaSalle and Monroe Sts.
Chicago: 34-36 Washington St.
Cincinnati: Sinton Hotel
Buffalo: 150 Main St.
Buffalo: 506 Main St.
Washington: Cor. 12th and F Sts.
Syracuse: 319 S. Salina St.
Rochester: 44-46 Main St. East
Newark: 643 Broad St.
Baltimore: 18-20 E. Baltimore St.
Albany: 35 N. Pearl St.
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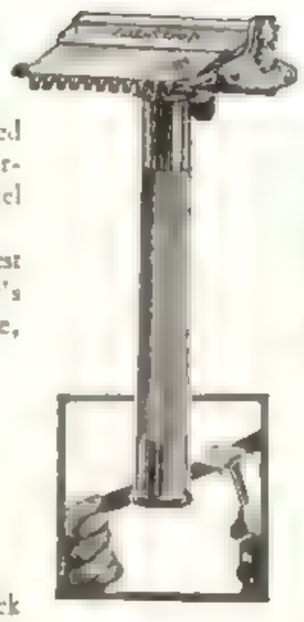

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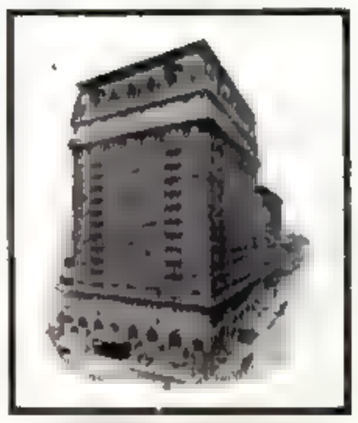
"*Gentlemen:*—Referring to your favor of the 4th, asking my opinion of your AutoStrop Razor, I beg to say that if a man wants to shave himself and cannot strop a razor, the best thing he can do is to get an AutoStrop Razor because it will do the stropping for him and will do it quickly and conveniently, and give him an edge which will remove his beard to his entire satisfaction."



HOTEL LA SALLE

PONTCHARTRAIN

Mr. Emery, Head Barber

PONTCHARTRAIN

Detroit, says in part:

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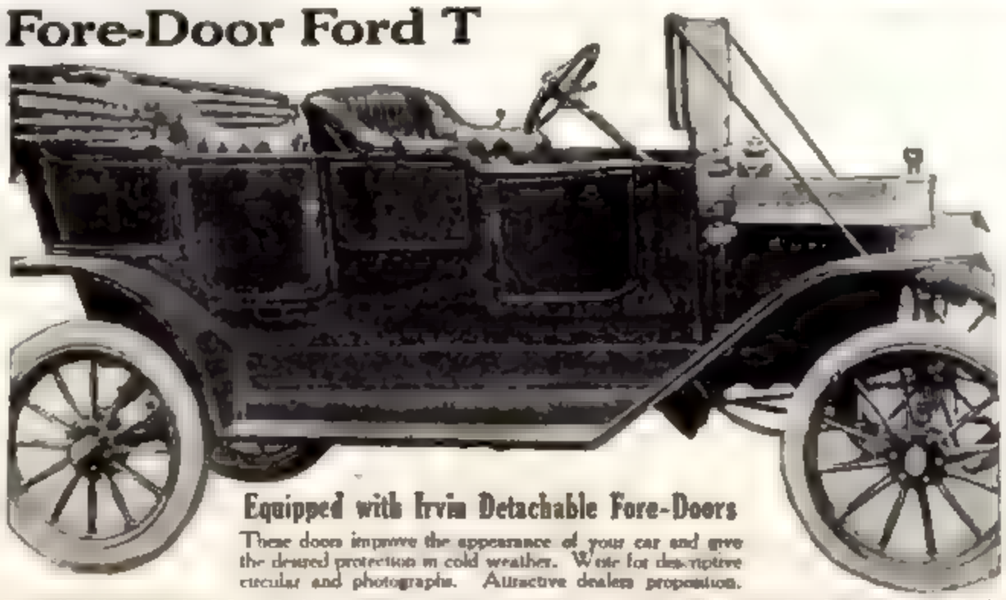

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Lessons From Our Alien Farmers

(Continued from Page 11)

"For years," he declares, "I have raised just about as big a crop of lima beans between those walnut trees as if the ground had been clear. Now I have a splendid orchard of English walnuts that, as I figure it, has cost me next to nothing—for I have charged up the cost of cultivation to the bean crops. And I have been offered five hundred and fifty dollars an acre for that orchard. Land was cheap when I bought here. If I had only made a bare living from the land, in addition to growing the orchard, I couldn't have complained much. Some years I made my beans pay me a profit of forty dollars an acre; other years not so much—but always a good profit. I think the reason that some of my neighbors didn't do so well as this with their limas was because they didn't know how to handle their soil. There is nothing that pays a farmer so well as a close acquaintance with the soil—his own soil! That's what I tried to get, and I guess I did it, for I got the results where many others failed. After I had studied my soil I made up my mind that it was a mistake merely to scratch the surface, as some farmers here were doing. So, in the plowing that was done before the rains, I put the plows down deep—about twelve inches—and got under the pan, as we call it. In this soil the depth to which you plow before the rains fixes the depth of the hardpan. By plowing ten or twelve inches deep, instead of five or six, as others plowed, I gave the roots of my beans double the depth in which to grow and from which to get nourishment—for their roots will not penetrate the hardpan. And, at the same time, I gave the young walnut trees a chance to strike out their roots and get moisture that they could not have had with the ordinary shallow plowing.

"It is a mistake to pulverize the soil too finely. Lots of farmers here have made that mistake. My best results have been with soil that has been left lumpy; it has held the moisture better. When the surface is powdered fine it has a tendency to pack and let the moisture escape. With this kind of handling I have made my own ground yield me as high an average as forty sacks of beans to the acre, and my rented bean land has sometimes given me an average of thirty-three sacks an acre on one hundred and thirty acres. Those are high averages, as any lima-grower will tell you; and it takes something to account for them. I think the secret is in the deep plowing preceding the rains and in leaving the land lumpy instead of finely pulverized."

Perpendicular Farming

Manuel Farias is another Portuguese of the Ventura district from whose example Americans have something to learn. When he came into the lima country six years ago he had only money enough to make a small payment; and proved lima land was held at a high figure and there were buyers with ready money to take the best of it. Therefore Manuel began to look about for a bargain. He found two hundred and eight acres that the owner would sell at twenty-five dollars an acre on long time. Much of it was steep hillside that even a courageous New England farmer would hardly have tried to cultivate; but the plucky Portuguese continued to plow it after a fashion, and did his harrowing with three horses, mounting the lead horse in order to make the turns. From this perpendicular saddle farming, however, he contrived to produce twenty sacks of beans to the acre—this without irrigation.

There are some forty varieties of lima beans, and when Manuel Farias first came to Ventura he happened to see a small field of pink beans. He studied the conditions under which they were grown and decided that they were just the thing for his hillside farm. This decision was not in line with local traditions, but he had the courage of his convictions and planted the pinks exclusively. They have done well by him, having paid for his farm, given him a living, improved his land and increased his equipment. The Portuguese has eyes of his own, uses them shrewdly and is plucky enough to act upon his own conclusions. He will tackle an uphill farming proposition, apply original methods and compel it to pay.

Obstacles and emergencies seem to act as spurs to the Portuguese temperament. An experience on the part of Frank Williams, who is declared by his San Leandro neighbors to have made a fortune of fifty thousand dollars in vegetables, shows this trait. He was found with a gang of men setting out tomato plants. Each plant was wrapped in paper and the wrapping was stuck into the soil along with the plant.

"What is the idea of that?" he was asked.

"The difference between next to nothing and a full crop!" was his quick answer. Then he laughed and continued: "That's the Portuguese of it. I'm half Irish and half Portuguese, but it's the Portuguese part of me that does the farming." Now a man with Azores blood in him hates to be done out in a farming problem as badly as an Irishman hates to be licked in a fight. That little paper-tipped tomato plant tells the story of one of the toughest propositions that this particular Portuguese farmer ever went up against. "I had been raising tomatoes for the Eastern market and the canneries for some time—long enough to find out that they were about the most profitable things I could grow. Then, one season, my young tomato plants began to die. Of course I pulled up plants to see what the trouble was. It was a black beetle that cut the little plants straight off just below the surface—didn't leave them a leg to stand on! For a time the tomato outlook appeared about as black as the little bug that was doing the business. We tried tobacco, lime, sulphur—everything that we could hear of or think of; but the little bug kept right on eating off the plants as fast as we could stick them into the ground."

First Aid to Injured Tomatoes

"It was a mighty serious matter to me, with a big tomato acreage that ought to clear fifty dollars an acre for the cannery crop and seventy-five to a hundred and fifty dollars for the table varieties. It made me sweat. Something had to be done at once; and so I said to myself that the way to do it was to sit down and think the thing out. I went at it on that basis, and reasoned that anything that would keep the beetle from cutting into the plant for the first few days, while the plant was young and tender, would probably save the day. Then the idea came to me—Why not wrap the plants in paper, clear down to the roots? I lost no time in putting the thing to the test with a few hundred plants. I was so anxious to see the results that I could hardly bear to leave them in the ground long enough to allow the beetle to get a good toothhold. Every little while I'd go out to the field where I'd planted the paper-tipped Trophies and pull one up to look at it. They were not touched the first day, or the second, or the third.

"Then I began to have hopes. I stuck close to that experimental patch until finally I was convinced we had the beetle backed off the field. Then we started in wrapping by the wholesale, using ordinary light wrapping paper. Of course I told my Portuguese neighbors about it; and now every tomato plant that goes into the ground in this locality is paper-tipped. That experience taught me a lesson—there's a way to beat most anything that bothers a farmer, and the man on the ground can often find it out for himself if he just goes after it hard enough."

It is said of Frank Williams: "Oh, he's Portuguese, all right—you never catch him running to town on a two-bit errand! He sticks right on the job." And, with three hundred and twenty-five acres in vegetables and cherries, he has a job of a man's size.

A man who is in position to know asserts that, on the same physical security, a representative Portuguese farmer can borrow twenty-five per cent more money, in a community where Portuguese thrift and resourcefulness are well understood, than can a native American farmer.

"The reasons for this condition," declared this informant, "are that once a Portuguese gets hold of a piece of land he never rests until it is paid for, and he sacrifices his personal ease and comfort until the mortgage is wiped out, to that end saving every dollar above the sternest actual necessities. A mortgaged homestead and an automobile are contrary to the Portuguese catechism! He never stints his land or his stock, however. Again, in addition to being an untiring worker, he is an intelligent farmer. I never knew a Portuguese farmer who was not a good farmer."

To this may be added the statement that the possession of native executive ability is

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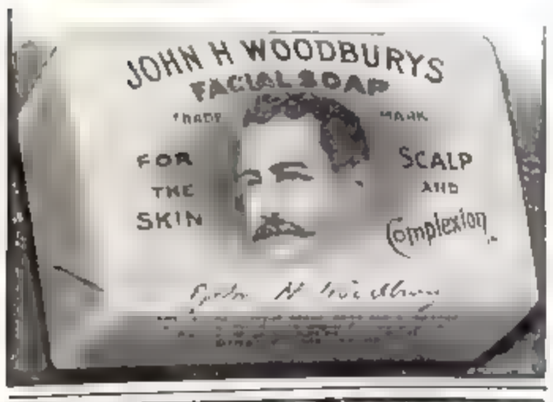

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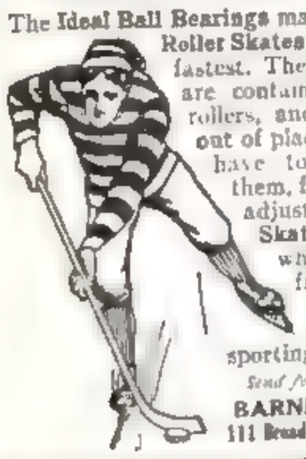

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a marked Portuguese characteristic. This is seen in every locality where men from the Azores have settled. They are very likely not to know how to read or write, but they have a strong latent ability for the management of men and affairs. They start with little propositions and keep on expanding their capacities after their farms have grown to a size that compels them to act as executives and to leave the actual labor to others. Many examples in point are to be found in the Stockton and Sacramento districts, where operations, as a rule, are on a large scale.

"The average Portuguese," declares an American who has extensive business relations with the aliens from the Azores, "will grow with his fortune in spite of the most discouraging handicaps. This means they are not only possessed of a surprising stock of native ability but that they study over everything they do. With them, no business experience, no matter how trivial in itself, is allowed to go to waste. The Portuguese farmer abhors waste—and most of all the waste of knowledge or experience.

"I know a Portuguese farmer not far from Sacramento who came here with only the clothes on his back. Worse than that, he could neither read nor write, either Portuguese or in English. He secured a job as a farm hand at low wages and kept looking about for a chance. Eventually he rented a few acres of asparagus land and learned how to handle it. Each year he enlarged his operations and evolved from a laborer into a business executive. Then he bought eighty-five acres and paid down what he could. I have known him to take fifteen thousand dollars in asparagus from those eighty-five acres. When a man runs eighty-five acres of asparagus he is a business man rather than a farmer—an executive instead of a personal tiller of the soil; for growing asparagus is an intensive proposition. This illiterate Portuguese has grown in a few years from a cheap laborer to an immensely capable business administrator. Considered individually, this is unimportant; but the whole race seems to have the same gift of so digesting their personal experiences and observations as to apply them in a large and constantly expanding way."

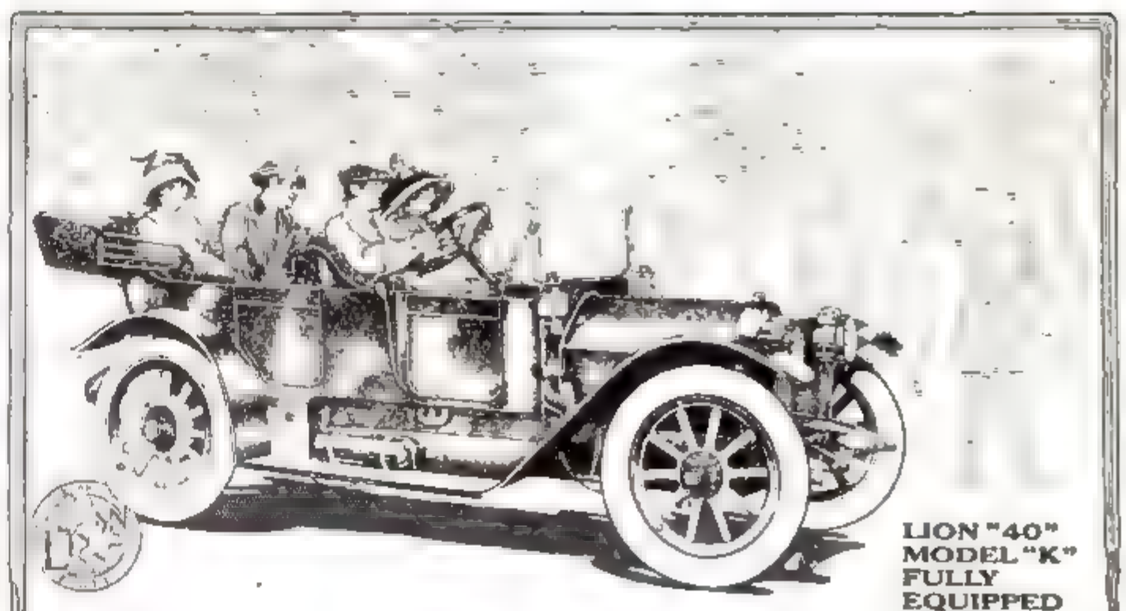
According to the Market Value

"I can't read or write," frankly declared another Portuguese of San Leandro; "and when I came here I was not only without a cent, but I didn't have a blanket to my back. A good American here staked me to a pair of blankets in which to sleep and I went to work as a laborer. It took me longer than it does most of our people to strike out for myself. I worked for ten years for the same man; but, of course, I kept my eyes open for the right thing to go into. I decided there was good money in tomatoes, with cucumbers and peas on the side. Then I began to study the tomato game by talking with everybody who grew them about here, and especially with the men connected with the canneries. There is generally about one main trick with every crop that makes it a big thing instead of just a fair thing or a failure. To get a line on what that trick is right at the start counts on the heavy end of the game.

"I made up my mind, after studying the question for months, that the big knack in tomatoes was to have them come on at just the right time to get the top price. I went ahead on this line and I'm satisfied. My seeding is done in December, January and early February, and all on the basis of giving the market and the canneries what they want when they want it most and can get the least of it from other sources. This is a thing that thousands of growers in every part of the country overlook, or at least they pay too little attention to it. If I were going to start in growing some new crop the first thing I would figure on would be: On what date should I have this stuff mature in order to have it get the top price and keep out of the way of other growers? It is so simple a proposition that you would think every grower would see its importance and have it down fine—but only a few wise ones realize what it can be made to count for in dollars and cents when you go after it hard."

This farmer operates two hundred to five hundred acres, according to his outlook upon the season, and employs forty to one hundred men—always preferring Portuguese.

The natural progressiveness of these men from the Azores is typified by a dairyman



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Wonderfully flexible, easy-riding springs—50 inches long in rear—40 inches in front.

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at Alvarado, whose large herd is milked by the highest type of modern milking machine, operated by electricity. Electrical pumping plants are not uncommon with Portuguese farmers, particularly those who have made fortunes from the soil and have retired to ranches devoted to thoroughbred stock.

A Portuguese farmer seldom becomes so absorbed in the producing end of his farming that he neglects its marketing end. There are no keener observers and analysts of market tendencies than these uneducated men from the Azores, to whom a Government Crop Report would be a sealed mystery. A member of the Portuguese colony at Stockton affords a good example of this trait. Under ordinary conditions he operates a dairy, gets a good price for his milk and pays special attention to raising his young stock; but when dairy cattle become specially high he sells out his herd and turns his attention to raising beans. Later, when the price of milch cows drops below normal, he will quietly pick up a selected dairy herd and once more enter the dairy business. In a word, he buys his stock always on a low market and sells it on a high market. And not only this, but he gets a top price for the increase of his cattle and he is an adept in growing calves. It has taken him only eight years, according to a man who has bought much of his produce, to accumulate twenty thousand dollars' worth of clear property above all his family expenses.

Another interesting trait of the representative Portuguese is his freedom from crop traditions. He raises nothing because his father or his grandfather before him raised it—perhaps for the reason that these ancestors were in all likelihood serving before the mast instead of behind the plow. This racial tendency to sudden and complete changes in the character of the farming followed by the Portuguese of California once played an important part in the history of Petaluma. A number of adventurers from the Azores settled there, bought small tracts and decided that the soil was right for the production of asparagus. Men of this race seldom make a mistake in fitting the crop to the soil and their venture was highly successful—until the deadly blight of the "rust" entered its appearance. As modern agricultural science has found no dependable protection against this scourge, it is not strange that these men were unable to combat it.

A Field for Chicken Farmers

The average American, under those circumstances, would probably have sold out his land at a sacrifice and moved to a new asparagus district—but not the Portuguese! Once he has laid hold upon a piece of land he seldom loosens his grip upon it. Practically every Portuguese family raises its own fowls; and these men with blighted asparagus fields decided that the prices they had received for their surplus chickens indicated that chicken farming on a commercial scale could be made to pay. Therefore their asparagus farms were soon dotted with tiny coops and white hens and their downy broods. These men have no complaint to make against chicken farming—and the assertion of the Middle-West farmer that "chickens do not pay" is music in the ears of these Portuguese ex-asparagus growers, who stick to their land at Petaluma.

Almost every vital point in the life stories of hundreds of immigrants from the Azores is finely focused in the experience of Francisco Pacheco, of San Benito County. Back in the Azores, just before he reached the age of compulsory military service, Francisco was suddenly missed from his boyhood haunts. He had left "between two days" on a whaling ship, according to the time-honored practice of his people. He wanted adventure—and he found it—more than he had bargained for! However, too high a percentage of excitement of the voyage came from a cat-o'-nine-tails. Floggings were more frequent than meals under the master with whom he had shipped, and when the whaler finally put in at Honolulu Francisco was again among those not present. He did not reappear until the whaling ship was well out to sea.

Then he shipped again; and when he was finally set ashore on California soil he decided that he had seen enough of the high seas for a time. Scores, not to say hundreds, of others from his home country had preceded him by much the same route and had settled in San Leandro. Therefore he sought men of his own blood and in that place found employment as a ranch hand, outside of the Portuguese settlement; but his sailor habits still clung to him and each payday saw him on the streets of San Leandro distributing his wages and singing sailor songs. One day he met by chance a plump Portuguese girl, with snapping eyes and a laugh that lingered in his memory through the long period of work until the next payday. Before starting for town on this occasion he inquired of the ranch owner if he would like to have another girl to help in the house. The rancher laughed and responded:

"Sure, Francisco! I'll pay her good wages. Bring her back with you."

Francisco's sudden proposal was accepted and they were impetuously married; but on the way back to the ranch Francisco grew unaccountably solemn and finally confided to his bride:

"Mary, I'm almost sorry I married you!"

"Why?" she asked with a sudden flush.

"Because I don't see how I'm going to support you. I always spend my money as soon as I get it. Sailors always do."

"Oh, that's all right!" was the quick answer. "We'll both work."

The Wife of Francisco

And they did work. Moreover, there was a perceptible shrinkage in Francisco's sailorlike disbursements. Later they both found employment at much better wages on a San Benito County ranch. There the inevitable land-hunger gradually gripped his Portuguese heart; and one evening, as he and Mary sat in the moonlight outside their little shack, he suddenly broke out into cursing his luck in three languages.

"Why! What's the trouble, Francisco?" his wife mildly inquired.

"Just to think—if I hadn't been a worthless spendthrift I could now buy that ranch below here at a quarter of what it's worth! And it would only take a few hundred dollars. Then we could have a home of our own and children, and you could have your own people come from the Island; and——"

Without waiting for further particulars, Mary instantly arose and fled inside the shack. Her husband couldn't hear her crying—but he didn't blame her any for doing so.

Unexpectedly she reappeared, dangling one of her own stockings that looked as plump as that of an only child on Christmas morning.

"Come in and count it—see if it's enough!" she said. He was too astonished to speak.

"Enough!" he exclaimed after he had laboriously arranged the gold and silver pieces into hundred-dollar piles. "It's more than enough. Where did you get so much money, Mary?"

"Saved it from our wages," she answered with glowing eyes.

The farm bought, Francisco straightway forgot he had been a sailor. They must pay off the mortgage! This was done and soon a new mortgage was made to permit the purchase of an adjoining three hundred and twenty acres. In 1902 this process was repeated and his holdings were increased to nine hundred and sixty acres. Then he built a new house and said to his wife:

"Mary, the time has come to send to the Island for your people. They may have the house that we have lived in and your father may have as much land as he cares to work himself. The young men I will hire. I haven't any folks of my own now and you have worked hard; so we will send the money to bring your relatives and you can have them near to you and be happy."

Consequently eight hundred and thirty-four dollars and seventy-five cents was paid to a railroad agent for the steamship and railway passage of the nine adults in his wife's family. Francisco Pacheco and his wife have brought up eleven children of their own and they have all been sent to the public schools.

"I had to come to this country," remarked the father, "to learn to count up to ten; but my children will all be well educated for farmers—and that is what they will all be."

Not all the unlettered Portuguese boys who have drifted into California before the mast own nearly a thousand acres of land and about two hundred head of cattle and horses, as Francisco Pacheco does; but his story is suggestive of the experiences of scores of other settlers from the Azores that vary from his only in detail.

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Sometimes it happens that a great movement is going on about us—it jostles our own small sphere and we awake to find a marvelous change in some custom or means for enjoyment, that we have been among the *last to realize*.

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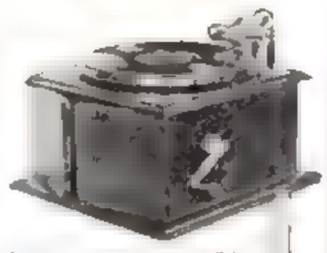

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CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

(Continued from Page 19)

supporting a home for tuberculous children, and half a dozen other charities. Ivan, all things being equal, would be quick to see the advantage of a peace treaty between a man who might yet bring him great profit and another who might land him in the Andamans. The only question was: Could he do it? And that's what I was going to try to find out.

It was good to be out again and I couldn't remember when I had felt so fit. The night was soft, very dark, and the air heavy and oppressive with a sort of tension to it that made me think there would be a thunderstorm before morning. Everybody seemed to be out, and the sidewalks in front of the cafés were crowded.

It was different, however, when I got over in the neighborhood of the Parc Monceau, for this was a rich quarter and the residents were off touring or at the springs and beaches. Most of the houses were tightly shuttered, and there was scarcely a cat on the streets. I began to be afraid that Ivan might be out of town himself, though it was not often he left headquarters.

When I got to his house, sure enough, it was closed up as tight as a box, with never a sign of life. It was a pretty little Renaissance building with a small garden in front and a larger one behind it, this running down to a high wall which was on a small street that cut at an angle the street on which the house faced. Another house, with a garden of its own, occupied the sharp corner plot. There was a small door in the back wall of Ivan's garden, so that the house could be left or entered from front or rear. The arrangement was the same in Léontine's house—and is, in fact, a very popular one in Paris.

I approached the house from the front and, after a quick glance up and down the street, stopped in front of the grilled iron gate and looked in. The little path seemed to be littered with leaves and twigs, and looked as if it had not been cleaned for some time. This fact struck me as suspicious, for it looked as if Ivan were trying to give the impression that the house was closed. I did not believe that he would leave it empty, even if he went away. Still, it was possible; and feeling rather disappointed I slipped round the corner to see if I could discover any evidence that the back entrance was being used.

The street was dark and silent. I walked noiselessly to the little door and, after a quick look round, dropped on my knees and examined the sill. Sure enough, somebody had crossed it, and that recently, for there were light dustmarks showing on the darker stone.

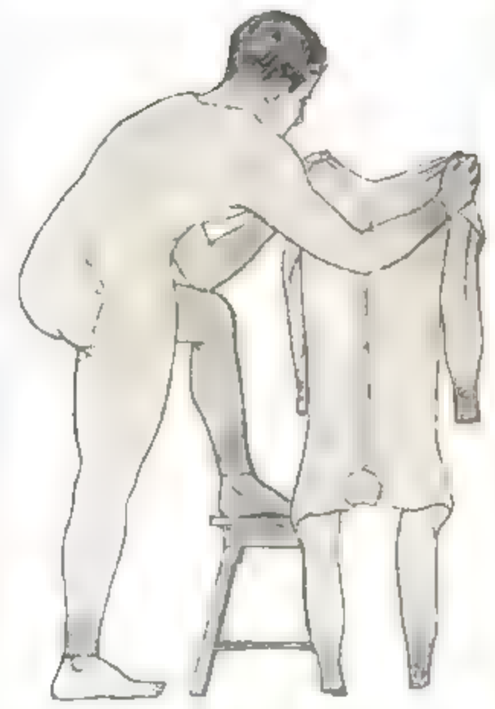
For a moment I hesitated, not knowing exactly what to do. It was mighty important that I should see Ivan, as I had promised Sœur Anne Marie to let up on Chu-Chu until I had made the effort to fix up a peace treaty. Chu-Chu hadn't promised anybody to let up on me, however; so, for the time being, the odds were all with him, and that's bad business when you're out to do a man up.

Well, there was only one way to find out if Ivan was in the house, and that was to go in and see. Naturally enough, he wouldn't want me yammering at the door when he was trying to give out the idea that the shop was closed; so I reached up and fumbled round in the ivy until my fingers got a grip on the edge of the wall, then hove myself up and lay for a moment stretched out at full length on the top, well hidden by the heavy growth of ivy, listening and watching.

My friend, if you want to find out something, let me tell you there is nothing like quiet watching. No matter where you watch, you always see something. Animals understand this principle better than humans, and the wilder an animal is, the more patient he is about this watching game.

I'd learned the lesson already; so now I just lay there with every sense alert, waiting for something to turn up—and pretty soon it did.

The garden was perhaps about thirty meters long by twenty wide and was a sort of little terrace, completely shaded by closely trimmed *marronniers*. I had been perhaps ten minutes on the top of the wall when I heard a door open softly and the sound of light footfalls on the gravel. The



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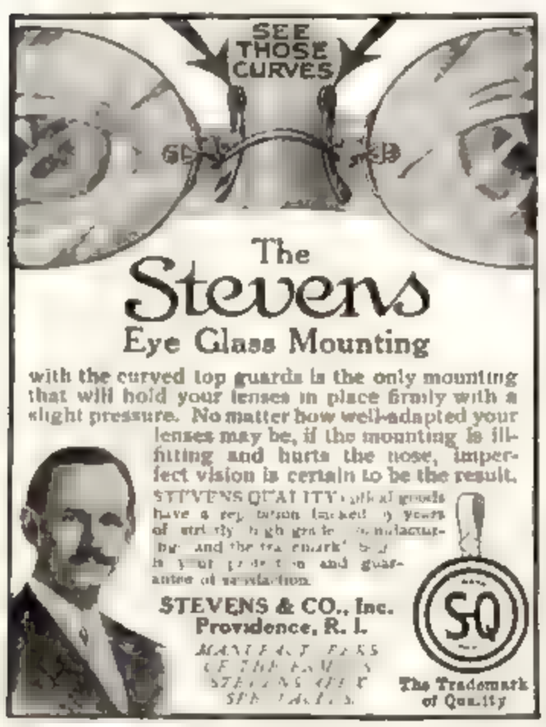

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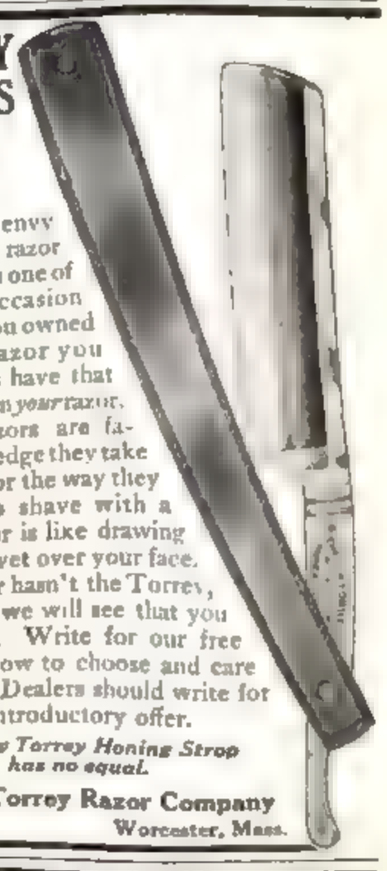

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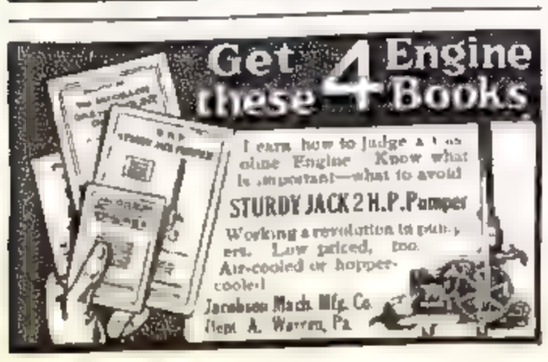
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trees were trimmed a little higher than the wall and, looking under their low branches, I saw two figures coming toward the door. As they drew near I was able to make them out, even in the gloom, as Ivan and Chu-Chu.

Straight up to where I lay they marched and halted directly underneath. I could have reached down and touched Chu-Chu's straw hat. He was in the costume of an artisan—a plumber or painter—and wore a long cotton blouse buttoned round his wrists.

Apparently he and the Chief had disagreed about something, for Ivan said sharply, though in a very soft voice:

"Then you will not undertake it? That is final?"

"It is not worth my while," growled Chu-Chu. "After all, I am the one to risk my liberty—not you."

"You risk nothing if you carry out my directions to the very foot of the letter," snapped Ivan.

Chu-Chu shrugged. "Perhaps," said he; "but you must remember that I am the only man who could do the job."

"It is very plain," said Ivan in about as nasty a tone as a man could use, "that you are suffering from the malady of egoism, Monsieur de Maxeville—though why, I cannot imagine. One would have thought that your recent misfortunes might have taught you a little modesty. I could name a man who could do this piece of work in a way to make you look like a tyro!"

"And who is that?" growled Chu-Chu, and I wondered at Ivan's daring. I had sized him up as the least bit afraid of his operator; but either he was very angry or else had more nerve than I had given him credit for.

"That, my friend," Ivan answered in a catty voice, "is our American friend, Monsieur Clamart, alias the Tidewater Clam, alias The Swell, alias Sir Frank, alias—this one I heard the other day in Berlin—*Der Meisterführer*. Did you ever hear of him, you Basque apprentice?" There was a snarl of rage in his voice and I began to think that Ivan was a more dangerous man than I had thought. "He stood you in the corner of my study while he took away from you the Baron Rosenthal's gems; he ditched you on the road to Calais and would have made you pay your dominoes then and there if your sponsor the devil had not taken care of you; he cut you up the other day and spoiled a job worth a good thirty thousand francs—and, for all you know, he might land on your fat neck this moment. And yet you have the *toupet* to tell me that you are the only man in Europe who can do this job which I have more than three-quarters done already!"

Chu-Chu seemed actually a little cowed. As for me, I could feel myself beginning to puff up until I was afraid the bushy ivy might fail to hide me. You can say what you like, a sincere worker is bound to take a certain pride in the thing he's been trained to, honest or dishonest. I'd chucked graft and asked nothing better than to live and work on the level; but somehow those words of Ivan's cheered me up inside and gave me a sort of homesick feeling. It was plain enough that he had a deal on, and Chu-Chu was standing out for the first squeeze of the press.

From the tone of Ivan's voice I could almost have hoped that he was trying to pick a quarrel and that, with a little luck, my work might be done for me, as I doubted that Ivan would have dared to take that tone unless he had his mines of defense all laid. No doubt his hand cuddled a pistol as he spoke, and perhaps Chu-Chu may have known it. At any rate, Chu-Chu probably thought that one feud on his hands at a time was enough; nor do I believe that he wanted to quarrel with the Chief, for he said in a surly sort of way:

"You need to remember that you were making a stork-leg at the same time, my dear Count; also that both of the times this cursed American attacked me I was at work on one of your jobs and giving my whole attention to that. If I've got to attend to our joint business it seems to me that you might at least give orders that this *rôdeur* be put out of business. If you will do that I will agree to take up this job on your own terms."

Ivan shook his head. "No," said he; "that is strictly your own affair. I don't want anything to do with it."

Chu-Chu hesitated a minute; then he said: "Chief, I will tell you what I'll do. If you will have me disembarrassed of the American I will consider that as my share

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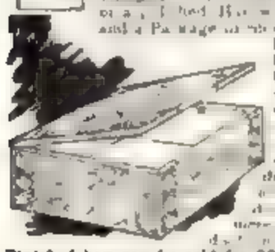

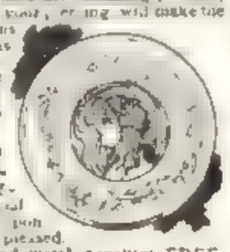

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and one Cheney Silk Handkerchief in colors to match. Two style boxes. One contains four-in-hand tubular tie and one silk handkerchief in matched shades. The other contains one four-in-hand, one bow tie and one silk handkerchief—matched colors. To be sure of the genuine, see the name Cheney Silks in neckband of cravat.

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Silk Manufacturers
4th Ave. and 18th St., New York

SHUMATE TUNGSTEN RAZOR

A Christmas Gift That's Guaranteed For Life Here, at last, is a razor good enough to guarantee for life. *READ OUR OFFER:* Buy from your dealer or send to us for a *Shumate Tungsten Razor*. Use your "*Tungsten*" and if it falls short of perfect service at any time it will be exchanged *free*. Even if you *misuse* it our offer holds good. *You can't lose!*

[illegible] Shumate Razor superiority lies in the *exclusive* process of genuine *Tungsten Alloy Steel*, which takes a keener edge and holds it longer than any [ever] known. [It] [is] finer than ground [or] elegant [in] handle. No matter how many razors you have, you should own a *Guaranteed-for-Life Shumate*. It will [share] its way into your favor.

THE PRICE IS $2.75 at all good stores. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from us. Other Shumates at various prices. Put up in a handsome velvet lined gift box, the Shumate Tungsten is a Christmas offering every man will appreciate.

To Dealers—If your stock is low, order at once. Over 3,000,000 Shumates in use. The number increasing daily.

SHUMATE RAZOR COMPANY (Estab. 1884) 619 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

of the transaction and do the job gratuitously. I can't do my work when I don't know what minute I may get a knife under the shoulderblade."

Here was high praise, let me tell you. Chu-Chu asking for help. That was more than I had hoped for; and, if it hadn't been for my promise to Sœur Anne Marie, let me tell you that his cry for help would have come too late. Did you ever see a bull-terrier crouching in front of a badger's cage, watching, as silent and as still as a tombstone, barring only the fine shiver rippling through him every few minutes? That's the way I was watching Chu-Chu. Maybe I was more like a cat, for there was no shiver going through me—only a sort of quiet, deadly patience; for I knew that he was not for me just yet. Perhaps the very fact of my not intending to kill him was what kept him from sensing me up there on the wall, though I was screened by the heavy foliage of the *marronniers*, to say nothing of the ivy, while a street lamp at some distance lighted the leaves overhead and put me in the shadow. Just the same, nothing could persuade me that Chu-Chu would have stayed long within my reach if I had been meaning to kill him. That extra sense would have made him restless.

If Ivan was tempted by his offer he failed to show it. Perhaps, like myself, he was a man of his word; or maybe he considered it beneath his dignity as Chief to bargain. At any rate, he answered:

"As I told you before, I want nothing to do with that affair. Never mind my motive—that is my own business. If you had dealt fairly with me in the matter of the Rosenthal stones you would never have got yourself in such an embarrassing position."

"But how many times have I got to say that I was waiting only for the opportunity to tell you of that job?" Chu-Chu snarled.

"It seems to me there was plenty of time," snapped Ivan. "At any rate, you must admit that you got us both made fools of. However, all this is not what interests us now. About this other affair. Do you want to undertake it or not? You may have until tomorrow forenoon to decide. Come and tell me your decision at eleven. I am going to lunch with Léontine at twelve-thirty. And now I must wish you good night, as it is indiscreet for us to stand here talking."

Chu-Chu muttered something under his breath. Ivan opened the door. Chu-Chu slipped out—and I watched him hungrily; but there was my promise to Sœur Anne Marie!

Ivan closed the door softly and stood for a moment as if in thought. Once he laid his hand on the bolt and I thought he was going to open the door and call Chu-Chu back; but apparently he thought better of it, for his hand dropped to his side again while he twisted his black, wiry mustache with the other. I guessed that he was hard put to it, that he had a big job going and that Chu-Chu was the only person he dared trust with it. If Chu-Chu failed to come to terms the whole thing was going begging.

Chu-Chu's heavy footsteps died away in the distance and still Ivan stood there twisting his mustache and thinking. Suddenly he swung on his heel and started for the house, and as he did so I moved my arm, rustling the ivy.

"Who is there?" asked Ivan in a low voice, and I saw his hand slip into the side pocket of his coat.

"It is I—Clamart," I answered softly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Not at Home

AL THOMAS, author of plays, says that when he was a reporter on the New York Sun he heard a member of an East-Side gang lamenting the ingratitude of a former comrade.

"Reddy he gits nailed wit' the goods on him," said the gangster, "and it's a case of takin' a plea. I goes to see him reg'lar twicet a week in the Tombs before his trial, and takes him things to eat and all the comic suppliments. The judge gives him five years and he goes up the river. I think it's no more'n right to pay him a call, so one Sunday I gits on the rattler and rides up to Sing Sing. I goes to the warden's office and a guy in uniform asks me what I want. I tells him I wants to see me old pal Reddy. The guy in uniform takes me name in to Reddy, and do you know wot message that Reddy sends back to me?

"He sends back word he ain't in."

Pennsylvania Knit Coat

Snug Comfort

Here it is for you.

A finely knitted, snug-fitting, soft worsted yarn, Sweater Coat and Muffler combined.

The Muffler is knitted right onto the inside of the coat. You can turn it up about your neck when the weather is *wild*, or turn it in out of sight when the weather is *mild*

This clever style comes only in

Pennsylvania Knit Coats

Made with unbreakable "NOTAIR" Buttonholes that never rip, tear or wear out.

[illegible] catching models for men and women [illegible] shown in the best shops everywhere. Ask [illegible] and look for the [illegible] Value at whatever price you pay.

The Pennsylvania Knitting Mills
1010-12-14 Race St.
Philadelphia

Learn About Brick

Every one admires a brick house. Few realize its low cost and economy.

A revolution in building materials is taking place, the Brick Era is here. The use of Brick is increasing tremendously because it is the best possible material and it now costs little if any more than wood.

Learn the Facts. Send today for our **Free Books**, "A Revolution in Building Materials" and "The Cost of a House."

Two Books of New House Designs from leading architects' offices, sent on receipt of price. "**A House of Brick for $10,000**," 2nd [illegible] 45 designs. 25c.

"**A House of Brick of Moderate Cost**" ($3,000 to $7,000). 71 designs. 50c.

[illegible] coupon of 2nd [illegible] you have in mind.

TRADE MARK THE BUILDING BRICK ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
1328 Flatiron Building, New York

$1

English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat. Genuine Fur Felt. Folds into [illegible] without damage. Can be shaped [illegible]. A [illegible] Silk Trimmings. Colors: Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Actual value $2.00. Sent prepaid promptly on receipt of $1.00. State size and [illegible] wanted. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Packed in Beautiful Holiday Boxes

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, New York City

AUTOHARP Trade Mark

Buy the Original
Zimmermann AUTOHARP

The National favorite [illegible] Novelty [illegible] your [illegible] Autoharp. A [illegible] musical instrument [illegible] [illegible] uses. At all music stores or sent [illegible] Easy to play, easy to buy." Send for free catalog. Up-to-date music folio, price 50c. postpaid.

The PHONOHARP CO., East Boston, Mass.

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your Household Goods. **Ship them at Reduced Rates** in Through Cars, avoiding transfer, to and from Western States. Write today for colored maps and information.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
508 Bedford Bldg., Chicago.
29 Broadway, New York.

We advise you to accept the first delivery of a Cadillac which your dealer can give you

Please credit your Cadillac dealer with sincerity when he warns you not to lose your "place in line."

Many Cadillac dealers have reported sales of the entire number of cars which have been allotted to them for the 1912 season. Others have only a limited number yet to sell.

Your dealer may be confronting a similar situation.

At any rate, nothing he can tell you concerning the conditions in your own city can begin to do justice to the profound impression created throughout the world by the new Cadillac.

Prior to this year, the public has rightly looked upon the principle of automatic starting and lighting as speculative and theoretical.

But this same public remembered, when it learned of the perfection of the Cadillac system, that the Cadillac Company had never promised what it could not perform.

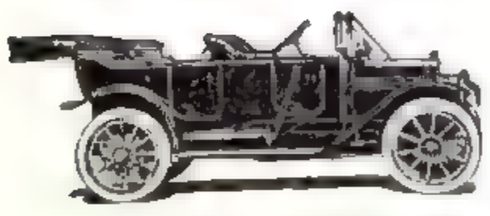
Indifference immediately gave way to eagerness, interest and enthusiasm.

The mere advance rumor that the Cadillac Company was about to announce its achievement made such an appeal to the public that the paramount problem confronting other cars is that which has ceased to be a problem in the Cadillac.

No one, now, is wasting any time or thought in debating the question as to whether the Cadillac electrical system is the correct and dependable system of starting and lighting.

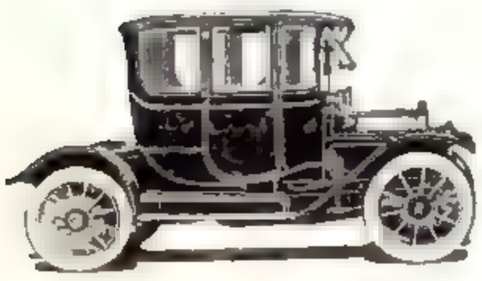
Three thousand of the new cars, revealing the luxury of the Delco system, are stimulating the normal Cadillac demand to such an extraordinary extent that we advise you, again, to accept the first delivery your dealer can give you.

You who have not grasped their full significance—stop and consider these new comforts created by the Cadillac Electrical System



TOURING CAR, $1800

PHAETON, $1800



COUPÉ, Four passenger, $2250

It has no crank.

Its "cranking" is done by an electric motor.

It has no gas nor oil lamps.

It makes its own electric light.

It has two complete systems of ignition, either of which is efficient for operating the car independently of the other.

But, best of all,—the three functions, starting, lighting and igniting, are all performed by one compact system, a system which is not obtainable, either whole or in part, on any other car.

The dynamo charges a storage battery.

The dynamo is temporarily transformed into a motor and, acting as a motor, it automatically starts the engine.

Then—it reverts again to a dynamo and generates current for lighting and for ignition.

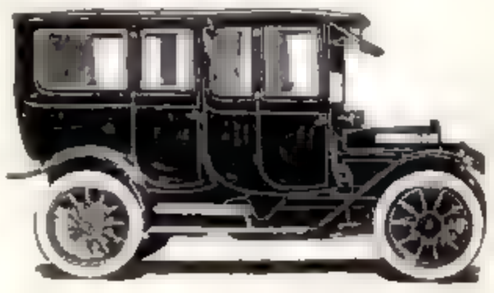
You—press a button and push forward the clutch pedal. The engine starts.

Nothing for you to think of—except the luxury of no cranking. Reliable as the motors which drive the trolley cars.

Nothing for you to think of—except the luxury of no lamps to light; and the brilliant, steady glow of electric lights instead. Reliable as the electric lights which illuminate your home.

TORPEDO, $1900

ROADSTER, $1800



LIMOUSINE, Seven passenger, $3250

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO. **DETROIT, MICH.**

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Now for the Cold!

Here is a roomful of good clean warmth.

No smoke. No odor. No ashes. No waste.

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is quick and ready. Scratch a match. Light the wick. You get a clean, hot flame in a jiffy.

The secret is perfect combustion. The oil burns up clean. It gives neither soot nor odor.

You get only clean heat.

Can't Smoke

You needn't give a thought to smoke.

The wick of the Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater can't turn high enough to smoke. The patented burner prevents.

Just light the heater and go about your dressing or reading or housework.

You'll have clean, glowing warmth before you know it.

And you can easily carry this cheery comforter from room to room. The top, base ring and legs are stamped steel—light and strong.

Blue Enamel

The drum comes in plain steel, or rustless turquoise-blue enamel—with nickel trimmings. The enamel finish is new this year. The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is bright, clean and cheery. And it is a friend—a good homey friend to snuggle up to on cold, shivery days.

It holds a gallon of oil and keeps on giving out cheer and comfort for nine steady hours without refilling.

Burns Clean

Kerosene with a good burner and proper combustion is an ideal fuel. It gives quick heat without fuss or bother. You burn it only while you want it—then turn it out. You have no waste, and no delay in getting heat.

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater burns kerosene oil as it should be burned.

It gives you only the cheer, the heat and the comfort.

Always Ready

On chilly mornings, during cold snaps, in bedroom and parlor, from cellar to attic, you'll find the Perfection a ready, cheery comforter.

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is 25 inches high and weighs only 11½ pounds. The low price will probably surprise you.

If you have chilly rooms in your house, get one now. Have it all winter—ready for instant warming up.

How To Get It

Sold wherever good stoves are sold. Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater. Be sure that it's a Perfection. If your dealer shouldn't have it, write us. We will see that you are promptly supplied. Address our nearest agency.

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

Good Dressers Use the Best Union Suits

We have made union suits for forty years for men who want the best. They are sold at popular prices, but the fit is perfection—not simply *fair*. Every suit is finished as a tailor finishes fine clothes. It fits the *entire body*. Yet there's no "binding," for each is elastic knit. That means plenty of "give" without bagging.

We sacrifice output to finish. We serve a class who want the fine touches, so we spend more time on every suit. One need only compare Lewis Suits with others—compare the general neatness of make.

LEWIS
Elastic-Knit
Union Suits

We made the first union suit ever sold, and no one has ever made better. Lewis Suits are sold in all the best stores, the stores that sell to the highest class trade. Although they are sold at popular prices, they give the best service because of the care we use in details.

Look for this Trademark

See them at your dealer's at $1 to $3 a suit up to what more than you can pay. The difference in price is for material only. The fit is the same at all prices and the finish the highest possible grade. If he hasn't Lewis Suits, send us his name and we'll name one who has. Don't buy underwear until you have seen Lewis Suits. (15)

Lewis Knitting Company, Dept. S, Janesville, Wis.

is the floor finish that stands the wear of many feet and lengthens the life of linoleums. It's heel-proof, mar-proof, water-proof.

Send for Free Sample Panel

coated with "61." Test it with your heel. *Even if you may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack.* Two valuable books, "The Finished Floor" and "Beauty in Interior Finishing," sent free. If your dealer hasn't "61," address us at 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y., In Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

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American Factories: New York Buffalo Chicago Bridgeburg, Canada — Established 62 Years — Foreign Factories: London Paris Hamburg

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FURNITURE
$17.75
Pedestal Table
With 48 inch top, round or square. With 54 inch top, $21.50. Three leaves, top and pedestal lock included. Choice of Eight Finishes. If completely assembled the price elsewhere would be $42.00. Shipped in finished sections, packing freight and expensive packing, from factory to you.
New "Big Six" Catalog Mailed Free
Six money saving departments in our big catalog. Quarter Sawn White Oak Mission Furniture. New Willow Weave Furniture. Mission Lamps and Lights. Rugs, Draperies, Portieres, etc. Write today.
Come-Packt Furniture Co.
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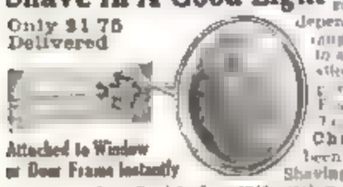
Shave In A Good Light Only $1.75 Delivered



Our Adjustable Wall Mirror makes travelers independent of poor lighting arrangements in hotels. Adjusts to any angle—only 6 ozs. to your grip. Large imported French plate mirror, nickel or Ox Copper or Triple Silver Nickel Plate. Just the Christmas gift you have been looking for. Magnifying Shaving and Ladies' Toilet Mirrors, etc., described in free 1911 catalog. Goods returnable at our expense if not satisfactory. Agents write for terms and territory.

Attached to Window or Door Frame Instantly

THE ADJUSTABLE MIRROR CO., Toledo, Ohio

IN TOUCH WITH THE MEN

Continued from Page 21

The atmosphere of a big railroad shop and the ethical codes of the high-grade unions do not encourage loafing, and the seven hundred boy apprentices of the New York Central have developed a keen interest and a decided initiative in their work. C. W. Cross, a veteran in railroad shops, who came up through the ranks, is in direct charge of the work.

"There is a scarcity of good material for the making of the skilled mechanics of the next generation," he says; "and so you see our schools are not philanthropy, but simply good business. We develop boys—machinists, boiler-makers, all the car and locomotive trades—who are not merely good workmen but who understand the science and the making of working plans, as well as some of the fundamental principles of mechanics. In this way we are making for increased efficiency in these shops for many years to come."

"Do you draw your boys right from the grammar or the high schools?" was asked.

"We are more apt to draw them from that industrial scrapheap, the delivery wagon," he replied; but then he earnestly tells you how a boy who has laughed at study and neglected his opportunities is glad, after a year or two on the delivery wagon, to escape from it and to have the opportunity of entering railroad service, with the further opportunity of being taught one of the more profitable trades. The pressure on the road by boys who are anxious to enter its apprentice schools is the proof of that. Preference in selecting the apprentices is given to the sons of the road's employees—that is just one of the tiny details of keeping in touch with the men.

Rewards for Records

These things—not merely teaching a boy how to handle machinery and to keep it going to its fullest efficiency, but hiring school-teachers and shopmen to give their entire attention to training him—are good examples of the newer sort of railroading that is coming to pass across the land. More than a dozen other roads have already followed the example of the New York Central. Like it, these big carriers give help to their men of the shops, not through any sentimental claptrap of affection for them, but because every dollar spent on the improvement of an employee's mind, body or living conditions of any sort has been found to be a dollar spent toward improving the efficiency of the railroad for years to come.

Sometimes the result is accomplished by means of prize competitions. A good many years ago an Eastern railroad inaugurated the scheme of giving a liberal award to the section foreman who managed to show the cleanest and best maintained stretch of track. Public recognition was also given to the winners in the form of black-and-gold signs on their toolhouses, so that he who rode in the fastest trains might know that John Smith was the best section boss on the whole east end of the A—— & B—— road. The success of this plan led to its almost universal adoption; and on every big road the track foremen look forward to the annual day when merit is recognized, the awards are distributed and the prize signs located for a twelvemonth. What was a good scheme to stir up a friendly rivalry among the trackmen has been recently brought to the firemen. Locomotive firemen making the best records in an economical use of coal and of engine supplies have been publicly commended, and the commendation made in the form of a check from the treasury of the railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad recently announced from the superintendent's office at Buffalo that it would pay for ideas from its men leading toward the efficient and economical operation of its lines. This announcement, sent from a far corner of the big system, has brought astonishingly good suggestions from the rank and file of two important divisions, and the plan will probably be adopted for the entire property.

A time ago that flagman on the Y—— road was telling us how his biggest boss talked to him each month in the columns of the magazine that came regularly to his little shanty. The so-called employees' magazines have been decided factors in keeping the railroad in touch with its army

Just the Winter Ralston for You

"Tans" will be much favored for Winter wear. This Ralston Tan Cresco Blucher is as nearly an *ideal* Winter shoe as it's possible to make. Wears like iron and at the same time measures up to the exacting Ralston style and comfort requirements. Made of the finest French Calfskin rendered waterproof by a secret process which retains the soft flexibility of the leather. It takes an excellent polish.

RALSTON SHOES

During the last few seasons we have made hundreds of thousands pairs of Crescos, and to the best of our knowledge *every* pair has "made good."

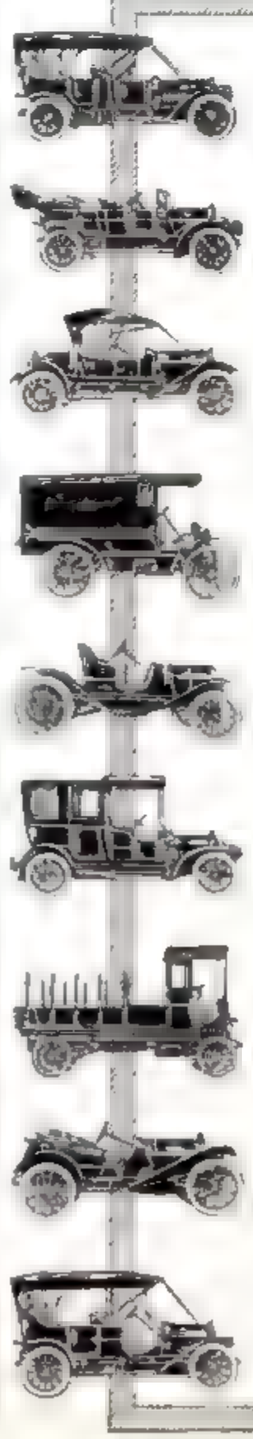
Send for Ralston Book—"STYLE TALK" Fall and Winter, Free

Shows proper footwear for all occasions for men.

Ralston Health Shoemakers
985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

Sold in 3000 towns. Ask your dealer.

Tan Cresco Blucher
New Thermos Last
Double Waterproof Sole
Union Made
$4.00
$4.50
$5.00



Dependable Cars

MORE than twenty of the leading manufacturers of automobiles and trucks, vehicles that are recognized as the most reliable to be had, place their reliance on

THE RUTENBER MOTOR

Why? Because the RUTENBER has stood up under such tests as no other motor has ever been subjected to. One of these motors ran 200,000 miles, has never been out of commission and is still doing daily service. Another negotiated 104,000 miles with a total repair bill of $65.

Up hill and down, over mountain passes and across the sands of the desert, fording streams and plowing its way through snow and sleet, the RUTENBER MOTOR never falters, never complains or groans or limps or wavers, but speeds along with a quiet confidence and a flow of power that seems to know no limits.

If you intend to buy a car, see that it is equipped with the RUTENBER in the first place. If you are driving a motor that is costing you good money for repairs, it will pay you to replace it with a RUTENBER.

The guarantee on RUTENBER MOTORS is for life. Every part is interchangeable and will be replaced without cost *at any time* if defective.

Send coupon today for our booklet. It will help you to become motor-wise.

The Western Motor Company
Dept. Z Marion, Indiana

The Western Motor Company,
Dept. Z, Marion, Indiana.
Please send your booklet, "Satisfaction Under the Hood."

Name _____

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THE E·HOWARD WATCH WORKS
begs to announce
a new watch
THE EDWARD HOWARD
at
Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars

The watch is named in honor of the founder of the business-the man who made the first American Watch and who established the watch-making industry of the United States.

Leading horologists and scientists of the world pronounce The EDWARD HOWARD a new and remarkable achievement-destined to arouse the widest professional interest and commendation.

Your Howard Jeweler has The Edward Howard—
or can get it for you.
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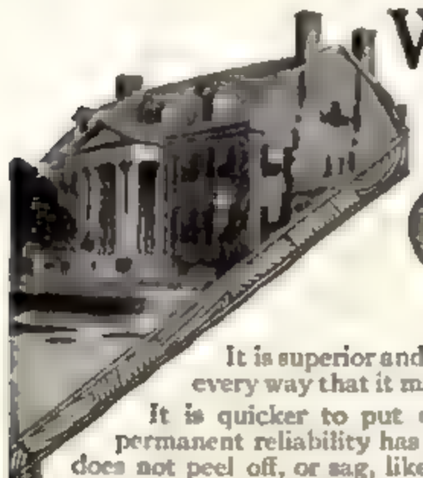


Why Beautiful Homes Are Lined With Compo-Board

The Modern Wall Lining

It is superior and so much more satisfactory than lath and plaster in every way that it makes an irresistible appeal to the wise home builder.

It is quicker to put on and lasts longer. In thousands of cases its permanent reliability has been put to tests of from five to twelve years. It does not peel off, or sag, like plaster. It will not mar by knocking furniture against it. Durability means economy.

The Poorest Home Builder Can Afford Compo-Board

Most artistic effects can be obtained with Compo-Board in plain, papered, or kalsomined walls, or in a large variety of panel designs.

It is moisture proof and sanitary—impervious to heat and cold—keeps the house warm in winter and cool in summer.

Compo-Board has many other uses about the house and yard—making an extra room in the attic or basement, finishing off summer houses, building partitions and remodeling old houses. Can be nailed over old plaster.

Compo-Board is sold in strips four feet wide and 1 to 18 feet long, and is carried in stock by dealers in nearly every town and city. Write for our

Free Book and Sample

Learn all about this modern wall lining, why it is economical, and how you can use it to advantage. It will be to your profit to write today.

Northwestern Compo-Board Co., 4303 Lyndale Ave. No., Minneapolis, Minn.

of men. The Erie was a pioneer in this work five years ago; the plan has since been adopted with signal success by the Northwestern, the Illinois Central, the Santa Fe, the Frisco, the Pere Marquette, and some other lines. These little magazines, made interesting enough in a general way to catch and hold the attention of their readers, are sent out each month to every man on the system with his paycheck.

It is not always in the big and carefully prepared plans that a railroad best succeeds in getting in touch with its men. Sometimes the little things are astonishingly successful. A while ago the president of a well-known Eastern road offered a prize of fifty dollars to any man who should discover a broken wheel under a train in active service on the road. A fortnight later, while he was hurrying to an important conference in New York, he awoke to find his car on a side track at a division point three hundred miles inland—one end of it held up by jacks. He had missed his appointment in New York and he was pretty hot. Before he cooled down he was out of the car and hunting for the man who had had the impudence to cut out the president's car and put it on a side track. He found the man, a little, wizen-faced car-tinker, who only grinned as the big man poured out his wrath upon him, and pointed to the posted notice of the reward for broken carwheels.

Now the president of that road was as big in mind as in body; and when the tinker was done he apologized. Fifty dollars was not enough in such a case. Without wasting further time in conversation he marched the inspector up to a near-by jeweler's shop, bought a gold watch and handed it to him.

"The next time," he said quietly, "you keep right on minding orders."

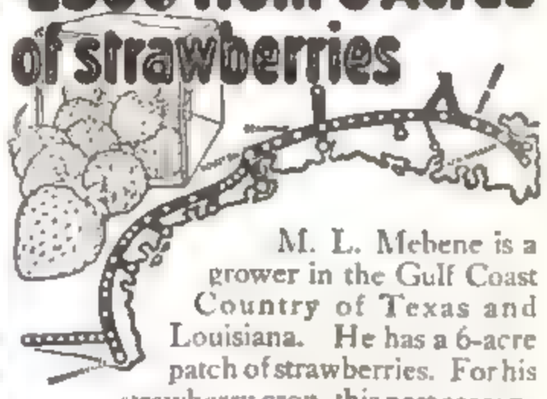
Where It Pays to be Polite

Boston has always had the reputation of possessing the most courteous conductors on its trolley cars of any city in the country. And the reason for that cannot be far from the fact that the system there makes, each year on New Year's Day, presents in gold, ranging from twenty to thirty-five dollars, to each of its men who has a clean record for courtesy to patrons. The Boston road has also inaugurated a policy of giving free legal advice to each of its employees who may need it. It has always been a perquisite of high railroad officers to avail themselves of the services of their road's legal department for their personal needs. Under the Boston plan this perquisite is extended to every man on the road—the young motorman who had foolishly gone to a loan shark and who is being harried by him, or the old conductor who wishes to convey a house or draw a will. The road's legal department will advise each of these in his best interest. It will draw up his legal papers—do anything for him, in fact, except take his case into court; and even then it will secure an honest and capable attorney. As for that motorman who went to a loan shark when he found an immediate need of fifty dollars, the road stands ready to advance him the money and will charge him only a nominal rate of interest until it has gradually repaid itself from his wages. His division superintendent is empowered to hear his story with sympathetic ear and to arrange for the loan.

These, then, are some of the things which, if indirect, are indirectly powerful in the operation of a modern railroad. After many years of neglect the sociological side of railroading is coming to the fore. Nowadays it pays to keep in touch with the men, not from the sentimental side, but from the only side that ever really hits any big business enterprise, the credit side of its ledgers. Mismanaged railroads have lost great aggregates of wealth in years of neglect of the by-products.

In other words, if you are running a railroad you will quickly find that with money you can do much: you can build great bridges and showy terminals, stifle irritating competitors into silence, buy great locomotives by the hundreds and cars by the thousands. All these things money will buy. One thing it will not buy and that thing is men!—their interest and cooperation—the latent forces that make for the thrifty and profitable operation of a railroad. Modern railroaders are finally beginning to see this. It is one of the distinctive features of the new railroading—this simple business of getting in touch with the men!

$2300 from 6 Acres of strawberries



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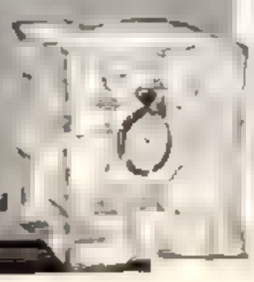

A COWBOY OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 33)

"Well," the ex-cattleman remarked, "I never like to ask a man to take my risks alone. I reckon I'll be just about useless, but then I can always back you up."

"Take my room here," said Gaines genially. "I'll bunk in the chartroom."

"I'll take nobody's room," was the brief reply. "You sleep here, son. I guess I can find a bed all right."

Gaines threw his cap on the desk and brushed his hair with brown fingers.

"Say," he burst out, "we'll have to show these people something. Did ye hear what the old superintendent was howling at me that morning we berthed here?"

"I heard him howl some," Snowden admitted, "but I didn't catch what he said."

"He called me an infant navigator," Gaines replied with a smile. "The old boy couldn't think of anything else to say. But there—I don't wonder he was afraid for his wharf. I was afraid myself!"

"You didn't look much scared."

"My word! If I looked scared every time I was I'd be an awful warning," snorted the young man. "And there have been mighty good men on this ship."

"Mighty good men aren't always good enough," Snowden remarked. "I reckon you understand that this ain't a ship for mighty good men. It's a ship for a man."

"Much obliged," Gaines murmured. "If you'll excuse me I'll turn in. It may be my last good sleep."

"Who's your chief engineer?" Snowden inquired, rising.

"Webber. Wait a moment and I'll bring him up and introduce you to him."

Snowden held up his hand.

"No. You're running the ship. I'll meet him some other time. Good night!"

An hour later Snowden in his stroll along the deck met the chief mate anxiously surveying his moorings. That officer nodded and remarked:

"They say she'll fetch adrift in a dead calm with twenty lines ashore."

"Ever been on her before?" Snowden asked carelessly.

"Who? Me?" demanded the mate. "Not I. I'm along this voyage just because Gaines wouldn't listen to my tears. I've got a wife and children ashore, and I can't risk my ticket on such packets as these."

"I observe you are here," was the calm response.

"Oh, that's Gaines' fault," was the curt answer.

"And Gaines is my fault," murmured the owner. "This thing has got to go through all right."

Next morning early two tugs appeared to chaperon the Melville into midstream, and as soon as they were fast alongside Gaines ordered his lines in and the deeply laden steamer slowly backed out of the slip. That she barely missed sinking a ferryboat elicited various shouted comments addressed to the imperturbable Gaines. He merely smiled. It took fifteen minutes to straighten the vessel out for the channel; then the tugs cast off and Snowden felt the steady, heavy beat of the engines. He left his position at the rail and went to the bridge, where his captain paid no attention to him whatever until Alcatraz was astern and the Melville was swung for the Golden Gate. As they passed Mile Rock at a twelve-knot clip Snowden saw the young skipper's face relax and heard his low-voiced comment to the mate:

"If we can miss the Farallones now we're all right."

"Till we get to the Columbia River bar," that officer returned gloomily.

"By that time," said Gaines, "we'll have trained this ship to behave herself." Then he walked across to Snowden's side and remarked: "I'm not turning the engines up to their capacity. We'll make the bar at daylight at this gait. No use of butting in at night-time."

All day long the Melville steadily plowed along the coast, lifting now a mountain, now a cape, which rose, loomed largely and then diminished astern. Snowden wondered how it was that so even-gaited a vessel could have gained a bad name. He was slightly curious at the evident and constant watchfulness of his young captain, who never left the bridge for a moment and was always giving low-voiced orders through the trap-hatch to his helmsman. Now and then he observed a slight swing in the big, powerful bows, always followed by the rattle of the tiller ropes and the champing of the steering-engines on the main deck; but he asked no questions.

At intervals during the next night he came on deck to see the lanky figure of Gaines against the bridge rail. And the sight of that motionless and vigilant employee would make him smile to himself. "I sure picked out the man for the job!" he thought.

The day before they were to arrive off the bar Gaines came down from the bridge for luncheon. His eyes were bright and he gave no indication of fatigue, but his smile was less confident. When he had eaten he accepted one of Snowden's cigars and invited him to the bridge. Once there he drew his employer into a corner.

"My word!" he remarked. "This ship is a bad one!"

"She's been behaving all right so far," Snowden replied.

Gaines took off his cap and rubbed his head. "Maybe she isn't loaded to suit her," he suggested. "At any rate, she steers like a waterlogged barge." A sudden brilliant smile lit up his face. "Say, just wait till we get to the bar! Then you'll see some fun!"

Snowden frowned. "Can you handle her?"

Gaines put on his cap. "Leave that to me," he said curtly.

It was a gray, windy dawn when Snowden dressed and came on deck. Right abreast he could see the lightship, her lamps still lit, swinging to the long swell that set in from the west. Far in he discerned a straggling line of piling, which he surmised was the south jetty. A glance up assured him that Gaines was on the bridge. He walked forward and saw a little group on the forecastle head. "I wonder what the mate is doing there!" he said to himself.

On the bridge the captain greeted him amiably and pointed to the double line of white that fenced in the mouth of the river.

"Rough bar," he remarked; "but it's high water and we'll just drop right in."

"What's the mate doing forward there?" Snowden asked.

"He's ready to let go the anchor if we get in a tight place," was the reply.

Snowden nodded and went to the end of the bridge and stared round at the mountains far in, at the buoys bobbing on the surges, at the foaming and tossing breakers ahead. Suddenly the clang of a gong resounded from the depths and the engines stopped. A sailor on a little platform below him swung the lead and cast it. Slowly the Melville lost way.

For half an hour Snowden listened idly to the cries of the leadsman, the low orders to the man at the wheel, the intermittent clang of the marine telegraph to the engines. Then he observed that the steamer was swinging wide. He heard Gaines' calm voice saying: "Set those engines astern, Mr. Holmes. We'll see whether the old girl will answer her helm." He felt the thudding of the propeller as it revolved; but the Melville still swung. A huge swell hastening from the sea suddenly blossomed into foam, and the deck below became a boiling oblong of broken water. He heard Gaines say above the uproar: "Set the engines full speed ahead!" Then came a bump, a great jar which made the steel structure of the bridge vibrate musically. Snowden glanced round and saw Gaines' lanky form against the rail. He was smiling down at the murky water that swirled alongside. There came another bump.

The second mate muttered: "I knew she'd play the deuce!"

Half an hour later the Melville was outside once more, swinging round for the bar again. Gaines was speaking to the engine room and Snowden felt the increasing tremor of the ship as the engines were opened out. As the ship's head pointed for the distant crossing Snowden heard his shipmaster at his elbow.

"Now she'll have to make it," the young man was saying gently. "She'll take that bar at a good sixteen knots an hour."

"But ——" Snowden demurred.

"There aren't any 'buts,' sir," Gaines interrupted.

Snowden himself felt the exhilaration of their growing speed. His new ship cut crisply through the great swells, throwing them in roaring fields of white to each side. He heard Gaines' occasional calm orders, saw the astonishment on the upturned face

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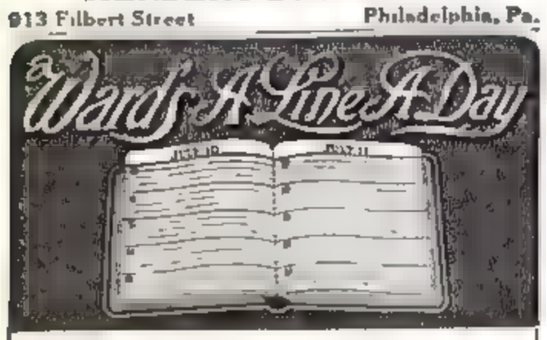

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of the mate forward, caught the quick breathing of the second officer beside him.

Suddenly a soaring surge exploded, as it were, beneath them, and there shivered through the careering steamer a gentle shudder as if she were tensing her muscles for a leap. Something seemed to drag her almost to a standstill; then she plunged forward into the breakers. This time she did not swerve a hair's breadth, but kept directly on. The drag eased away, the white breakers fell behind. Snowden heard Gaines saying gently:

"Haul her up for the next buoy, Mr. Holmes."

He glanced round and saw the smile on his captain's face. The mate came aft, wiping his forehead. As he reached the bridge he gasped:

"My God, sir, I thought we were done for!"

"Oh, I don't know!" Gaines said with a grin. "I've found out one thing about this old girl. She likes to go!"

"Go!" echoed his chief officer. "If we'd struck that time—why, we'd —" He flung out his open hand in an inclusive gesture.

"She didn't take the ground," was the curt reply.

To his dying day Snowden never will forget that trip up the Columbia. With engines turning up to their utmost capacity, swinging at full speed round sharp curves, plunging swiftly by craft of all kinds, leaving staring mouths and open eyes behind them, the Melville tore up through the hills to Portland. When she left the Columbia and entered the Willamette the pilot, who had apparently been stricken with paralysis within ten minutes after he had boarded the steamer at Astoria, uttered his first complaint.

"Say, captain," he growled, "you'll bust something yet!"

Gaines pulled the whistle lever for the long bridge ahead and smiled.

"D'ye say we must slow down here?"

"Six miles," was the response. "Better stop her now."

"Stop nothing!" was the reply. And he whistled again.

As the echo flowed down from the high hills the pilot's face changed.

"Stop her, before it is too late!"

"If they don't swing that draw in time," Gaines remarked calmly, "we'll go right through their bally bridge."

The draw swung and it was not until the Melville was almost to it that the young captain stopped his engines. As the vessel slipped through and was clear he started them again.

"You'll have to pay a fine," growled the pilot.

"Better than losing time," was the gentle answer.

"This craft ain't got any too good a reputation," continued the pilot crossly.

"Nobody knew how to handle her," Gaines returned.

The other stared at him.

"Say, young man," he said austerely, "you aren't a seaman. You're a cowboy! That's what you are. You think this big ship is a horse. It ain't a horse. You'll find it out to your cost."

Gaines turned to Snowden.

"I believe we berth at the Albina Dock, don't we?"

"Yes," Snowden replied.

"All right. The Albina Dock, Mr. Pilot!"

An hour later that excellent functionary took his leave of the Melville. "I'll never take your ship up the river again!" he bawled from the dock. "Say, you're no seaman. You're nothing but a crazy cowboy!"

Gaines grinned down at him from the height of the bridge.

A week later the Melville, loaded with grain, left her dock and started down the river. Snowden saw that the same pilot who had brought them up was again on the bridge. He went up and Gaines introduced him as the owner. The experienced and soured man gazed at him reproachfully. "You hadn't ought to let boys run your ships!" he muttered. An hour later, as the Melville cleared an incoming vessel by a scant fifty feet, the pilot stamped on his hard hat in rage.

"Put me ashore!" he bawled.

"Never!" said Gaines mildly. "I'm going to take you to Astoria."

"But you nearly sank that steamer!" said the outraged mariner. "And they'll say I did it. I'll lose my branch!"

"You'll lose nothing," was the tart answer; "but if you try to monkey with

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this old girl she'll make you sorry enough. Don't slow her down for that turn, Mr. Pilot! Keep her full speed!"

Snowden felt his heart sink as the Melville stormed along toward the lofty cliff dead ahead. He barely heard the language of the pilot, who by this time was almost beside himself. Suddenly he heard Gaines' sharp voice, the clang of the engine-room telegraph, and watched with absolute amazement the steady, sure swing of the ship away from the cliff and into the open reach beyond. The pilot stared about him, swore softly to himself and relapsed into a profound silence. When he left the Melville as she slowed down at Astoria he turned his austere face once more to the smiling face of the young man on the bridge; but he said nothing as he dropped into the waiting launch. Gaines rang the engines ahead and the steamer went her way.

Three days later Snowden walked into the office of the president of the California and Far Eastern Steamship Company. "Got another cargo for my ship?" he said.

The president looked up.

"Sa-ay!" he remarked. "Where did you find that skipper of yours? He's scared the wits out of half the men on the coast."

Snowden sat down.

"Oh, I picked him up on the range," he replied, lighting a cigar. "He's a sort of cowboy of the sea—and he's tamed that outlaw, all right!"

"If nerve makes a good captain ——"

"That's it—nerve!" Snowden assented.

"Well, you got the vessel cheap enough; so you can take any risks you like."

"I'm taking no risks," said Snowden gently. "I'm betting on a sure thing—a man. You gentlemen bet on a ship; I bet on the man that runs the ship. I win!"

THE BOOM

(Concluded from Page 13)

my fear. "'Hollow cheeks, small gray mustache, slight stoop!'" he recited, eying me. His sheep's gaze traveled to Beauregard. "'Age forty, bald at crown. Fat!'"

"Is he the only fat man in France, fool? We can call all Paris to prove who we are!"

"Monsieur will have his opportunity to prove it elsewhere," he returned stubbornly. "But the 'Monsieur' hinted that I was impressing him against his will."

Beauregard began to collect his wits. "If we are compelled to prove it elsewhere it will be the end of you!" he raged. "Better be convinced in time, I warn you! Hazard is 'fat,' yes; I am perhaps a little plump."

"What do you show me?" mumbled the fellow; "I see the card of Monsieur Panage. That does not demonstrate that Monsieur Panage is present!" Complacence was in his gesture. He seemed vain of the brilliance of his reasoning. "All is said! I have no time for discussions."

"Stop!" I cried, inspired. "What if we produce a living proof, a resident of this very village, to say who I am?"

"*Mon Dieu!* the man you met," roared Beauregard. "*Sauré!*"

"There is no such person—we have made our inquiries."

"There is a gentleman well known, who has lived here with his daughter since—I don't know how long!"

"Give me his name."

"His name," I said, "is ——" I could not recall the name—it had had no interest for me. I could remember saying hypocritically: "I shall bear your name in mind," but what it was I had no idea. I stood dazed. "His name—it escapes me."

"Enough! The pretense is idle."

"*Morbleu!*" thundered Beauregard. "Think, Panage, think!"

"I am trying! But I paid no heed to it."

Heavens! What a revenge for the mummer—the name that had fallen on careless ears was now my only chance of rescue. I thrashed my brains for it.

"The name—it evades me because I have met him only once in my life."

"Or not so often! I am not to be duped."

"Let me think; don't speak for a minute!"

"*Farceur!*"

"His name, I—I nearly had it! Wait!"

"I have waited too long. Come, the pair of you."

"His name, his name"—I sought it frantically—"his name is—Paul Manesse!"

I mopped my neck. Our persecutor made a note.

"Where is he to be found?"

"*Mon Dieu!* How should I know that? But it is not difficult to ascertain; doubtless any villager could direct you to him. Now, mark you, I have supplied the name of a resident in a position to correct your monstrous blunder; I advise you to bring him here to identify me before the matter becomes more serious for you still. If you put us to public ignominy apologies will not satisfy me when you discover your mistake. Here is your last chance to extricate yourself!"

He ruminated. "*Enfin,* I will send one of my men to inquire for him," he said grudgingly. "If it turns out that this Monsieur Manesse is unknown I warn you that you will suffer for your game."

We were on the fourth floor—I saw him attentively considering whether, in his absence, we were likely to walk out of the window. He marched into the corridor and gave a whistle. I heard two voices before he came in again.

Unmvited he sat clasping his knees. None of us spoke any more. The lamp having still made no appearance I lit the candles. I do not forget the tedium of that long delay in the melancholy bedroom. The yokel himself grew restless under it at last—he rose and went to the corridor again.

"Hark!" exclaimed Beauregard suddenly; "the man has come back. Do you hear Manesse? Listen!"

"I cannot distinguish," I murmured.

Some minutes passed. To our dismay our oppressor reëntered alone. Perplexity darkened his brow. He hesitated before he broke the suspensive hush.

"Monsieur Manesse agrees that this afternoon he met Monsieur Panage," he announced. "But"—he raised a forensic forefinger—"that does not establish that either of you is Monsieur Panage. Monsieur Manesse is occupied in telling a fairy story to his little daughter and cannot spare the time to come here to identify you. *Enfin,* you will accompany me to the bureau of police and you will obtain his evidence in due course. *Voyons!*"

"*Sacré tonnerre!*" I screamed. It was the last straw. This strolling player declined to "spare the time"; this mountebank neglected *me!*

"What did he say?" I spluttered. "What were the ruffian's words?"

"My man reports that the gentleman replied: 'Monsieur Panage must have had immense difficulty in recollecting my name; he would not stir an inch to save my life—why should I take a walk for him?'"

I sat down. I felt dizzy. I feared I was going to be extremely ill. The man himself seemed moved by my collapse—or increasingly uncertain of his position; he said: "Perhaps a note might be effectual? *Alors,* if monsieur wishes to write, I will wait!"

"Give me your fountain pen, Beauregard!"

"But"—again the forefinger was uplifted—"there must be no secret instructions; I must be satisfied there is no private meaning in the note."

"*Ciel!* What am I permitted to say?"

He pondered. "'To Monsieur Paul Manesse: Monsieur ——' Has monsieur written 'Monsieur'?"

"Yes, yes, go on!"

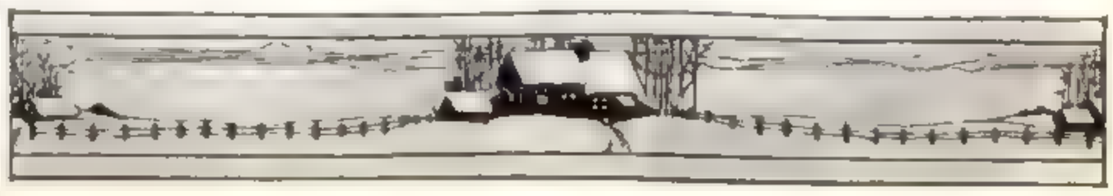
"'I am now convinced that you can act. I hereby engage you, at the small salary of two hundred and fifty francs a week, for prominent parts in my next three productions at the Théâtre Suprême.'"

The silence was sensational.

"Who the devil are you?" I stuttered, when I found my voice.

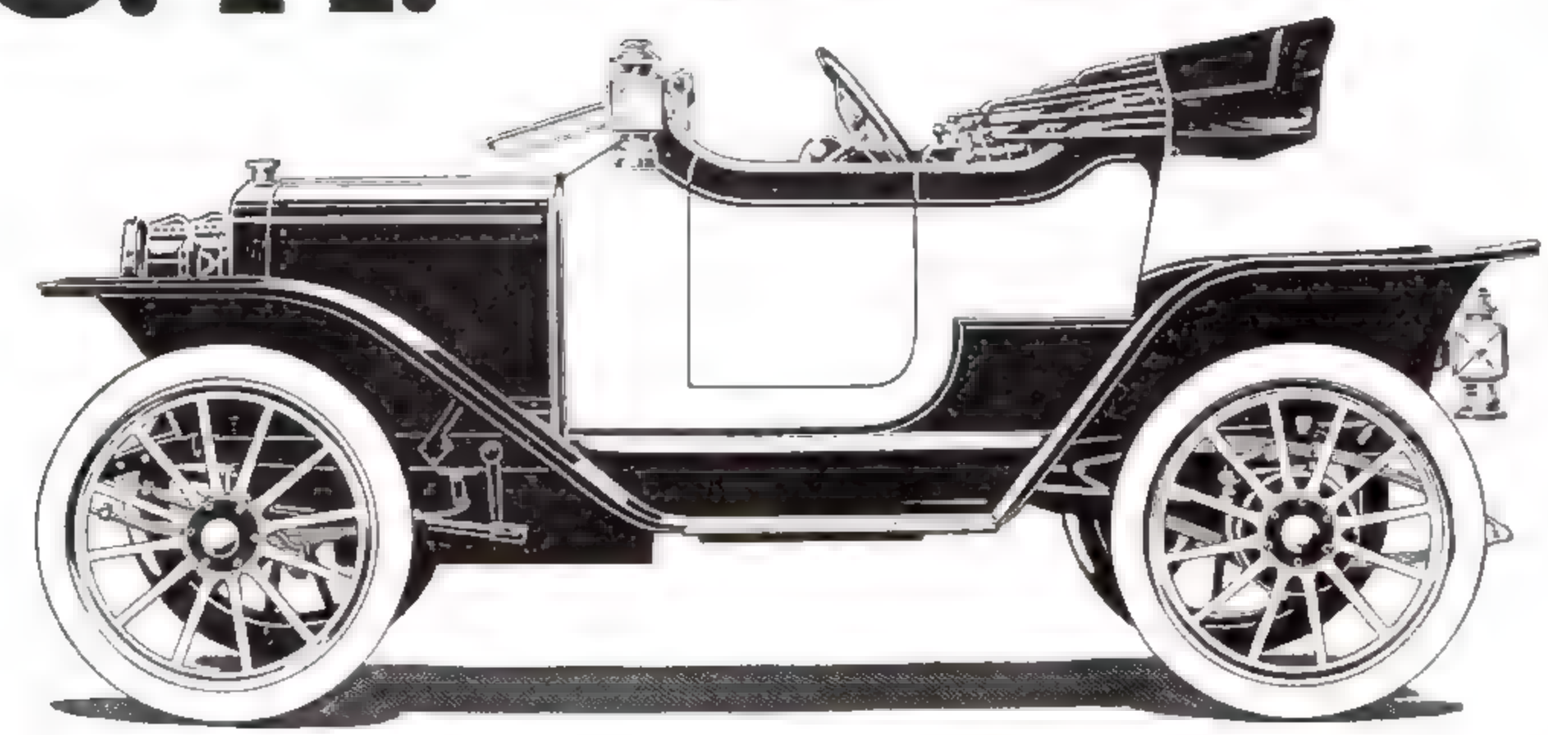
"Paul Manesse, your new comedian, monsieur," he told me—"if you sign!"

I signed. You have heard how we boomed Omphale and I found a star! That jolly little Manesse girl has a rich papa today.



R. C. H.

"Twenty-five" English-Body Roadster



$700
F. O. B. Detroit

Fully Equipped with Top, Windshield, Gas Lamps and Generator—Long Stroke Motor—Three Speeds—Enclosed Valves—Bosch Magneto

A Car For Which Comparison Must Be Sought
Among Cars Costing $1500 And Up

It's the hardest thing in the world nowadays, to write a motor car advertisement, more especially the announcement of a new car. "Sensation," "masterpiece," "greatest value"—all the linguistic firecrackers and superlatives in the English language have been overworked until they no longer mean anything at all.

So, in this announcement of the R. C. H. English-body roadster, we're going to stick to plain facts in simple language and let your own judgment decide on the value of the car. We'll let the enthusiasm and the superlatives about the car develop in the owners of it.

Naturally, your first thought on reading of the R. C. H. would be of price—a wonder that so good and so complete a car could be sold at such a figure. But price is the very last thing we want you to consider. Look at the mechanical efficiency, the sound construction, the beauty of line, the complete equipment—**then** the low price. We want you to feel—and we think after thorough investigation you **will** feel—that the R. C. H. would be the car for you if the price were doubled.

In building the R. C. H. "Twenty-five" our aim was not to produce a car to sell at $700, fully equipped. What we aimed to do, irrespective of price, was to build a perfect roadster, which would be the ideal car for five large classes of the public:

A. The business or professional man.

B. The Farmer.

C. The Salesman.

D. The pleasure-car owner with small or no family.

E. The large car owner who needs a smaller car, economical in upkeep, for day-to-day motoring uses.

We knew that such a car, at a reasonable figure, was bound to have an enormous sale, so we built the R. C. H. as staunch, sturdy and sound as a car could be. We used drop-forgings of nickel-steel throughout. We put in a powerful long stroke (3¼ x 5) motor, water-cooled, with valves enclosed, three speeds and Bosch magneto. We made every part as sound as though for a $5,000 car.

When we came to study body designs, we decided on the English Roadster type as being at the same time the most artistic and most comfortable. This is a type familiar to all who have motored much among English country homes. It is exceptionally roomy, easy and graceful.

We added a full equipment, too—top, windshield, gas lamps and generator.

Then, and not till then, we began to figure on price. We found that making practically all parts in our own large and well-equipped plants, we could turn out such a car in quantities and sell it at a moderate profit for $700. The figures were surprising. Nothing approaching them had ever been attempted in the automobile industry. But our cost experts verified them.

Then we placed the car on the market. Dealers came, looked at it, saw it tested, studied every part thoroughly. They came skeptical—they left convinced. In a few days over half the 1912 output was contracted for. As we go to press each day sees these contracts increase.

Bear in mind that this car is not the product of men untrained in the designing and building of motor-cars. The name of R. C. Hupp is well and favorably known in the industry, to both trade and public, through long years of favorable association. And gathered around Mr. Hupp is a body of men carefully selected from lowest to highest, each for his peculiar fitness for his particular task.

So we come to the public with confidence, asking them only to note the specifications and equipment of the R. C. H.—to examine thoroughly the car itself, and to compare it item by item with any other.

We are convinced that the judgment of the public at large—your judgment—will coincide with that already expressed wherever the car has been shown—that the R. C. H. "Twenty-five" English-body roadster offers a value for which a comparison must be sought among the cars costing $1,500 and more.

Write for descriptive folder, or examine the car itself at our nearest dealers.

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R. C. H. Two Passenger Roadster, **$850.** Equipped for Four Passengers, **$925.** Duty paid, F. O. B. Windsor, Ont

Specifications

Motor—4 cylinder, 3¼ inch bore, 5 inch stroke. Cylinders cast en bloc. Two bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three point suspension. **Drive**—Left hand. Irreversible worm gear 16 inch wheel. **Control**—Center lever operated through H plate integral with universal joint housing just below. **Springs**—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. **Frame**—Pressed steel channel. **Axles**—Front, I Beam, drop-forged. Rear semi-floating type. **Body**—English type, extra wide front seats. **Wheel Base**—86 inches. **Tires**—30x3 inches all around. **Full Equipment includes top, windshield, gas lamps and generator. Equipped to carry 4 passengers—$750.**

R. C. HUPP, Manufacturer

Distinct from and having no connection whatever with the Hupp Motor Car Company

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BRANCHES—Boston, 563 Boylston St.; Buffalo, 1225 Main St.; Cleveland, 2188 Euclid Ave.; Chicago, 2615 Michigan Ave.; Denver, 1620 Broadway; Detroit, Woodward and Warren Aves.; Kansas City, 34th and Broadway; Los Angeles, 816 So. Olive St.; Minneapolis, 1334 Nicollet Ave.; New York, 1989 Broadway; Philadelphia, 140 So. Broad St.; Atlanta.

DEALERS—What little territory remains on the R. C. H. is being rapidly taken up. A very few choice sections still remain unallotted. Write at once for our 1912 proposition. You can judge for yourself how this car at this price will sell.

(Guaranteed)

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combine Style with Comfort. All over America men and women of fashion are to-day realizing that for Fall and Winter Wear nothing equals *Knitright* (guaranteed) Caps. Light, Graceful, Warm and Comfortable, yet giving the head proper ventilation, they are ideal. **Each *Knitright* (Guaranteed) Cap is absolutely Guaranteed for Six Months.**

The Cap on the young lady is No. 218, retailing at $1.00. Seamless, all worsted cap, very elastic, doubled to the top.

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Ask your dealer, and insist on seeing the "Knitright" (guaranteed) label as it is your protection

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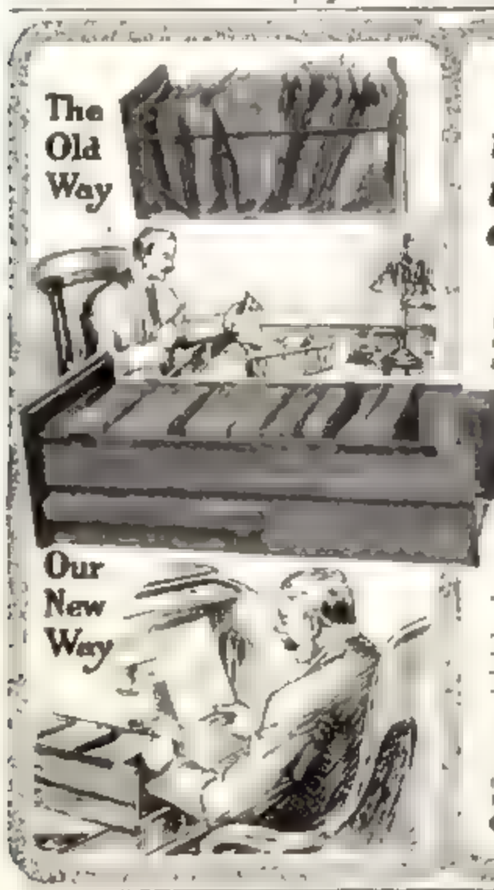
Your Important Papers will not get torn or crushed in a MULTOPLEX FILING CABINET

The pictures of the two drawers at the left, tell the story. The one drawer is crowded with a sagging mass of unsupported folders—in getting them back, papers are easily crumpled and torn.

The other drawer has *our Patented Inside Metal Partitions*, which do away with crowding and sagging, and always keep *the folders upright* and easy of access.

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Multoplex Cabinets save money and set a new mark of filing efficiency.

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Learn the full particulars about these new filing features that mean much greater efficiency at less expense. Please mention your firm name and in what capacity you serve. **Write for the booklet today.**

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Registered in U.S. Patent Office

Healthful for tender feet. Warm in winter boots, also in perspiration. Made of knitted fabric lined with soft white wool fleece. Stretch to fit any foot. Sizes 9 to 11½. Sold by dealers or by mail, 50c a pair. Parker pays postage. Catalogue free.

Look for Parker's name in every pair.

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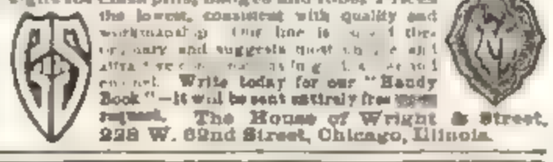
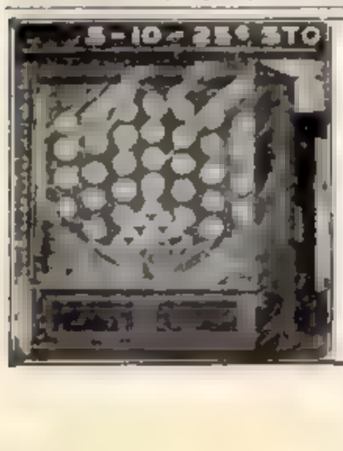


All that is new and beautiful in artistic designs for class pins, badges and fobs. Prices the lowest, consistent with quality and workmanship. Our line is shown in the primary and suggests most attractive and distinctive ideas, including the newest enamel. Write today for our "Handy Book"—it will be sent entirely free upon request. The House of Wright & Street, 228 W. 62nd Street, Chicago, Illinois.



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If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200-page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

(Continued from Page 16)

and dining room fairly spacious. It was not necessary that the house be on an avenue; in fact, I rather preferred the quiet of a side street. Nor was I particular as to the neighborhood so long as it was convenient and good.

On the way down from the station I had seen numbers of such houses. They were in the streets that lie between Fifth and Lexington Avenues. As this was a neighborhood near to the theater district, the L roads and the subway it appealed most favorably. All this I announced to Jennie as we strolled out of the hotel into Thirty-fourth Street.

Jennie gave me a sudden stare. "A house, you say?" she echoed. "Jim, I suppose you know if we take a house we shall have to keep at least three servants, possibly four?"

Nonsense! The houses I had in mind were small, not above eleven or twelve rooms in extent. Rather than forego a house I was willing to stand the expense of an extra servant. Two would do, I was sure. To meet this extra expense, the wages of another servant, we could economize in some other way—in our amusements, for example.

Jennie wasn't satisfied. "Another thing," she remarked. "How do you know we can afford a house?"

"Afford it?" I exclaimed. "Why, at home"—Ohio, you know—"for nine hundred a year I could have my pick of houses!"

To this Jennie made sententious answer: "Yes, but Ohio's not New York, Jim."

There was but one way to settle the discussion. I appealed to the carriage-starter, asking him whether he could direct me to a good real-estate agent.

"Sure, sor, there's one seven or eight blocks north up in the Avenny." He referred to Fifth Avenue. "The parties is real gentlemen," he assured, and to back up the statement added, "Sure, they lunch here at the Waldorf itself every day."

Mindful of Jennie's nudge I declined the man's offer of a cab. Afoot we trudged up Fifth Avenue to the crest of Murray Hill, and on the way I saw in the side streets more and more houses of the sort on which I'd set my mind. I was by this time in high feather.

The real-estate concern lived well up to the good opinion of the Waldorf's carriage-starter. A very gentlemanly young gentleman in gentlemanly flannels and a knitted necktie, itself as select and genteel—this young gentleman, I say, attended to us in the most gentlemanly manner imaginable. The whole establishment, in fact, was composed of gentlemen only who aimed—or seemed to aim, at any rate—to do business only with other gentlemen.

"A house?—oh, yes, indeed!" our young aristocrat brightly assured us. Inviting us to seat ourselves he at the same time begged me to inform him what locality I had in view and how large a residence I required.

I told him briefly, not to say negligently. "Something in the forties will suit me if it is not too far from the Avenue."

"Ah, yes! off the Avenue in the forties!" he echoed in a tone and manner exactly as if he had been Broadway's best, most cultivated walking gentleman taking his cues in his most elegant tea-scene act.

"Not too large a house," I explained. "Say, one of twelve rooms about."

Possibly he had hoped better than this. "Ah, I see," he murmured politely, his manner just a shade less particular. "And about what rent would you wish to pay, may I ask?"

Not only could he ask, but I would answer him. "Ahem!" said I, clearing my throat. Then I told him.

In view of the gentleman's most gentlemanly bearing I did not say nine hundred. Somehow in such a presence as his the amount seemed bourgeois, uncouth. There is a smoothness, a finish in round numbers that must appeal better to one of such smoothness himself, such perfection.

"One thousand dollars!" I said, and I wish you could have seen his face.

He gaped first—not clownishly, however. It was, in fact, a perfectly well-bred gape. Then one of the most cultivated gasps I ever heard fall from the lips of one truly cultivated fell from his. Afterward he parted his lips to exclaim, but immediately thought better of it. I recall, also, that he

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The idea comes from Holland—the home of the best bakers in the world. Holland Rusk is similar to toast—yet it is not toast. It is better, crisper, more delicious.

HOLLAND RUSK

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To get an idea of its delightful goodness, try it tomorrow morning with hot milk.

Ask your grocer—12 tasty, golden rusks—10 cents.

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Holland Rusk With Hot Milk

Prepare the milk the same as you would for milk toast and pour it hot over the Rusk. Salt or sweeten to suit taste.

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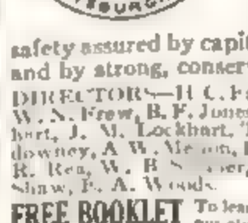
A. L. Steinweg & Co., 491 Broadway, New York
The Men's Pocket Book House



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"NO SHADOWS SHAVING"

Raises and lowers 6 in. Slides 14 inches in front of window. Nickeled fixtures. Bevel plate mirror. Turns on swivel.

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did an embarrassed little *pas seul* with his neat, neatly polished tan Oxford ties.

"Why——" he began hesitatingly, and had said this when suddenly a great light seemed to dawn upon him. It lit up his face in relief. "Ah! oh, yes, naturally—a thousand dollars a month," he exclaimed.

I did not mean a thousand a month. I meant a thousand a year, and, moreover, when I'd said it I was conscious that Jennie plucked me by the sleeve.

Perhaps, as a small boy, you have prodded a turtle with a stick and seen it draw in its head and legs. I do not say the real-estate young gentleman essayed this with his head and legs. He did, however, draw into himself in a manner quite as complete.

Said he icily: "We have no such houses."

"What! no small houses!" I exclaimed.

After a moment, as if by the pause he meant to give it weight, he launched upon me a retort that was crushing. I may describe it as an avalanche of ice.

"Aw! we have plenty of small houses, but none at a thousand a year. . . . Have you tried Harlem?"

I feel sure he sincerely pitied me. At any rate, after he had seen me crushed he advised me that of the houses such as I'd described the cheapest he had to offer rented at thirty-five hundred a year.

Jennie and I came away from there. I was conscious as he bowed me out that I was red to the ears. Jennie maintained a discreet silence, but once we had reached the street I exploded.

"Tommyrot!" I exclaimed. "That fellow had nothing to offer and was just putting on airs. We'll try some other agent."

We found another shortly. It was round in Forty-second Street, and less elegant than the other both in situation and refinement. An elderly man, whiskered and wearing a skullcap and seersucker coat, received us. He neither patronized nor snubbed us, nor yet did he manifest well-bred amusement when I mentioned a thousand a year.

"Sorry, sir," he remarked briefly, "but you'll find nothing for a thousand a year short of Harlem or across town close to the rivers." There he glanced at Jennie. "Over by the river wouldn't suit your lady, I'm afraid. It's a pretty grimy, grubby neighborhood."

Rather than surrender, though, I asked to see what he had. Accordingly he filled out half a dozen permits, and armed with these Jennie and I sallied forth. Still she kept silence. It is my belief, however, that she knew beforehand what faced me, yet wished me to learn for myself.

The first house we looked at was enough. It was a three-story affair faced with greasy, grime-stained brick, hedged in on one side by a tenement and on the other by a livery stable. Three doors east of it a corner beer groggery exhaled scents certainly not of Araby the blest, and in and out of the doors of this fly-blown den lurched equally frowsy men and an occasional drab slattern.

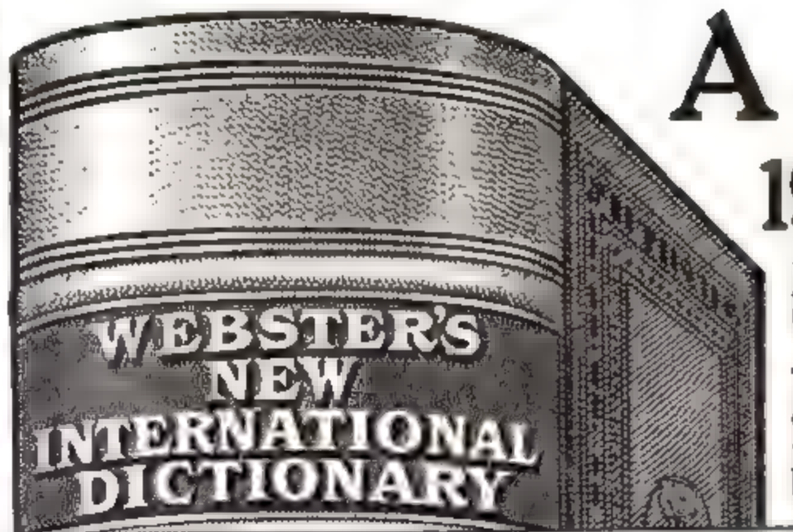
"Jim," said Jennie at this point earnestly, "in New York lots of nice people live in apartments. Why can't we look at a flat or two anyway?"

"All right," I agreed grumpily. "It seems pretty certain we can't afford a house."

However, if we were reduced to the level of living in a flat I determined that at the least we should pick and choose from the best. Nine hundred a year certainly would give us our choice of a variety. "Of course, Jennie," I remarked thoughtfully, "the rooms in a flat will be small, so we must take a large flat. Twelve rooms won't be a bit too big for us." I also asked that the flat should be centrally located.

In a side street close to Central Park we found an apartment that looked really suitable. The building was big and there was about it an air of refinement that at once caught me. Certainly it was a flat-house that bore no resemblance to the double tenement of the by-street villa back at home. The entrance was of fine chased marble. Liveried attendants stood at the door, and in place of the usual always grimy janitor a businesslike person, suave and deferential and clad in a well-cut business suit, showed us the premises. "On the fifth floor we have an apartment of twelve rooms and three baths. . . . Will you step this way?" he inquired deferentially, and bowed us into the elevator.

I saw Jennie's eyes begin to roam about her. As for myself, I eyed the surroundings, the richness of the decorations, with



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casual, utterly innocent interest. I was merely struck with the idea that, for a flat, the place looked rather luxurious.

As soon as I saw the apartment itself I was really charmed. I was, in fact, pleased far beyond my anticipation. In one room real tapestry hung upon the walls; in another a bedroom—silk replaced the usual figured paper. The dining room, too, was a marvel. It was paneled with oiled mahogany, while elsewhere throughout the flat all the woodwork was heavily enameled in white. Rich cut-glass globes ornamented the finely wrought chandeliers, and mirrors of the thickest and clearest plate reflected our figures on every side. Best of all, each and every room was light. A perfect flood of sunshine, in fact, poured in through every window.

I stood in the paneled dining room and my mind's eye pictured it filled with my guests. It was with difficulty then that I held back a smile of satisfaction. Glancing about me with affected unconcern I turned to the superintendent.

"Why, yes, this does very well," said I blandly, in an offhand way. As I said it I saw Jennie bite her lip, stare at me for a moment, then edge out of earshot. I know now that she guessed exactly what was coming. "Yes—this is about what I'm looking for. . . . And now, what rent do you ask?"

The superintendent drew out a notebook. "We supply refrigeration and electric light. Gas is extra," he announced. Then—and the words fell from him as lightly as if he mentioned carfare—then he added negligently: "The rent is five thousand dollars a year."

I spare you the remainder. Somehow I got out from under, escaping the place with at least a remaining shred of self-respect. Five thousand dollars a year—Gad! Had I been nipped taking money under false pretenses I could have felt no cheaper than I did on emerging from the place.

That day we found another flat. It was in One Hundred and First Street west of Broadway. A negro hallboy in a greasy uniform yawned in our faces as he showed us through it. There were seven rooms and a bath. Two of these rooms looked out on an air-well. Taking it altogether it was the one possible habitation offered at nine hundred a year.

Jennie critically inspected it from the parlor back through the kitchen to the maid's room.

"Fine!" she whispered, pinching me on the arm. "I can do splendidly with this."

I had my doubts. However, nine hundred a year was the most I felt I could spend on rent. Eventually Jennie's enthusiasm revived me. The flat, of course, would look far better when it was furnished. Besides, even if the bedrooms were dark we'd have lots of light in the drawing room.

"Oh, well," I mumbled wearily, "I suppose it's the best we can do."

Jennie looked at me with a smile. "Yes, Jim; it's a bargain at nine hundred a year."

I never saw the place again. At dusk we left it to go back to the Waldorf, there to dress for the dinner that night at Sherry's.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sullivan Rex

WHEN Will Irwin, the writer, lived in San Francisco, he had a friend who was the captain of a small trading schooner that used to visit the most remote corners of the South Seas. Once when he came home after a long voyage he told Irwin this story:

He said that he landed at a little island of the Friendly group where no white men had been seen in a dozen years or more. The chief with his wives and his whole tribe came to the beach to greet the strangers.

There was the customary palaver and exchange of gifts and then the chief seemed to be struggling with a question. Finally the interpreter was able to make out what the chief was trying to say.

"He wants to know," the interpreter translated, "whether you come from the land of America?"

"Tell him yes," said the trader, surprised that this naked savage had ever heard of other countries.

The chief nodded that he understood and jabbered some more.

"He wants to know now," said the interpreter, "whether John L. Sullivan is still king of America?"

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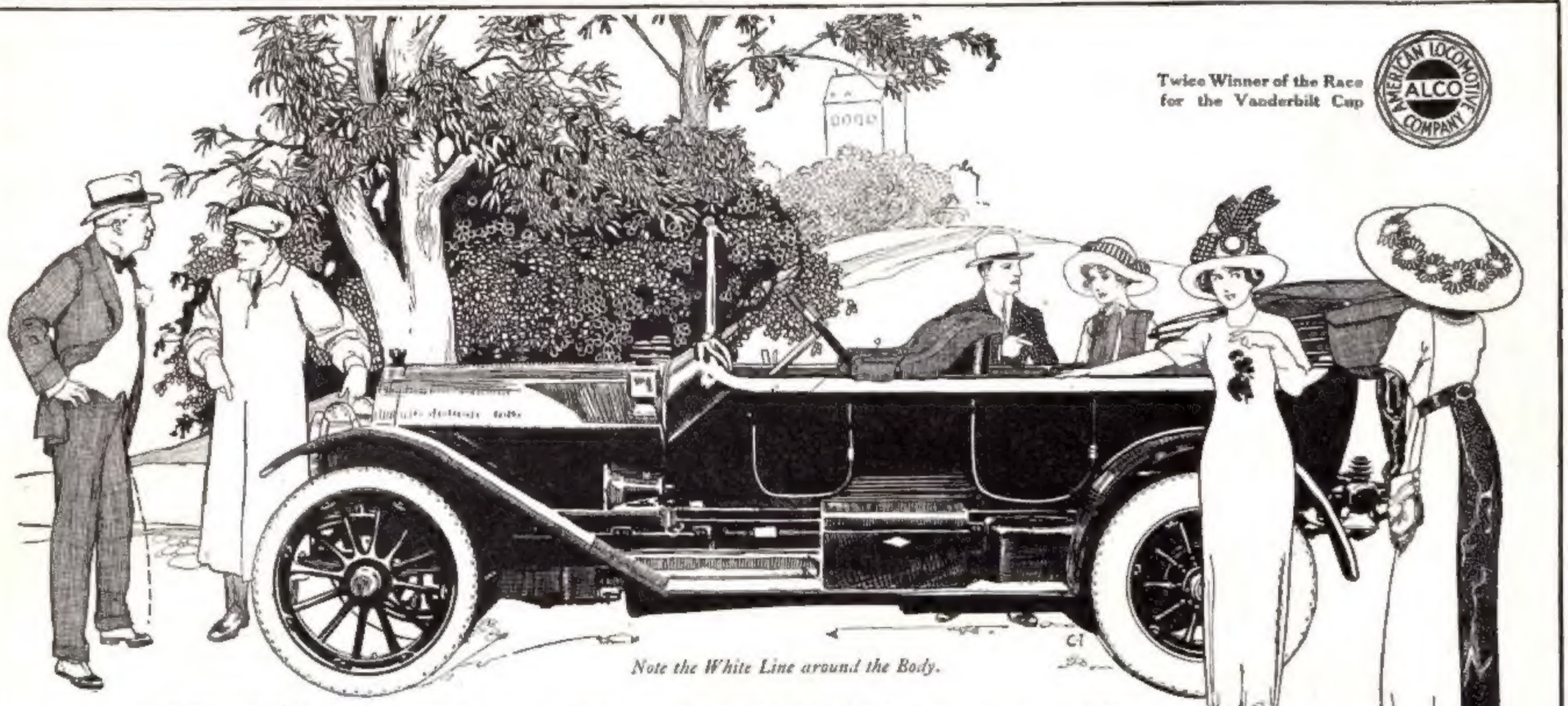

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6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Landaulet	$6750	4-cylinder, 40 H. P. Landaulet	$5500
6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Limousine	$6750	4-cylinder, 40 H. P. Limousine	$5500
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ALCO

1912

NEW lines—long, low, straight, simple—wider doors, more room, deeper upholstery and a *culture in little things* grace the 1912 Alco. For beauty the Alco is rare among motor cars.

Beauty in the dignified simplicity, the quiet style, the graceful, practical doors, the character in the hooded dash, the plain masculine outline of the radiator, and the richness of sturdy, generous fenders.

Beauty in the culture of the soft, deep cushions, the big, strong lamps, the dash ventilators, the concealed Prest-O-Lite tank, the petit appointments, its very paint—a daintiness and good taste that is appealing.

Beneath the tonneau door, and concealed, is an electric bulb which lights automatically at night as the door opens. It illuminates vividly the step and assists one in alighting.

And beauty runs *deep* in the Alco. Down to its strong, clean chassis—a good metal feast to the man who loves a thing well made. One need not be a mechanic to enjoy this engineering.

A motor car is not made over night, nor in a year. The Alco goes back to 1905. It was changed from a chain driven to a shaft driven car in 1907.

To accomplish this, new hammers and new dies were installed in the Alco factory at a cost of $51,700. Here is now located the largest drop hammer in the world. It weighs 250,000 pounds. This hammer smites the rear axle out of a solid billet of steel. It provides the strongest and safest rear axle on any motor car.

From the beginning the great desire of its builders was to produce a car of long life.

Their extensive experience in locomotive building gave them a *latent* knowledge that no one else in the automobile business today possesses.

They anticipated the day when motor cars would not be valued by a touch of red or a dash of green—but by actual life, like good jewelry, good silverware, good furniture.

This is why the Alco factory possesses a wealth of equipment that stands second to none in the world for completeness—not an equipment to turn out cars "for the day's smartness," but an equipment in forge, laboratory, heat treating ovens, automatic machinery, instrument-like tools, gigantic machines, and wonderful superhuman devices that apply thousands and thousands of pounds of pressure to various parts—tests that no man and no shock could supply.

Knowing from their experience that a locomotive is strongest only at its weakest point, the builders of the Alco put every single part that goes into the car through an individual analysis both in the chemistry and physics laboratories—an analysis that few cars receive.

That is perhaps the biggest reason:

—why the Alco never breaks down;

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—why the Alco twice won the race for the Vanderbilt cup, America's motor classic;

—and why you never hear of an Alco in a second-hand shop.

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There you have in a nutshell the story of Oakland construction. Add to this mechanical standard, low-hanging, straight-line bodies, with disappearing hinges; luxurious and durable upholstering; positive refinement of finish, and you have an adequate idea of the Oakland product. Oakland cars are made in three chassis sizes; from thirty to forty-five horse power; a wide range of prices and body designs.

Oakland Cars for 1912

The New Oakland Leader

The New Model "40"—$1450—Roomy, powerful, silent; 5 passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor 4⅛"x4¾"; Schebler carburetor; square tube radiator; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base 112"; tires 34"x4".

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"Colonial" Coupé—$1900—Electrically lighted; seats three persons.

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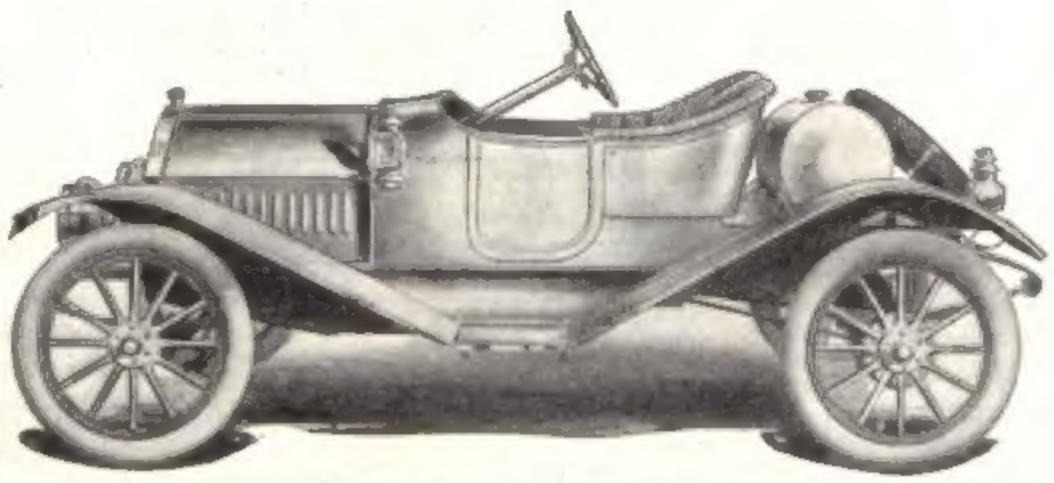
The New Model "45"—7 passenger Limousine—$3000.

The New Model "30"—$1200—5 passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor 4"x4"; Schebler carburetor; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base 106"; tires 34"x3½".

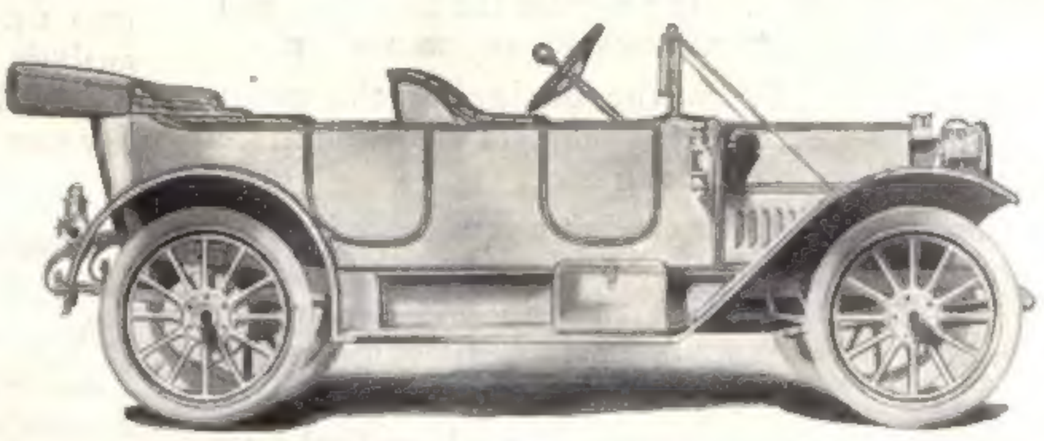
The Oakland "Oriole"—$1200—30 h.p. Roadster, torpedo body; motor 4"x4"; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base 100"; tires 32"x3½".

The Model "20"—$1050 with fore-doors; $1000 open front; 2 passenger, 30 h.p. Roadster; Battleship Grey; motor 4"x4"; wheel base 100"; tires 32"x3½".



The Oakland "Oriole" $1200

The Oakland motor must respond to the slightest touch—must run easily, smoothly. We know that the public wants a quiet motor, so the spiral timing gears are used with this end in mind. The result is that the new motor is as quiet as any motor made. We have enclosed the valves, because we know that by so doing greater cleanliness and longer life will result. The Oakland motor must be true, and must "sound" just right to the experienced mechanical ear—and it does.



The New Model "40" $1450, Top and Wind Shield Extra

The Oakland is a car whose whole construction rings as true as the hum of its motor. The seen and unseen parts are alike good. Its advertisements truthfully reflect its worth. Its performance truthfully fulfills promises.

A study of its specifications arouses immediate interest. Comparison with other cars drives home conviction.

Oakland Record for 1911

Birmingham, Ala., May 24th:
Two Firsts:
First in free-for-all.
First in 301 to 450 cubic inch piston displacement class.

Algonquin, Ill., June 8th:
First in $801 to $1200 class.
First in $1201 to $1600 class.
Two Firsts in Chicago Formula Division.

Portland, Me., June 17th:
First in $1201 to $1600 class.
Second in free-for-all.

Columbia, S. C., July 4th:
First in free-for-all.
First in 301 to 450 cubic inch piston displacement class.

Oskaloosa, Ia., July 6th:
Oakland "30" won two firsts.

Cleveland, Ohio, July 17th, 18th & 19th:
Cleveland News Reliability Contest:
Two perfect scores.

Cincinnati, Ohio, July 29th:
First in 161 to 230 cubic inch piston displacement class.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 12th:
First in $801 to $1200 class.
First in $1201 to $1600 class.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6th, 7th, 8th & 9th:
860 mile endurance run, sweepstakes trophy;
First in 3-A Runabout class.

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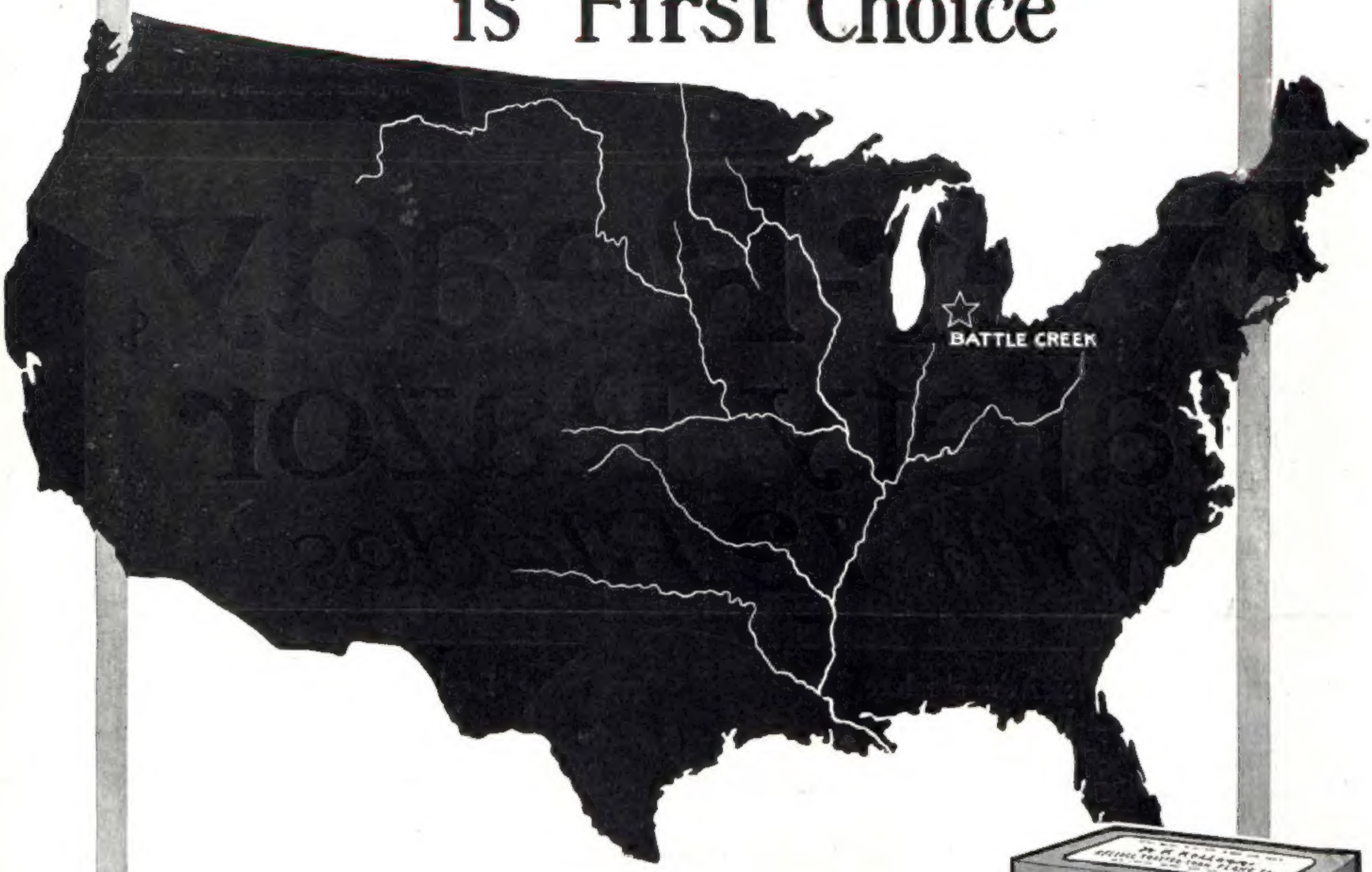

Kellogg's won its great popularity entirely on quality. Its flavor is inimitable. It is always fresh and crisp, because no grocer has to buy more than he needs to get the "bottom" price. Every case of Kellogg's goes direct from the factory to car—it is never put in storage. If you've never tried Kellogg's, you are missing a treat. Ask your grocer for a package today.

W. K. Kellogg

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Here is a newer, richer, better, grander EVER-READY.

The picture is a truthful reproduction of the very razor you can buy today, in all its 12 bladed completeness, for $1.00. It makes a dollar feel like five. This new EVER-READY is marvellous value.

It has necessitated the bigness of 3,000,000 sales to make this new EVER-READY possible. It is far more value than we had ever deemed possible, although we're the first makers of dollar safety razors.

Certainly this newest EVER-READY is the utmost your dollar could expect. We boast the beauty of this outfit; but don't let that overshadow the importance of its ability to give you the best shave of your life. 3,000,000 men vouch for its merits, and your dollar is on call any time you feel you haven't received *more* than your money's worth.

The case is entirely new—hard wood beneath a black leather-like covering. A rich shade of red velvet in the cover acts as background to the very original and artistic oxidized metal name plate.

The EVER-READY frame is guaranteed ten years—which is sufficient argument for its stability; simple, non-rusting and heavily nickeled.

The handle is unique, everlastingly bright, with a blade stropping device deftly tucked away in the hollow of the handle.

The twelve EVER-READY blades (see description below) are cleverly and compactly arranged (six each side) and held in neat, nickeled hoods. A leather tabbed button-locking clasp is the finishing touch. And last but best of all, it is the truest, keenest shaving razor that ever touched your beard, or please let us return your dollar.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor With 12 Blades $1

3,000,000 happy users prefer the absolute superiority of the EVER-READY blade. It is the most remarkable shaving blade known to razor making.

Twelve of these blades in each dollar outfit; (five more than others offer) is enough to persuade every shaving man to buy the EVER-READY Safety Razor. Each blade is individually guaranteed and is a product of the most critical series of tests that could guarantee a satisfactory edge.

The keen, clean factory-perfection is further assured by a patented package that keeps the blade free from any dulling contact until used.

With these twelve EVER-READY blades and the remarkable case and outfit pictured in the illustration above, we unqualifiedly claim that the EVER-READY is the best shaving safety razor your money can buy.

Extra Blades 10 for 50c

You can always buy extra EVER-READY blades at your nearest store in packages of ten for 50c.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc., Makers
Herald Square, New York

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Dealers throughout your City sell EVER-READY Safety Razors and extra blades, or will gladly order them for you.

Obey that intention today—NOW—go to your nearest druggist, your nearest hardware dealer, jewelry store, department or general store and buy your EVER-READY outfit.

Don't allow a dealer to talk you out of the EVER-READY. There is no substitute as good.

Count the twelve blades; look for the EVER-READY trade mark face on each blade; remember the name EVER-READY, and you cannot be misled.

Holiday Gift Specials

EVER-READY 12 bladed (14 karat plate) gold outfit, in Pigskin leather case, $2.50—very classy.

EVER-READY Traveler's Outfit, with mirror, brush and soap combination, $3.50—

EVER-READY gold outfits in Pigskin leather case, with mirror, Rubberset brush and soap case, $5.00.

Send direct to the makers if you have the least trouble in securing EVER-READY razors. We will send the standard $1.00 outfit, or extra blades, or gift sets, direct to any address, prepaid upon receipt of retail price.

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